Under the Southern Cross

OR

A Woman's Life Work for Africa

EMMA HILLMON HAVILAND

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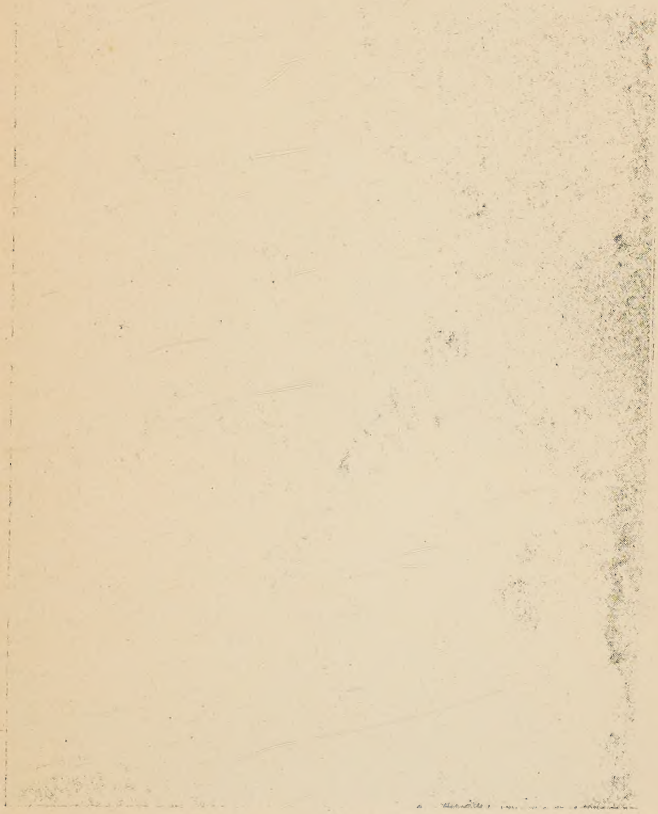

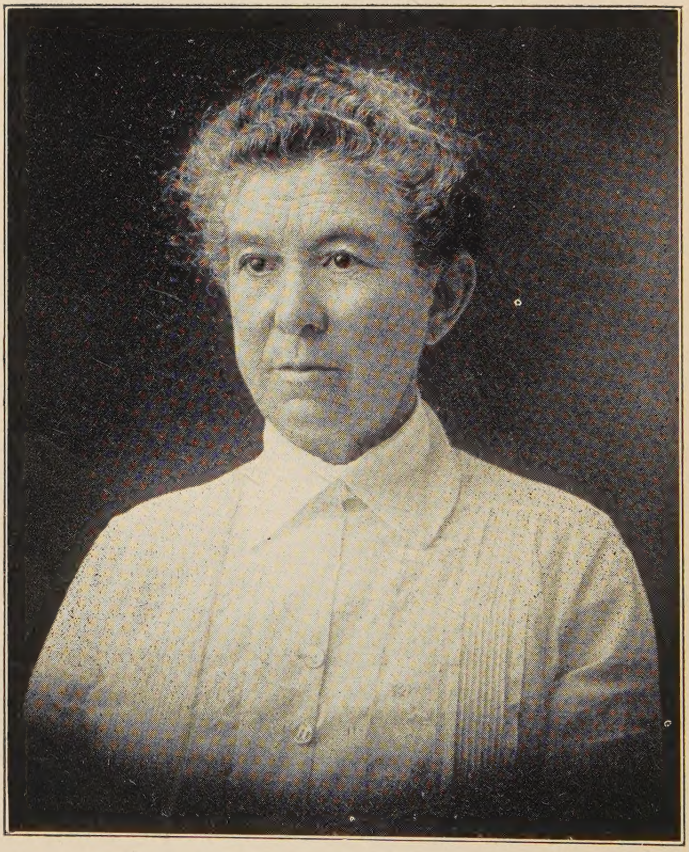

Your Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

After Many Years in the "Desert of Waiting"

Under the Southern Cross

or

A Woman's Life Work for Africa

By

EMMA HILLMON HAVILAND

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Preface

"O ye who vainly question,
Why there must ever lie,
'Twixt man
And the fair City of his Desire,
Some desert waste of disappointment,
Where he must watch the Caravan
Pass on,
And leave him with his baffled hopes,
Here is the reason.
By the grace of Allah,
Read!"

Such is the opening sentence of a little booklet entitled "In the Desert of Waiting," which in the will of God, a few years ago, was placed in my hands, and hungrily absorbed.

The scene is an Oriental one of a caravan, loaded with promiscuous wares, setting out for the Royal City; and the principal character is an obscure lad named Shapur, whose camel is loaded with bags of salt.

On special occasions, the Golden Gate of the city swings open to admit the Rajah and his retinue. At all other times it opens never, save to a privileged few, these being either king's messengers or vendors of costly and precious wares.

The only ambition of our lad Shapur, with his bags of salt, is to reach the city before the setting of the sun, and pass in with the Rajah's train. But his camel becomes so lame he is unable to go farther, and, with sinking heart and baffled hopes, he unloads the salt and watches the

caravan pass out of sight in the distance, leaving him to his fate.

After hours of despondency, he is aroused by the sting of a bee. He reasons, "Where there are bees there must be honey—and flowers." He has heard of the fame of Omar the wizard, who somewhere in the desert is said to have immense gardens of roses, and by his alchemy to manufacture an exquisite perfume, Attar of Roses. Leaping to his feet, he follows the trail of the bee, and comes at last to the palace of Omar.

He listens to the strange philosophy of the wizard,—"Each man is his own alchemist." He enters the employ of Omar, but first is sent back to bring his camel and bags of salt. Alas for his early hopes! A tiny rivulet, unnoticed before, has trickled under his salt and wasted all but one bag.

His task with Omar is to fill great stone jars with rose petals, gathered *'while the dew is still on the roses.'* All through the silent midnight hours he toils, at the rising of the sun he rests. Weeks and even months pass, in this monotonous round. The very sweetness of the roses becomes sickening. Thoughts of a wasted life haunt him. "Better to have died in the desert," comes the suggestion. At such times his faithful camel seems to whisper, "Patience."

At last, after many days of apprenticeship, Omar shares with him the secrets of his alchemy, presents him with a sealed crystal vase containing the sweetness of 200,000 roses, and sends him forth to be an apostle of his alchemy.

To Shapur's great surprise, the Golden Gate now swings wide to admit him, and inside the city he finds his precious

perfume in such demand that he is able to exchange it, yea even a few drops of it, for the most costly pearls.

Henceforth this message, Shapur, while living, taught the world:

FROM THE COMMONEST EXPERIENCES OF LIFE MAY BE DISTILLED ITS GREATEST BLESSINGS.

At his death there was cut in stone, on the mountain side, the symbol of a camel, with this inscription:

PATIENCE! THOU CAMEST INTO THE DESERT A VENDOR OF SALT; THOU MAYEST GO FORTH AN ALCHEMIST, DISTILLING FROM LIFE'S TASKS AND SORROWS SUCH PRECIOUS ATTAR IN THY SOUL, THAT ITS SWEETNESS SHALL WIN FOR THEE A WELCOME WHEREVER THOU GOEST, AND A ROYAL ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF THY DESIRE.

Author's Introduction

The idea of ever writing the story of my life in Africa was certainly far from my thoughts, while on the field. Life was too busy and too short. Every hour was full to overflowing with duties. There was no quiet or seclusion. And, as to planning any future work to be done after I should leave the field, I never counted very strongly on leaving, but expected to live and die in Africa.

Again, while traveling in the mission work in the homeland, my time and energies were fully occupied. It was only after my home-coming the second time, in 1904, when I was strangely shut in from active service, that I received my commission to *write*.

It was while Jeremiah, the weeping prophet, was shut up in prison that he wrote the roll, and said to Baruch, "I am shut up. I cannot go into the house of the Lord. Therefore, go thou and read in the roll."

The present work is not a literary creation; it is the spontaneous outburst of a pent-up soul, longing for expression. As I started to write, the past came back in panoramic view as though it were but yesterday these things happened.

I have written as it was given me, with the conscious blessing and help of the Lord all the way along. No effort has been made to embellish the plain facts with flowery speech. Rather my object has been to give my readers a faithful and true account of missionary life, as it was in pioneer days, in my individual case.

The handicaps of a pioneer worker must be apparent to all who peruse these pages. No data was collected while on the field for the express purpose of publishing a book. We never possessed a camera to get photographs of our own work, interesting and desirable as these would now be. So to friends I have had to look for assistance with illustrations, and have had to content myself, for the most part, with scenes of African life and customs in general, rather than those individual views of our own work, which, though indelibly stamped on my own retina, unfortunately are not available to the printer.

For most of the illustrations I have used I am indebted to my dear Sister Bennett-Brooks, of Flint, Mich., who, with her husband, Rev. John D. Bennett, went with an early party of missionaries to Inhambane, about 1888, four years before my sailing. Mention is made of this missionary company, including my old-time school friend, Ida Heffner, and my associate at Fair View, Grace Allen.

My first acquaintance with Sister Bennett was at Greenville, Ill., in the spring of 1904, as they had left the Inhambane field long before my arrival there. She had buried her husband in Michigan, and a common sorrow and a deep interest in Inhambane drew us together.

My life story was completed that winter at Greenville, 1904-05, while the facts were still vivid in my memory, and laid aside until such time as I should be able financially to publish it. Then came years of struggle in the education of my children, at Denver, and later at Seattle; and, finally, lonely, laborious days on a dry-land homestead, some miles in the country from Yakima. In the meantime the

children were grown and married and I was doubly alone, with no prospect of ever reaching my cherished goal.

In war times, prices of printing material soared until I well-nigh despaired. To a few faithful friends, who have at different times read my manuscript, I am indebted for an occasional word of appreciation or encouragement, else the last little spark of hope must have expired.

Truly I have spent years in my "Desert of Waiting," and meekly learned my lessons of patience, and to spell my disappointments as "His appointments." Yes, I had almost become reconciled to live, and die, and be buried, in the "Desert of Waiting," when lo! the hour of God's deliverance has struck.

But after the lapse of so many years, my book is now stale and out of date, and its author must seem to the present generation like a veritable Rip Van Winkle.

My story does not pretend to be an account of present day conditions on the field. Others may tell of these. I am aware that these intervening years have seen miracles of achievement. But there had to be beginnings, and I write of these,

"Lest we forget, Lest we forget."

I know that where my last weary journey was taken at Inhambane, without finding one single Christian, there is now a whole chain of mission stations, some of them manned by white missionaries and others by natives. But it is only the fulfillment of the promise given me then, and still in force: "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you."

Let me testify with Caleb: "And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said. . . . As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses (the church) sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in. Now, therefore give me this mountain (Inhambane), whereof the Lord spake in that day."

Yours in Jesus,

THE AUTHOR.

Yakima, Wash., June 28, 1927.

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CHAPTER I.

Childhood

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."—Robt. Burns.

On the 21st of December, 1863, in Tama County, Iowa, the subject of this sketch was born. One of the younger of a family of eight children, there was nothing out of the ordinary in the early years of her life. Perhaps the only thing worthy of recording is the fact that she was the least rugged and promising of all the children. From my earliest recollection, I was subject to fits, and up to eight or ten years of age, was in such delicate health that my parents had no hope of raising me, and would not have been greatly surprised had I dropped off at almost any time. No attempt to send me to school was made until I was past eight years of age.

When I was ten my father took up a homestead in Western Kansas, and in the spring of 1874, moved his family thither. Here for several years our home was a "Kansas dugout," of two large rooms. The country was new and our neighbors all lived in similar houses. On the whole, this "dugout" was not so devoid of comfort as might be imagined; and it is with considerable pleasure still that I look back to the winter evenings, with the family gathered around the blazing fireplace, while one member read aloud by the firelight, to economize oil, for the entertainment and instruction of all the rest.

On one corner of my father's homestead was built the log schoolhouse for the neighborhood, which also, for many years, was the only place of worship. Here, for a few months in the winter, we were taught by such schoolmasters as were obtainable; but had ample time in the long vacations to forget what little we had learned. Fortunately, I had some older sisters, who put me and my brother, next younger, through a series of mental gymnastics, all through the long, hot summer months, and in this way we were enabled, at least, to hold our own.

This was in the days when herds of buffaloes roamed over those prairies; and occasionally, some one of our fathers was so fortunate as to kill one of these animals, when the whole neighborhood shared in the spoils. I distinctly remember one summer term of school in which, when any buffaloes were in sight on the distant divide, our teacher, much to our delight, allowed us to have school outside, in the shade of the house, so we could watch the movements of the buffaloes. How much we studied may be imagined.

This was also in the days of the grasshopper raids in Western Kansas and Nebraska. The farmer planted his crop in high expectation; for even sod corn would grow luxuriantly in such a soil. And this expectancy was daily increased, until perhaps the corn was in ear, when, of a sudden, the sky was overcast with dark clouds of locusts, which, settling on every green thing, in a few hours, had eaten it *into the ground,* and even stripped the leaves from the trees. What a scene of utter desolation after one of these grasshopper raids!

Do you wonder that the raided farmer, after a few such experiences, was inclined to lose heart? The wonder is,

that after one such withering blast, his hopes ever revived sufficiently to induce him to *try again*. Yet year after year, in many cases, there were the same painstaking sowing and cultivation, only to result in the crop, when almost to fruition, being again mowed down, in a single night, by the same desolating scourge. The second summer in Kansas, my father was well-nigh disheartened, and would probably have left the country, had it not been for another calamity which vistied the family, making removal for some months impossible.

The Kansas climate and the free outdoor life had done much for the general health of the family, and especially for the author, who never, after going there, had had a trace of former troubles. But on the 21st of July of this summer, while with my younger brother taking care of my father's oxen, I was accidently bitten by a rattlesnake; which, but for miraculous intervention, must certainly have cost me my life.

We had led the oxen to water at the noon hour, and had again *lariated* them at a distance of three quarters of a mile from home. The barking of the dogs attracting our attention, we discovered that they had attacked two large rattlesnakes, which now, thoroughly enraged, were buzzing at high tension. We drew near to assist the dogs, my nine-year-old brother, ax in hand. Being two years his senior, I felt my responsibility as his *protector,* and held him back from too rash an attack.

The snakes were near a prairie-dog hole, and on our approach retreated into the hole and stopped rattling. With the ax, brother chopped away the sod, a portion of which fell in the mouth of the hole, obstructing our view. Supposing the snakes were far down, I hastily snatched

away the sod with my right hand, but as I did so felt a *sting,* although I saw no more of the snakes. I said to my brother, *"Oh, George, I believe I am bitten!"* Terror-stricken, we started on a run for home. Long, long before we reached there, the poison was all through my system. I lagged behind—everything turned black before my eyes. My whole life, in a moment, seemed spread before me. I supposed I was dying. My only ambition was to reach home and die in the arms of my mother.

My brother, far outstripping me in the race, brought mother and sisters to my assistance, who carried me the remainder of the way home. What then took place for days is a perfect blank in my memory. But from my mother's account, I know that every remedy that could be heard of was tried,—crushed raw onions; warm milk, fresh from the cow; the flesh of a chicken, yet quivering, and with the animal heat still in; and many, many more applications. Each and all turned green and slimy after a few minutes contact with the polluted hand.

Liquor, which was never kept in our home, was obtainable only from the nearest store, ten miles away; and though my eldest brother, with all the speed with which his horse could carry him, made this journey, the whiskey, after that lapse of time, would take no effect whatever.

Probably the one external application which did as much good as any, and was the longest continued, was *mud,* from the Sappa Creek near by. This, the remedy of the dumb brutes when bitten by the deadly rattlesnake, has been known to prove efficacious with them in many cases, and certainly helped in my own case. This required very frequent changing. But as can be readily understood, no

outward application could now reach the seat of the poison, which had permeated my entire being.

My right arm was swollen enormously, and, according to my mother's testimony, had burst in more than twenty places. Including my arm, the entire right half of my body turned perfectly black, as though mortification were already far advanced. As I lay thus unconscious for days and even weeks, not a ray of hope was entertained for my life by my parents and friends.

Only an inferior quality of medical help was at first obtainable, and when abler help was secured and an examination made, it was found that my middle finger was indeed mortified, and only held by the slender tendon. When this finger was amputated, to all human appearances, my entire arm might as well have been. But in the mysterious providence of God, *in spite* of all remedies, rather than *by virtue* of them, after months the hand healed; and, though minus a middle finger, and, though the forefinger has ever since been stiff and almost useless, it, too, having been bitten, it is no less than a miracle that I have any right hand at all, or even that I am alive today. Surely I am living on *borrowed time!*

CHAPTER II.

Religious Experience

"If now thou standest at the door,
Oh, let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear."—Charles Wesley.

So serious an impression was made upon my young mind, by this hairbreadth escape, as to lead, the following winter, to my conversion. It was clear that my life had been spared for a purpose—that I might prepare to meet my God. It was at a Methodist protracted prayer meeting that the decisive step was taken, which changed the entire current of my life. But as my parents were prejudiced against Methodist doctrines and usages, I joined the United Brethren Church, together with my sister, four years older; and in keeping with the Baptist principles which had been instilled into us, we were baptized by immersion in the Sappa Creek, a few miles below our home. The first winter after my conversion, I knew something of the joy of sins forgiven. But beyond that, following the example of older members, I made many "crooked paths."

At sixteen I began teaching in country schools, attended the county normals and teachers' institutes, and was thoroughly interested in my work. When I was about the age of eighteen, I was *converted over again* in a Methodist protracted meeting, and shortly after attended a series of holiness meetings at a schoolhouse two miles from the

one in which I was teaching, walking the distance every evening after school. This was my earliest teaching on holiness. The more I heard, the more convinced I became that this is a Bible doctrine; but former teaching and deep-rooted prejudice, not only on my own part, but also in family and friends, kept me for some time from seeking the experience. At last all social barriers were swept away, in my intense longing for the experience. In the deep conviction which now came upon me, I seemed suddenly to have lost all the religion which I possessed. Instead of feeling *better,* as a result of attending these meetings, I felt *worse* and *worse;* and, not understanding at the time the nature of conviction for holiness, I was much alarmed about my condition. In sheer desperation, I "flung myself recklessly out" on the promises of God, still much in doubt as to whether they would sustain me. But, thank God, I found solid rock beneath my feet. Every promise is "yea and amen to every one that believeth." The great transaction was wrought in my inmost soul!

My school teaching thereafter took a new coloring, combining with my former ambition for the mental improvement of my pupils, a deep interest in their spiritual welfare. At normals, also, I felt called upon to stand out as a witness for Christ, at least by my plain, unassuming dress, which the Spirit now led me to adopt. I was not, for some months, a member of the Free Methodist Church, but was mistaken for one everywhere I went. By standing outside for a time, I hoped to win my father, who was very much opposed to that denomination, but who had the utmost confidence in me. Besides, I had received the experience of holiness in an interdenominational holiness meeting, and *perhaps* would not be required to take the

additional reproach which uniting with that church would be sure to bring.

But on the eve of my departure for another normal, the Spirit reined me up, to take my stand, definitely, with the little handful in my neighborhood who formed the Free Methodist Church. Having let the opportunity slip of uniting in a reputable manner, at the close of the Sunday evening service, I was further humiliated by having to go, on Monday morning, to the pastor, Rev. J. F. Garrett, and *beg* to be taken into this despised company. The half-dozen members were called together, in special session, to *let me in*. God let me realize fully the significance of the step I was then taking. How appropriate the hymn! It was my final adieu to the world:

"Oh, who'll stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene,
And raise the blood-stained banner,
Amid the hosts of sin?

CHORUS

"The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail, reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

"Oh, who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink and falter.
Who'll glory in his name?

"Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,
Though friends may go forever,
I will with Jesus go.

"My all to Christ I've given,
My talent, time, and voice;
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

"O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient friend,
Come fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to my journey's end."—L. Hartsough.

And Brother Garrett's prayer for me! It seemed fairly to lift me into a purer, a conquering atmosphere, and to breathe into my heart the true soldier spirit, which, please God, I hope never to lose. Long ago the "If" was dropped from the last line of the chorus, and as I now sing it, "For" has been substituted.

"All hail reproach and sorrow,
For Jesus leads me there."

In actual experience there is no longer a question—he *does* lead me by way of "reproach and sorrow." "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." "For unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake."

Shortly after uniting with the Free Methodist Church, although the only single person in the class, I was appointed class leader, and held this position as long as I continued in that locality. I am conscious of having been called to *labor* in God's vineyard from the time of my conversion, and especially from the time I entered into the gracious experience of heart purity, or perfect love. But this call to service, at first, took no more definite form than leading class or prayer meeting, and giving Spirit-

filled testimonies and exhortations, whenever and wherever opportunity offered.

During the session of normal above referred to, and other subsequent ones, I was especially blessed in giving testimony in the Methodist class meeting, and in the weekly communion service of the Campbellite, or Christian Church, both of which I attended regularly; and in personal conversations on the subject of holiness with my county superintendent, who was a prominent member of the Christian Church.

When once more in my own home neighborhood, almost before I knew it, I was drawn into filling preaching appointments, and the large congregations attracted, I feel sure, by mere curiosity, were very embarrassing to my exceedingly reserved disposition. The word began to be circulated that "Emma Hillmon has a call to *preach*." I was perfectly shocked at the very idea, and at once drew back, determined to be more cautious in the future.

Those who have ever had any similar experience will understand what awful darkness now came upon my soul. For some months I was in utter despair, and really thought I had committed the unpardonable sin. But God mercifully restored me to the Divine favor, although it was some weeks before I recovered the fullness of joy which I had known before my fall. Ever thereafter, the only help I could induce the Lord to give me was while fully and freely consenting to take my *dreaded cross,* and "let him have his way with me." If at any time I drew back from this consecration, it was to lose, *at once,* all the light and joy of life, until the covenant was again renewed.

CHAPTER III.

Preparation

"Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the wish
To please and to be pleased?"—Longfellow.

At the time of the opening of the Free Methodist Seminary at Orleans, Nebraska, in September, 1884, I felt strongly impressed that I should attend this school, and fit myself more thoroughly for my life work. I was at that time nearly twenty-one years of age, and had been teaching more or less for five years. Receiving only low wages in country schools, and having purchased a pony, so I could attend meetings more conveniently, I had only enough laid by to pay my way through the first term of three months.

Before this was finished, the way opened for me to work for my board in the seminary; and throughout my entire course I worked in kitchen or dining-room, at scrubbing or what not, five hours on each school day and ten hours on Saturday, besides having to meet the extra expense of tuition, books, and clothing. How I got through, I can hardly tell now, but it was only by the strictest economy. It was necessary for me to rise early, habitually at three or four o'clock, to compete with those who had all their time for study; and to study in a cold room, to save the expense of fuel. Month after month, and year after year, this was continued, requiring heavy drains on

my strong constitution, which, however, proved equal to the emergency.

In June, 1887, I was in the first class ever graduated from the Orleans Seminary, having completed both scientific and classical courses. My only classmate was Elisha Felt, who, having previously almost completed his seminary course at Spring Arbor, Michigan, was now finishing at Orleans. But I was purely a product of this school, having been there since the opening term. Rev. C. M. Damon, who may properly be considered the real founder of this school, gave the appropriate and inspiring address to the graduating class.

After thus completing my preparatory course, I taught one year in this school, to assist me in going on with my studies; and as the seminary had now been made into a college, agreed to take my salary entirely in board and tuition. While teaching, I paid my board by acting as office editor of the *Orleans Advocate,* a weekly paper published in the interests of the school. This was edited by Rev. C. M. Damon, and he, being absent from home most of the year, left much responsibility upon his office editor. My relations in this sphere were especially pleasant, both with the editor and with the foreman, now Rev. A. J. McKinney, of the Colorado Conference; besides being a valuable training for me.

The year I taught, my youngest brother, Willie, was induced to attend, at my expense, in the hope that it would lead to his conversion. The following year, I entered upon my college course, under the able tuition of Prof. Clark Jones, being alone in nearly all my classes. At the end of this year, Professor Jones and the entire faculty were leaving, and, at Rev. B. T. Roberts' urgent solicitation,

I undertook the school that year, as principal and preceptress, with some lady assistants, and carried the seminary grade successfully through the year.

Another who had shared with me in the toil of working for her board, was my dear friend and classmate, Ida Heffner. But in 1888 she had left us to join a missionary party for Africa. Many a confidential talk and season of prayer about our life work had we had in those years spent together. I had prayed myself into strong sympathy with foreign missions, and henceforth my consecration must include a *willingness* to go to the ends of the earth. Many times, I thought the question was settled *forever*. But listening to the suggestion of friends, that "perhaps, after all, I would never have to go, but God only wanted me to be *willing;*" I found it necessary to go over the old consecration again and again, promising from the depths of my heart that I would take *my cross,* which was still, as in the past, that of preaching the Gospel, but with this additional specification, *in Africa.*

I had by this time become somewhat reconciled to doing anything God showed me, *at home,* and had for some time been filling a country appointment on Sunday afternoons, and had even a few times, much to my discomfiture, been entrapped by Professor Jones, and forced to fill the pulpit in the college chapel, or back down on my convictions, and have the same struggle over again, trying to bring the Lord to my terms. I wonder if he has had as hard a time with any other child whom he has called to his work, as he has had with me.

After the departure of Ida Heffner, I was in close correspondence, and waited anxiously for her letters, which were usually published in full in the *Advocate,* except

such parts as were too sacred to be made public. In one of her early letters, she copied and sent me the beautiful poem entitled "The Missionary's Call." This was the first time I had seen it. Oh, how I studied it, and measured *my call* and *my consecration* by it, to see whether or no I could stand the test! Every line and word seemed burned into my heart!

"My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
'Go teach all nations,' from the eastern world,
Comes on the night air and awakes my ear.

"And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it his design,
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

"Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup,
I only pray, 'God fit me for the work!
God make me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done;
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.'

"And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath

The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this;
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned;
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp; if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he hath for me,
Should ever reach that blissful shore, oh, how
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below."

—Nathan Brown, D.D.

CHAPTER IV.

Getting at My Life Work.

"The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

"My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

"Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow and thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee."

—J. J. Winkler.

It is worthy of remark that all through the year when I was principal of the seminary, and hands and heart and mind were more than full with the increased responsibilities, the question of my call to Africa never troubled me. My heart was still set on going further with my studies, and at the end of the year, being once more free, I entered the Nebraska State University at Lincoln, as a "special student," taking such studies as I judged would best fit me for my life-work. Here I was away from every influence which might serve as a reminder of past convictions of duty. Might I not, absorbed in study, in time wear away those troublesome convictions about my life-work?

Any secret hope I may have entertained along this line was soon dissipated. I had not been long in the Univer-

sity when Miss Lucy Guinness, of London, traveling in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, visited our school. Her sister, Geraldine, now Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, was already in China; her brother, H. Grattan Guinness, was carrying on his campaign against heathenism on the Congo, and her father, in a London Training Home, was seeking to *make missionaries.* Miss Lucy, amid such environments, had deeply imbibed the missionary spirit, and sought to infuse the same into other student hearts.

Miss Guinness spoke a few words to the students in chapel assembled, and asked any especially interested to meet her in a recitation room, after their classes were over for the day. Now I was *especially interested,* but I did not care to make it known. I slipped in along with many others, and dropped into a back seat. As the meeting progressed, we were urged to dedicate anew our lives to the Lord's service, and while on our knees, this missionary pledge, or a similar one, was passed around for all who would to sign.

> "Lord Jesus, Thou hast sent Thy people to carry Thy Salvation to all the world. But few of them have gone, and the world is perishing. Here and now, I give my life to Thee, for missionary service, in obedience to Thy last command; promising, in as much as in me lies, to take or send the Gospel to every creature."
>
> (Signed) .....

The crisis in my life had come. The Holy Spirit was enforcing anew his claims upon me for my life service, and when the pledge was passed to me, my name went down. Only six or seven out of that large company of as many hundred students enrolled themselves as volunteers for

foreign mission work, and these were organized into a little Volunteer Band. I know not whether another one of that little company has ever seen the foreign field. But in little more than a year after signing the pledge, I was on my way to my distant field of labor in South Africa.

Breaking the news to my parents was an ordeal I dreaded very much, as I had reason to believe they would be strongly opposed. To my mother, it was no *news,* as when I finally told her, I found she had been expecting it for a long time, and knew it must come sooner or later. There was a feeling, however, that I had been persuaded into going as a missionary by the Free Methodist Church, and that possibly my call was from the church more than from God. My father, still unsaved, shook my hand, as he supposed for the last time, the tears streaming down his face, as he gave this farewell message: "My child, I had sooner see you laid away in your grave, in this country, than to see you go out to Africa, to be *eaten by the cannibals.*" My mother was persuaded to go with me as far as Orleans, and be present at the farewell meeting at the seminary. Here the impression was, I believe, forever removed, that the Free Methodists had persuaded me to go to Africa. She heard dear, but mistaken friends, in the church, pleading with me *to stay and work in this country,* and was convinced that my call was Divine. But the parting was none the less painful. As the train rolled out of the station, bearing me away, clearly and feelingly rang out on the frosty air:

"God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his loving arms around you,
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
Keep Love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite Death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again."

Little Eliza Suggs, the cripple daughter of our colored brother, Rev. Jas. Suggs, was there, in her mother's arms, waving her farewell, and regretting, most of all, that she was not strong enough to go with me to Africa. In spirit, indeed, she was ever by my side, and through her letters did much to inspire and cheer in the dark places. My aged mother was there, too, pitiful in her grief at parting. For the first time I realized, from the parting glance at that tear-stained face, a *little* of what she was suffering.

"Stay one day longer with me. They who go
Feel not the pain of parting. It is they
Who stay behind that suffer."

The following was written by one of the Orleans friends who had known me almost from the time of my entering that school:

FROM ORLEANS TO AFRICA.

"Again the Lord has laid his hand upon one of the noblest and best of the Orleans former students, and called her to leave home, friends, and native land, to carry the tidings of salvation to the dark regions of Africa. On Sunday evening, the 24th inst., the college chapel was crowded with eager listeners, to hear the last farewell address of our beloved Sister Emma Hillmon. And as they listened, in breathless silence, amid the flow of tears, the hearts of the pilgrims burned within them, and deep conviction rested on the unsaved. A collection of $35.40 was raised for her.

"On the morning following, we accompanied her to the depot, where the sweet notes of the 'Missionary's Farewell' were mingled with tears and parting blessings. And as we waved the last good-by, perhaps on earth forever, while the train rolled away, our hearts, though sad to lose one so dear, were inspired with new courage to 'press the battle to the very gate.' We feel amply repaid for the hardships endured during the erection of our school buildings here, when we see one after another going forth from their walls, to spread Scriptural holiness over our land, and even to carry the Gospel to the dark corners of the earth.

"And the prayer of our hearts is, that the Lord will yet raise up a multitude of young people here, who shall go forth 'Terrible as an army with banners,' to 'girdle the globe with salvation;' till the sound of the church bell shall be heard amid the dark jungles of Africa, and echo back from India's coral strand. And in the great judgment day, when all nations and kindreds and tongues are assembled around the great white throne, we expect to meet those whom we have loved, as they are gathered from the four corners of the earth, and with crowns on our heads and harps in our hands, to swell the anthems of praise, unto him who hath loved us and redeemed us in his own precious blood, while endless ages roll."

(Mrs.) Georgia Merry.

From Orleans, I proceeded to Chicago, near the end of January, and there joined Rev. J. G. Terrill, missionary secretary, and Miss Rose Meyers, under appointment for Africa, for an extensive tour of missionary meetings on our way to New York. Having been in school for so many years, this trip was the more enjoyable to me. These

two articles, written for the church paper along the way, will form the connecting link between my farewell at Orleans and my final sailing:

EN ROUTE FOR AFRICA.

"As ye go, preach."

"Hitherto the Lord hath led us. We have reached New Castle, Pennsylvania, on our journey. A warm welcome has been extended us at every turn of our way. We thank God and take courage. We say with Wesley, 'Best of all, the Lord is with us.'

"At Spring Arbor we found teachers and students and many dear pilgrims all ready to receive us, as their representatives on African soil. The missionary society at that place, although in its infancy, had already in its treasury a good contribution. As far as we could judge from outward appearances, it seemed a luxury rather than a hardship, to give to this work. Surely, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I wonder that we do not oftener take the line of blessing. The missionaries will carry with them to Africa many pleasing recollections of their short stay in Spring Arbor.

"We remember, as we go, that souls are dying in America, as well as in Africa, and feel for the lost wherever we find them. Time is too precious and souls too valuable for us to relax our efforts now. Last night, the Lord was with us at Cleveland, Ohio. We were pleased to meet with the pastor, Brother Lawrence, who has just opened his new mission hall in the heart of the city, and who, with his wife and a band of noble helpers, is hard at work for the Master. One poor man, whom Satan has held captive

these many years, and who has lately been seeking deliverance, fell upon his knees during the service and groaned out his heart to God. Help came. Thank God! We can afford to have the regular order of our meetings set aside for the sake of seeing souls saved.

"At Milan, Mich., it was our privilege to enjoy the fellowship of our dear Brother and Sister Mudge, who have realized, in the death of their beloved daughter and her husband, something of the cost of Africa's redemption. (This refers to Rev. and Mrs. A. Y. Lincoln, who had laid down their lives in Africa not long before.) Our hearts are stimulated to a deeper self-sacrifice by such interviews as this. God bless and comfort these aged pilgrims!

"We have no regrets to express, no tears to shed, for what we have left behind. All is freely given for Christ and souls. We weep, 'tis true, but our tears are mingled with joy. We love home and friends dearly—more than ever before, it seems—but we love Christ and his will better. If we must sow in tears, we hope to reap in joy.

" 'Go in faith, thou silent weeper,
Sow the precious Gospel seed.
Thou shalt come a joyful reaper,
Souls thy harvest, Heaven thy meed.
Faithful laborer,
Go and sow the Gospel seed.' "

—Emma H. Hillmon.

"Go Ye."

"These are the words of sovereign authority; this the command of a Master to his servant. If Christianity is what it is recommended to be, then it is important that all the world should enjoy its benefits. All have an equal

right to its blessings. It was designed for all. Command has been given that it should be carried to all. But all have not been reached by it; no, not half the human race. Now, over eighteen hundred years after the utterance of this command, the larger half of mankind have not so much as heard that there is a Gospel.

"Surely the church has interpreted Christ's command to mean 'stay,' though it says, 'Go.' If it be true, as stated on good authority, that one thousand whole-souled workers, set free and kept free for this special work, would be sufficient to reach every one of China's millions in less than five years, and that, too, by allowing two years out of the five for study of the language; is it not the marvel of the nineteenth century that Christians everywhere are not hastening with the 'bread of life' to the dark corners of the earth? What a harvest is in store for the faithful laborer!

"The question, 'Do foreign missions pay?' has been decided in the affirmative, over and over again. They have been found to pay from a financial or commercial standpoint. They pay when viewed from the Christian's standpoint—the ingathering of souls. 'Ask of me,' says the God of the Bible, 'and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.'

"God does not require impossibilities of his children. His service is a reasonable service. He asks us to sacrifice our ease and worldly pleasure; he asks that time and talent and money, that home and friends and aspirations, yea, that life itself, be placed at his disposal. But has he not a perfect right to all these?

"When shall we learn the joy of obedience? 'Sacrifice is gold in Heaven.' We may all be rich in Heaven's currency. But, 'To obey is better than sacrifice.' Then the joy of bringing others, who can estimate it? Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God. She stretches them toward America. Oh! who will to her rescue go? Who will help to save the millions dying?

"My heart says, 'Here am I, Lord; send me.' Send me to the uttermost parts of the earth, 'anywhere with Jesus.' And to the young people whom God is calling to foreign mission work, let me say, 'Come' and 'Go.' It will pay in eternity. It pays now. 'Lo, I am with you alway.' "

EMMA H. HILLMON.

CHAPTER V.

The Voyage and Landing

"Just beyond the rolling tide,
The uplifted hand I see;
Lo, the gates are open wide
And the lost are calling me.

"Hark! I hear the Master say,
'Up! ye reapers. Why so slow?'
To the vineyard far away,
Earthly kindred, let me go."—Sel.

It seemed like a dream, rather than a reality, when at last, after these weeks of touring, we reached New York, and looked for the first time upon "Old Ocean." But a little later the mystic spell was broken. Surely we are in the realm of realities. We find ourselves on board the S. S. Amsterdam. The last farewells have been spoken, Brother Terrill and the little company of friends have gone ashore, the gong is sounding, and the sailors are loosening the moorings. Now it is that we become keenly *awake* to the situation, and the full and solemn significance of the step we have taken comes rolling in upon us like an overwhelming flood.

Emotion! That soul must be dead to all natural affection, that can see the gulf that separates from home and loved ones widening every moment—a bridgeless chasm, and feel no emotion! Every tender tie that binds our hearts to those we love is suddenly snapped. We are bound to our own loved country, our native land, by a thousand cords, of which we were all unconscious. Feelings of pa-

triotism that have long lain dormant, spontaneously revive, and flood our soul with a very torrent of fond recollections. The Statue of Liberty, the Stars and Stripes, the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave"—what associations cluster round them!

And now all these left behind! And *forever,* as we verily believe! For who of our number has one thought, one flickering hope, of ever again looking upon home or friends or native land? Surely not the author. With her, it was to be a life work. Her consecration could be for no shorter period. We had covenanted with the mission board to remain *five long years* on the foreign field; and five years, to one in the vigor and prime of life, five of the very best years of one's life, do look *long*, humanly speaking. But before a higher tribunal than mission boards, the covenant charge read, "Work while strength and breath remain."

How much it means, then, as we watch our native land, —the embodiment of all we love and prize on earth,— slowly, but surely, receding from our view. Tears like rain are falling. But not tears of sorrow or regret that we are here. No, no! Rather tears of joy, that we are counted worthy. Tears of gratitude, that God had given to us courage to obey our convictions,—to us, who were in such danger of yielding to the importunities of well-meaning, but love-blinded friends, or to the demands of the self-life for ease and comfort. Going forth with weeping, to sow the Gospel seed! Yes, but with the promise that we shall one day come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.

My companions on this journey were Brothers J. J. Haviland and Frank L. Desh, and Sisters Rose Myers and

Anna Jones; the first three, with myself, having been appointed to Africa, and the last to India. All were strangers to me, and for the most part to each other. There was Brother Haviland from New Jersey, Brother Desh and Sister Myers from Iowa, Sister Jones from Pennsylvania, and myself—it is rather a question what state should claim me. Born in Iowa, brought up in Kansas, and educated across the line in Nebraska, I hardly know where I should be classed. I always regarded myself, however, as belonging, in a peculiar sense, to Nebraska, because it was while attending the Orleans Seminary that I received a definite call to the foreign field; and later, I was enrolled in the State University at Lincoln, as a citizen of Nebraska.

Sailing from New York the 12th of March, 1892, we encountered the strong gales and high sea, which characterize the month on the North Atlantic. The waves were often mountain high. As our vessel was on the crest of one of these monster waves, we could look far down into the valley below. The next instant, we were *in* the valley, with a great mountain of water swooping down upon us, as an eagle upon her prey. Surely we are about to be engulfed in a watery grave! There is no possible escape! See! We sink!! We hold our breath for very terror. But no, we are again on top. Our good ship rides the waves in safety, and we soon come to feel that there is a

> "... God upon the ocean,
> Just the same as on the land."

I had lived all my life in the far West, and had never been east of the Mississippi River, until I started for Africa. I had a natural dread of water. I supposed the sea voyage must be *endured*, as a part of the *cross*, in going

to foreign lands. To those who are seasick all the way, perhaps this is no insignificant part of *the cross*. But to me, after the first few hours, all traces of the cross disappeared, so far as the sea itself was concerned. The turbulent, seething waters were to me a spectacle sublime, second only to Pike's Peak or Niagara. I never tired watching the restless waves, and spent much time on deck.

Since that time, I have frequently heard the remark; "I could never be a missionary, because I have such a dread of the water." Or, "I think I could be a missionary, if it were not for the dreadful sea voyage." Let me say that the sea voyage, however unpleasant it may be to some, is the very smallest part of being a missionary, the very lightest part of the cross. People who are not missionaries take sea voyages for pleasure, or wealth, or fame. Cannot we do as much for the love of Christ?

The Amsterdam was a Dutch steamer, bound for Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Holland. We took passage by this steamer because the fares of our entire party, first class, had been donated by a generous lawyer in New York City. To this day, I do not even know the name of this gentleman, but certain I am, that in the archives of Heaven, it is carefully transcribed. It was indeed bread cast upon the waters, which shall doubtless return to the donor after many days. On board the Amsterdam there was abundant opportunity for mission work, so that it was not necessary to wait until we reached Africa or India to begin our work.

The curse of seafaring men is drink. This extends also to the passengers, almost without an exception. Consequently, our little company was painfully conspicuous, as being the only teetotalers on board. To one who has never been inside a saloon, unless it was to preach the Gospel,

and who has witnessed very little drinking on the land, the public and wholesale way in which drinking is carried on on shipboard is something perfectly shocking. At the table, every officer and passenger had his bottle of beer, wine, ale, or stout, as his taste might dictate, beside his plate, and this was invariably drained before the meal was over. We must eat our food with the sight and smell of liquor all around, amid popping corks and squirting bottles, and there was no escape. This is often more revolting than seasickness. Not only at mealtime, but frequently between meals, on the deck, we were obliged to witness drinking. When we changed to an English steamer there was perhaps less drinking on deck, but continual smoking, so that it was impossible to find a retreat untouched by tobacco fumes. Even a few ladies (so-called), at times so disgraced themselves as to promenade the deck smoking a cigar or cigarette; and I believe a still larger number, who were ashamed to do so openly, indulged in a smoke in their state rooms before retiring for the night.

The captain of the Amsterdam was, by nature, very jovial, and his frequent drinks perhaps made him more so. He was, withal, a very sensible and large-hearted man. How we coveted him for God! He was laid on the hearts of different members of our party, as a special subject of prayer; and I believe each one of us, individually, delivered our souls, by faithfully pointing out to him the Scriptural line of salvation. This we did in personal appeals to him about his soul. He listened attentively to the most searching and unpalatable truths, and could not long stay away from us, but would come around and open up the conversation himself on spiritual things. Both Sundays that we were on his steamer, he allowed us to have services, at

which he himself and most of his officers were present. How many times since we have wondered what ever became of this captain, in whom we all felt so deep an interest, and whether the seed sown on the Amsterdam *all* fell by the wayside!

As we must go by way of London, and our steamer was en route for Holland, it was necessary for us to land at Boulogne, France, and proceed by boat to Folkestone, England, and thence by rail to London. At Boulogne, we spent a few hours before taking the boat across the English Channel to Folkestone. We were struck with the decidedly foreign aspect of everything in this French city, from the fisher women in sandals at the landing, to the *madame* who kept the restaurant, where we ate our "Frenchy" breakfast. The houses, streets, language, everything, made us feel like strangers in a strange land.

A few hours on the channel steamer landed us on English soil. But here almost as many surprises met us as before. While we all speak the English language, yet American English is so different from *English* English, that one had only to open his mouth in speech to be identified as an American. Later, in South Africa, when conversing with English-speaking people, we rarely spoke half a dozen words before we were met by the interrogation, "Aren't you an American?" In London, we must needs go into *shops* instead of into *stores,* to make our purchases; and when inside the shops, we were at our wits' end to know how to buy. For everything is called by a different name in England, from that by which it is known in the United States. Calico is *print;* muslin, bleached or unbleached, is *calico;* thread is *cotton;* and so on *ad infinitum,* until one feels like a child just beginning to talk.

Instead of the elevated railways of New York and Chicago, there are the underground railways of London, where one may ride for miles, only coming out to daylight at the different stations along the line. Instead of the ordinary American coaches, made to accommodate a large number of persons in one compartment, and opening at either end, there are the English coaches divided into small compartments, accommodating not more than six or eight persons each, and opening at the sides. In these coaches, it is necessary for one-half the passengers to ride backward. These compartments are classified as first, second, and third classes, respectively, according to the upholstering, comfort, etc.; and to ride first class costs at least three times as much as to ride third class, although you go by the same train, and reach the same destination, at the same time. The same system of coaches and fares is used throughout English territory in South Africa.

Our few days in London were busy ones, and after attending to business there was little time left for sightseeing. We were the guests of Miss Charlotte Mason, who keeps a "House of Rest for Christian Workers." For a time after reaching Africa, some of our number received her magazine, "Rest and Reaping," and were contributors to the same. At this home, we became acquainted with a lady physician, Dr. Earle, who had spent some years in Johannesburg, South Africa. She was of much assistance to us, not only in piloting us about London, which she knew well how to do, but by her experience and advice. On the morning of our departure from London, Dr. Earle stood on the wharf to bid us Godspeed, along with dear Sister Jones, who was left behind in a training home in London, where, after several months, she was joined by a

party of missionaries from America, proceeding to India.

The Methven Castle, which bore us on toward Africa, was to us more homelike and congenial than the Amsterdam had been. Each Sabbath morning, Church of England services were conducted in the first-class saloon (dining-room) by the captain or second officer. We had never been accustomed to *reading* our prayers from a prayer-book, and had a hard time trying to keep the place, as the leader skipped about here and there in the book, in his choice of those petitions suitable to the occasion. Those accustomed to this sort of worship seemed to have no trouble at all in keeping the place, and in responding at the proper time. The second officer was not a "high churchman," although, as an accommodation, he sometimes held the service for the captain. He was in the habit of holding, in addition, a Sabbath evening evangelistic service among the steerage passengers. In these services he invited us to join, and here we were free to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

By this time we were in equatorial waters. In this latitude, the sea, during the greater part of the day, is of that indescribably beautiful indigo blue, a perfect reflection of the cloudless tropical sky. This becomes an inky black, when the sky is overcast with clouds. The great dashing billows have entirely disappeared, and now the sea is broken only by little rippling waves. A few times we saw it perfectly calm and smooth as glass. In my mind still lingers the distinct vision of this sea of glass, as seen on one particular evening when the rays of the setting sun illuminated it with all the colors of the rainbow. It was a scene of unsurpassed beauty and splendor. It gave me a faint conception of what must be the dazzling

glory of that other "glassy sea, mingled with fire," sighted by St. John, before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Once, in rounding Cape Verde, we were near enough the shore to sight Africa, had the weather been favorable. After passing that point, we were for days far out in the deep blue sea, many leagues from land. And never again did the deep blue change to green, indicating proximity to shore, until we approached the Cape of Good Hope, or "Cape of All Storms," as it was appropriately named by its Portuguese discoverer. Soon Table Mountain appeared like a great bank of cloud on the horizon, but it was still several hours before we were in Table Bay, at its foot. We could no longer sing, "Afric's shores I long to see." Our eyes beheld the land.

But the people! These were what we were most eager to see. The people of our adoption, among whom the remainder of our lives, as we supposed, was to be spent! Where are the people? What sort of creatures are they? More animal than man? Possessed of such a thing as a human soul? Perhaps, after all, not capable of receiving the Gospel we have come so far to bring them! All this and much more flits through our mind as the steamer nears the wharf.

At Capetown we went into the docks, and could walk ashore. As soon as the vessel ceased moving, the subjects of all these questionings and misgivings came swarming on board to assist in unloading cargo. Real live Africans! But how different from the Africans of America! There were the black skin and curly hair to be sure. But the "black jewel" was in a new setting, unfamiliar to our eyes, —in bare feet and bare heads; attired in one scant garment made from a coarse sack in which a hole had been

cut to admit the head and another for either arm, their black, good-natured faces shining with oil, and their lips parted in a broad grin, showing their milk-white teeth.

To regain our equilibrium and to escape the coal dust and litter of unloading cargo and coaling our steamer, we went ashore, viewed this English-African town, and climbed far up the slopes of Table Mountain. At this time, we were unacquainted with the sudden and great changes of temperature in the course of an African day, and especially of a winter day. It was decidedly sharp and frosty when we went ashore in the morning. Before noon, we were sweltering in the heat. The inhabitants of Cape Town appeared on the streets attired in thin summer clothing. They had long ago learned to adjust themselves, on short notice, to this sudden change from November cold to July heat. Afterward in Natal, we had just as striking and sudden changes from heat to cold, as we here had from cold to heat. Often on a cloudless day in midsummer one would start out for the day in summer attire. In the afternoon the temperature would drop, in one short hour, or even less, so that for comfort one required heavy winter clothing. This not being within reach, a thorough chill and often a severe cold were the result.

Port Elizabeth and East London were other ports at which our steamer touched on her way up the East Coast. The next stop was Durban, or Port Natal, at which we were to land. The distance from Cape Town, although appearing so short on the map of Africa, is fully a thousand miles. Fair View Mission, our destination, is located near the coast about ninety miles south of Durban. It was necessary to pass it, and then return the ninety miles, because there was no port nearer than Durban at which

Tabb Mountain near Cape Town, S. Africa

we could be landed. There was Port Shepstone, only twelve miles from Fair View, to which the small coasting steamer "Somtseu" made regular trips from Durban. But ocean steamers, as the Methven Castle, could not enter the harbor.

In passing along the coast in the vicinity of Fair View, we were on the lookout for what was to be our future earthly home. The second officer kindly secured for us the use of the ship's telescope; but even through this we failed to discover anything at all resembling a mission house. This was somewhat of a mystery at the time, as we were positive that Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Noyes and Miss F. Grace Allen were living somewhere along that coast. When we reached Fair View, and saw the "mission houses" at close range, the mystery was solved. They were only native huts. It would have taken a very powerful telescope to find them; and even had we seen them, we should have thought them *haystacks* rather than houses.

The entrance to Durban harbor is obstructed by what is familiarly called by Natalians, "The Bar." This is a bar of sand beneath the surface of the water, formed by the constant action of the waves. Those vessels drawing only a few feet of water could pass the Bar in safety. All others must anchor outside the bay, and land passengers and their luggage by means of a small steam launch, called a "tug." The cargo is placed in large flat-boats, called "lighters." Since the time of our landing in 1892, much dredging has been done to improve the Durban Harbor, and I believe of late years a dredging machine has been kept constantly at work removing the sand on the Bar, which is as constantly replaced by the action of the waves.

The sea is always very high outside the Bar. Our steamer was rolling and tossing angrily, so that it was difficult for the tug to come alongside. And when it did, there seemed danger of its being crushed by the greater momentum of the steamer. It was impossible for us to be transferred from the ship to the tug in the ordinary way; i. e., by means of the ladder down the side of the ship. As both ship and boat are always more or less in motion, the foot of the ladder never rests exactly where one wishes to plant his feet. Sometimes high in air, sometimes for an instant almost within reach of the boat, the landing by this method is always, in a sense, a "leap for life."

Experience has suggested a different mode of landing passengers at Durban. There appeared on the scene, suspended by ropes and pulleys, a willow basket, resembling a huge bucket. This was higher than our heads, and was entered by a door from the side. When it was filled with its precious cargo of eight or ten human beings, the door was carefully shut and fastened from the outside. We were then swung high over the railing, out over the water, and gradually lowered, until with a *thud* we struck the deck of the tug, the door of our cage was opened, and the prisoners were set free. This balloon experience was an *extra*,—given free with a through ticket to Africa.

CHAPTER VI.

First Experiences.

"Great is the art of beginning,
But greater the art is of ending."

At the landing we were greeted by Grace Allen and my old schoolmate and friend, Ida Heffner, both of whom had now been four years in Africa. We were surprised to find so much of civilization in what had seemed to us to be the very ends of the earth. The buildings were low, mostly one or two stories. The strong sun, reflected by the white streets and houses, threw a glare over the whole that was well-nigh blinding. But withal we saw much that was familiar—even paved streets and electric cars. There was one vehicle, however, in common use, which is unknown in American travel. This was the "jinricksha" or "ricksha," as it is commonly called. It resembles a one-horse covered buggy, except that it is lighter built. But instead of being drawn by a horse, another domestic animal, indigenous to African soil, and far more numerous and hardy than the African horse, has been harnessed into service. This is none other than an *insizwa,* or full-grown athletic young native.

Taking the place as they do of beasts of burden, it seems to be the ambition of these ricksha boys to make themselves look as hideous as possible. Their regular uniform consists of white knee-breeches, trimmed with red braid, with a long shirt to match, worn on the outside of the trousers.

But the most striking part is the head-dress. And here they vie with each other in originating the most grotesque fashions. A very nobby and up-to-date head-gear is made from the shining tail feathers of a cock; another from the horns of an ox, worn above the forehead as though they might have grown there. This *human* ox tosses his head, shakes his horns, and clatters his small bell, in imitation of a real ox, while he stands waiting for a passenger, or trots along at a good speed over the beautifully smooth macadamized streets. A ricksha will carry one or two passengers and their baggage, if not too heavy. In case there are trunks, a second ricksha with these follows close behind the passengers, and all are set down wherever they may choose, anywhere within the city limits.

This popular form of conveyance is much in demand in all the larger towns of South Africa. And this for two reasons. First, because of the general aversion, on the part of Caucasians, to anything like bodily exertion. This is equally apparent in the homes, where it is considered an absolute necessity to have at least one, and more often several, servants; and on the street, where it is almost a disgrace to be seen carrying your own parcel, however small or light. All labor is stigmatized, and considered as fit only for "Kaffirs." Second, because of the convenience of the ricksha system. While such cities as Durban and Johannesburg are well supplied with street cars or *trams*, yet these cannot reach the remotest limits, and must put you down one block or ten from your destination, as the case may be. For the few additional pence, the ricksha boy sets you down at your own door. Again, in towns like Pietermaritzburg, the capital, with a white population of several thousands, and no street cars, the ricksha be-

Durban Views

comes more and more a necessity. An interesting display of perhaps one or two hundred rickshas may be seen drawn up in line near the Maritzburg railway station, waiting for the Durban and Johannesburg Express.

It was decided that most of our party should remain in Durban until the middle of the next week, when they were to take the Somtseu, the coast steamer, for Port Shepstone. Miss Allen, on horseback, with Mpolosa as native guide, was to go overland. Miss Heffner insisted, for old friendship's sake, that I should spend a few days with her at Amanzimtote, or Adams Mission, where she was teaching in a seminary for native boys, under the American Board. To reach this place we went on the train ten miles from Durban to Isipingo. There we found native boys with horses to meet us, sent from Adams. We took the seven miles' ride to the mission, along a most picturesque road, by *moonlight*. More than once along the way I asked myself the question, "Can this really be 'Darkest Africa'? And two girls on this moonlight ride without a thought of fear?"

The Zulu boys in this school all spoke good English, and I enjoyed very much my short stay among them. Here were specimens of raw heathen Zulus after a few years of training, bright, intelligent, gentlemanly, many of them earnest Christians. This settled forever all questionings as to whether the Zulus are capable of being educated or saved. With fresh courage I went forth to my labor of love among them, knowing and realizing that it need not be in vain in the Lord.

The first day's journey from Adams toward Fair View was by post-cart. This was like the stage-coach of pioneer days in this country. The four-horse team was driven

on the jump, up hill and down, and across flooded streams, causing some nervousness to one inexperienced in African travel. At different stages of the journey our panting steeds were exchanged for fresh ones, and Umzinto, some forty or forty-five miles away, was our stopping place for the night. At that time it was an insignificant place of perhaps not more than half a dozen houses. Now it is a prosperous railroad town, in the midst of the sugar-producing section of Natal.

At the time of which I write, Umzinto was at the end of the post-cart route. Travel beyond this point toward the south was exceedingly difficult, and was mostly on horseback. Here I was joined by Miss Allen, and, mounted on horseback, with Mpolosa on foot as guide, we set out on our forty miles' journey to Fair View. Mine was a hired horse from the Umzinto hotel. It seemed rather *shaky* from the first, and after a few miles showed unmistakable signs of weakness and fatigue. The country was growing wilder and more rugged with every foot covered. So numerous and steep were the hills, the whole country seemed only a conglomeration of hills and valleys. The road had grown dimmer and dimmer, and had finally given place to a native footpath. Night came on, and we were still several miles from Fair View.

Single file, we wended our way up and down steep, rocky heights, and through dismal valleys, and along the edge of dizzy precipices, where if a horse should lose its footing it might mean death on the rocks below. My horse went stumbling along and finally fell upon its knees, throwing me over its head. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Praise

God! I was not hurt in the least; but as I tried to remount, my horse remained kneeling, unable to rise. It was plain we could proceed no further. What was to be done? Mpolosa, with cool-headed native tact, came to our assistance. In the distance he discovered the firelight of a native kraal, and went in search of a horse. He was successful. The worn-out animal was left at this kraal, and with the fresh one, we were able to reach our destination somewhere near midnight.

I was too weary, after such a ride, to take in my surroundings, or to care whether I was in Africa or America. In the morning I found we had slept in one of the little "beehive" huts which I had mistaken for haystacks. This was what Miss Allen called home, and Rev. and Mrs. Noyes were living in one just like it, except that theirs had two panes of glass in the door, while Miss Allen's was perfectly dark when the door was shut.

The missionary huts were an exact counterpart of the native huts, with one important exception, and that was the door. The native door is only about three feet high. To enter, one must get down upon his hands and knees, and crawl in on all fours. A kraal (pronounced crawl) is a group of these queer huts, occupied by a man and his numerous wives. In a Zulu kraal, the huts are usually arranged in the form of a circle. Inside the circle is an enclosure in which the cattle belonging to the kraal are kept at night. The missionaries, while having no objection to getting upon their knees at the proper time, seemed to prefer upright doors to those requiring so much compulsory kneeling.

Again, the natives make their fires in the middle of the floor, and without any chimney, allow the smoke to

find an exit wherever it can through the grass roof. The missionaries, being also without chimneys, rather than endure the smoke, went without fires. Their cooking was done in little summer kitchens, separate from the huts. Although this was Africa, there was much damp, chilly weather when a fire would have been a luxury. In the case of little Stanley Noyes, only six weeks old on our arrival, fire seemed a necessity. The hut was cold and damp. I remember Mrs. Noyes, for want of any other way to heat it, would light a large lamp, in daytime, and place it near to where the baby was having his bath. Little Flora Noyes was at that time four years old.

I was to live with Mr. and Mrs. Noyes and their two children, all in one small room. Misses Allen and Myers and Martha lived in the other hut; while Messrs. Haviland and Desh occupied the two tents we had taken with us from London. The winds at that season of the year were so strong as almost to carry away bodily the tents, or fell them to the ground; the heat of the sun in the middle of the day was well-nigh intolerable; and a little later the hard dashing rains, accompanied by vivid lightning flashes and sharp thunder claps, came to be very much dreaded. So on the whole, tent life in Africa was far from desirable. The huts were models of comfort as compared with the tents.

One item of hut experience I would gladly omit. But in giving a faithful and truthful account of African life, the details must appear,—the picture must be complete. No rosy coloring of romance must be allowed to obscure the commonplace details of realities. The missionary life seems to me an extremely concrete affair, made up of many details. It is not the one great sublime act, but

the thousand and one little and seemingly insignificant acts, that make a life truly heroic and sublime. After reaching the foreign field, the cross does not so often present itself as a great whole, as it does in its minute sections and ramifications, reaching to every part of the entire being, physical, intellectual, and moral.

In rubbing up against heathenism, there are many things that are physically repulsive, yea, even highly offensive to the natural sensibilities; to say nothing of the violence done continually to the finer sensibilities of the soul. One is shocked over and over again, until at last he learns that he must accept conditions as they are, and bear with these people, just as they are, until he can improve them, since God has borne with them so long, and loves them still. It is just possible that in this work of elevation and transformation, which the missionary feels called upon to undertake, in matters where no moral principle is involved, the missionary may in the end drop to the level of the native, instead of bringing the native up to his loftier ideal. For want of the comforts and conveniences to which he has been accustomed, the missionary may even feel forced to adopt and use in his own home, some of the very accessories which at first so shocked his sensibilities.

This was true of the Fair View missionaries in regard to the floors of their huts. A board floor could hardly be put in a grass hut, if for no other reason, because of the "termites," vulgarly called white ants, which destroy all wood. More anon about the destructiveness of these creatures. So here the missionary, baffled and circumscribed by want of means, looked to the resourceful native for a solution of the difficulty; or, possibly, left the planning and preparation of the floor entirely to native skill. The

result was a hard, polished surface, more nearly resembling cement, than anything with which I am familiar, but of a dark brown color, and with a gloss not unlike varnish.

The preparation from which this floor is made is compounded by natives, and is purely a native discovery. In the first place, a large ant-hill, the home of a colony of white ants, is broken up and moistened with water and allowed to stand until it is soft. It is then put over the floor to a depth of perhaps two inches, and thoroughly flayed and pounded until it is perfectly smooth. When this dries, it forms a tolerably hard floor. But natives add another preparation, to further harden it. This is *ubulongwe,* obtainable from the cattle kraal, which is never but a few steps from the door of the hut. *Ubulongwe,* when interpreted into plain English, is nothing more nor less than fresh cow manure. This, then, is native cement. It is diluted with water until it is of the proper consistency, and then, on her knees, the thrifty housewife spreads it over her entire floor, scraping off all she can with her hand. The greater part is absorbed into the floor and gives it the desired "hard finish" effect.

This process of smearing is called *ukusinda.* Every woman and girl understands perfectly how to *sinda.* Instead of cementing or scrubbing, they *sinda.* To keep the floor hard and clean (?) requires a fresh application at least twice a week. A floor of this kind will stay hard for a native a little longer than for a white housekeeper. This is because nearly all natives go in their barefeet, and a native housekeeper sweeps far more *gently* than we are accustomed to do.

Two or three times a week everything had to be moved out of our hut, while a native woman came in to *sinda.*

Then, when the floor was sufficiently dry, came the moving in again. Our grass schoolroom and chapel at Fair View, at the time I was there, in 1892, had this kind of a floor. On Friday afternoon or Saturday, the school children put on a fresh coating of *ubulongwe,* as a preparation for the Sabbath. After more than ten years' absence from Fair View, when I again visited it in 1903, the grass hut had been replaced by a neat and spacious brick chapel, with comfortable American seats; but there was the same old *ubulongwe* floor. What at first seemed so shocking has now grown so familiar as to pass unchallenged. Many well-to-do Dutch and English farmers, all over Natal, have the same kind of floors throughout their houses, and consider them not at all objectionable.

A few times in missionary meetings in this country, as the author has attempted to describe an African floor, in the politest language at her command, a few fastidious young ladies have been so *shocked* as to unceremoniously leave the lecture hall. Too shocking to be heard by ears polite in this country! Perhaps, dear reader, too shocking for aesthetic minds like yours to dwell upon, even for a passing moment, and you lay down this book in disgust. Yet I suppose the missionaries are men and women akin to you, in thought and feeling. Then, can it be that many of the environments in a heathen land are too shocking for you to see, even in imagination, in a word picture; but not too shocking for them to see, in *reality,* day after day, and year after year?

CHAPTER VII.

Our African Neighbors.

"Dying, while we are dreaming,
In selfish idleness;
Unconscious of their darkened lives,
So full of bitterness.

"Dying, ah, it is easy
To slight the Master's call—
To sit with folded hands and sing,
'Oh, crown him Lord of all.'"

—Selected.

But I have anticipated, and have noticed the huts rather than the people. Let us now introduce you to your black neighbors. Our idea of neighbor is one who lives next door, or in our immediate vicinity. But I apprehend as God, sitting upon the circle of the heavens, looks down upon this little terrestrial ball, the Africans and Indians and Chinese are all our very next door neighbors. Should it be proven that Jupiter, Venus, and the other planets are inhabited, perhaps these remote dwellers might reasonably be considered strangers and foreigners. Yet even that is questionable. All lighted and warmed by the same central orb, and all having their regular visits from the same, these inhabitants, if such there be, would seem contiguous to us; in fact, our very next door neighbors. How much more, then, does our "neighbor" include every inhabitant of our own planet, even to earth's remotest bounds?

Again, our "neighbor" is any one to whom we may perform an act of kindness or mercy. This is the unmis-

takable teaching of the parable of The Good Samaritan. From this standpoint, those across the waters have transcendent claims upon our benevolence. They are sick and wounded, and have fallen among thieves, which have robbed them and stripped them and left them half dead. How, literally, all this applies to the "Dark Continent"! Instead of acting the part of good Samaritan to Africa's dark millions, this glorious United States has figured prominently as thief and murderer! Under what solemn obligations are we as a nation to carry the Gospel to those whom once we fleeced and robbed and spoiled! What a debt is ours! And how slow we are in discharging that debt! Indeed, are we not rather adding to it by still further demoralizing its unwary natives, through the liquor traffic, and the dissolute lives of unprincipled and godless traders?

And what shall we say of Christian (?) England, who, to enrich her coffers, forced upon China the accursed opium traffic? In this act she forged the chain which has held China in more abject thralldom than that ever endured by Helot slave. What a record for those commissioned "to preach deliverance to the captive, . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised"! "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Ignorance of the pitiable condition of a large part of the human family does not excuse us. We are responsible, not only for all we know, but for all we might know. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?" "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

St. Paul, preaching to the idolaters of Athens on Mars Hill declared this relationship to be even nearer than that of neighbor. It is a *blood* relationship,—"hath made of *one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." One common Father, and "all we are brethren." Brother, sister, Christian worker, minister of the everlasting Gospel, how much do you love yourself? That is to be the measure of your love to your heathen neighbor. "As thyself"! How much do you love your own blood relations—your own offspring? What effort would you put forth for their education and salvation? That is to be the measure of your zeal and works for the evangelization of your heathen relations. Every one of us is, in reality, "our brother's keeper." We are the watchmen, of whom their blood will be required. We are the conservators of their spiritual interests, and of their rich estate in Christ Jesus. We are the guardians of their souls, to receive and dispense to starving millions the good things of the kingdom of God, until they come to the stature of perfect men and women in Christ Jesus. Tremendous responsibility! Glorious opportunity!

Let us then seek to make the acquaintance of our African neighbors. The natives of South Africa, with the exception of the Cape natives, belong to what is called the great Bantu family. This has many different tribal divisions, each with its own distinguishing dialect; but there is a similarity of construction in all the Bantu languages. These people, though dark, are not negroes. The true negro is found further to the north, in Central Africa and the Soudan. The name Soudan means *black*. The Bantus are not black, but a dark rich brown. They possess a ***physique*** as perfect as any people on the face of the earth.

In features they differ considerably from the true negro. Many of them might even be considered handsome. It is their external contortions altogether that make them so hideous and repulsive. Like the majority of our own race, they are the devotees of fashion; and one is forced to acknowledge that their fashions are, in many cases, just as sensible as ours, and in others, much less injurious and health-destroying. There are no deformed feet or wasp-like waists. No shoes are worn and no tight clothing.

Perhaps it would be as well, before going further, to describe more fully the native dress. While I have touched upon this subject in speaking of the Cape natives, and the Zulu ricksha boys, yet neither of these classes are typical in their dress. Both have mingled, more or less, with civilization, and their dress has been modified accordingly. That was *city attire;* and, scant as it seems, is nevertheless much more than is generally worn. I would now have you see the native in the freedom of his kraal life, untouched by the artificial demands of foreign civilization.

I have been asked at different times in this country, whether or no missionaries to South Africa assume the native costume, as do the missionaries of the China Inland Mission. I have never *known* any missionary to South Africa to adopt the native costume. The fact is, South Africans are conspicuous for their lack of costume. What they do wear is mostly for ornament. We are accustomed to garments covered over with trimmings; they prefer the trimmings without the garment.

While there are no castes in Africa, as in India, yet there are several distinct classes, and each individual must dress in a manner becoming his class. No formulated fashion books or fashion plates, and yet no Zulu belle or

bride was ever known to be out of the latest fashion. One very striking feature about their dress is, that there is one prescribed form of dress for a single woman and another for a married woman. It is only necessary to see a woman, even at a distance, to tell instantly whether she be married or single. The same is true of the men. What a world of trouble might sometimes be averted in our own country, did fashion thus compel each individual to advertise, by his dress, whether married or single!

A Zulu girl is never too poor to present quite a display of necklaces, belts, bracelets, and anklets. Many of these articles are made from beads, ingeniously strung together. The arrangement and harmony of colors often shows good taste. Some of their ornaments, however, are of much more perishable material. The arms, half-way to the elbows, and often the ankles, are covered with cheap bracelets woven from stems of grass. As fast as these wear out, they are replaced by fresh ones. The only other article worn by the girls is a blanket, or rather a bit of coarse cloth resembling brown duck. This is ornamented all round the edges with beadwork. It is wrapped tightly round the body just under the arms, and the ends tucked in to hold it in place; or else it is passed under the right arm and the two corners tied over the left shoulder. It reaches about to the knees. The blanket is the only part of their wardrobe that can properly be called clothing. All the other is paraphernalia, mere ornament. A girl until several years old, wears only the tiny bead apron, perhaps about three inches square.

Old settlers in Natal say that the blanket is now much more in use than it was a few years ago. This is probably due to the slow but gradual development of a little

Zulu Women

sense of modesty, on the part of kraal girls, from their contact with civilization. Around the towns and in the homes of the white colonists, they are usually compelled to put on more covering than they wear at their kraals. When their term of service is completed, however, it is not unusual to see them put off the artificial garments, and go back to their kraal costume. At their great heathen festivals or dances, no girl cares to be cumbered with even a blanket. Everything that would in any way hinder the freedom of her movements is cast aside.

The entire skin is kept well oiled. The hair is usually drawn out into little wisps or curls, and smeared all over with red paint, until you can not see the hair at all. Hundreds of these little paint-covered "pigtails" hang down all round the head, and over the face, and almost over the eyes. It often reminded me of the bangs worn by American ladies not so many years ago. This, then, is the Zulu girl. I have tried to photograph her just as she is; and if the picture is not the most pleasing, remember it has this merit—*it is true to life.*

On her wedding day, the Zulu girl puts aside, once for all, her maiden dress and style of arranging her hair, and assumes the dress and style of a married woman. The paint is removed from her hair, which is now combed out to its full length and treated with a mixture of red clay. This stiffens the hair and takes out all the curl. Oh, the fickleness of human nature, whether in Africa or in America! Those whose hair is naturally curly, trying to make it straight! We whose hair is naturally straight, trying to make it curly! When the hair is well stiffened, it is combed straight out from the crown of the head, and woven or sewed round and round, so as to hold it in position. When

finished, it often stands a foot high, and has the appearance of a tall hat, worn well back on the head.

It is impossible for a Zulu woman to make her own toilet unassisted. She usually calls on one of her husband's numerous wives. Fortunately, combing the hair is not, with them, as with us, a daily necessity. So much of a task is it to comb and dress the hair, that the poor woman would have no time for anything else. She probably does not comb it oftener than once in two or three months. Her pillow is a little three-legged wooden stool, put under her neck in such a manner that she does not soil her hair while sleeping. An African woman could hardly comprehend our expression, "Soft as downy pillows are." The only pillow she knows anything about is an exceedingly hard one.

See her any time of the day, or engaged in any kind of work, and the Zulu wife always has on the same dress. That is her *wedding dress*. This, then, as you might suppose, must needs be made of very durable material. Unlike most wedding dresses, hers is for wear, rather than for show. It consists only of a short skirt, reaching about to the knees. It is made from ox-hide, from which the hair has been removed. It is well greased and rubbed with red clay,—presumably to match the red-besmeared hair—and trimmed all around the bottom with beadwork. This skirt is put on by the bride on her wedding day, and worn the remainder of her life, *without change*. The hair is frequently put up in the dignified style becoming a married woman, some time before the marriage actually takes place, so soon as the engagement is sealed. But the ox-hide skirt is worn for the first time on her wedding day, and thenceforth forever.

In describing the dress of a Zulu man, perhaps there is not quite so much to be said as in describing that of the women and girls. It is usually acknowledged that pride in dress is a feminine weakness. Zulu men certainly act on the principle that it is not fine clothes that make the man. But with all the absence of rich and costly robes, I should be slow to acknowledge the absence of pride among Zulu men. The fact is, they deport themselves with the greatest dignity, as the very lords of creation. The one article worn by men and boys is the *mootcha*. This is a belt of skin worn around the waist, from which are suspended either narrow strips of skin with the hair on, or the bushy tails of wild animals.

The distinctive mark of a married man is his hat,—or what, viewed from a distance, is likely to be mistaken for a hat. Seen more closely, it looks like a large ring of black bone, set on the top of his head. Should you try to remove it, you would find it grown fast to his head. It is his *hair,* plastered down with a pitchy substance, which, when dry, is very hard and shining. The hair inside and outside the ring is shaved off, so that only the ring remains. As the hair under the ring grows, the ring is lifted higher and higher, forming a receptacle for a snuff-spoon and various other little essentials, as well as furnishing a prolific breeding place for certain human parasites. At last, after a few months, the ring must be torn away, the surplus hair cut short, and the head plastered as before.

No novice, or mere boy, is allowed to wear the head-ring. In our enlightened land, when a human being of the male sex attains the age of twenty-one years, he is christened *a man,* and allowed to vote, and enjoy other rights

and privileges of the superior being (?) he is. Not so in Africa. Years can never make the man. "True living is not measured by the years that we can tell." This among the Zulus is probably not so much due to any lofty ideal of life, as to the fact that no one, in his heathen state, knows his own age. His years are not numbered. A Zulu *man,* then, must earn the title before he can wear it,—or its symbol, the head-ring. All are termed "boys," no matter what their ages, until they have shown themselves worthy to be called men.

So far, in having a high ideal, we might emulate the Zulus. But the standard of manhood among them is not exactly one that I could commend for general use. The ambition of a heathen Zulu, like that of many a civilized American is to be rich. Wealth among them, however, is not measured by silver or gold, houses or lands, bank stock or mining shares; but by the number of cattle owned. If a man has many cattle, he is rich; if few or none, he is very poor. And cattle are not valued for their intrinsic worth. They are prized only as they can be exchanged for another commodity, which is the real standard of wealth. A man's social status is gauged entirely by the number of wives he owns, or is able to buy. Each wife represents, on an average, a money value equal to that of ten head of fat oxen.

The more wives one can afford, then, the *manlier* man he is! Chief Faku, among whose tribe we worked at Bethany Zulu Mission, had no less than eighteen wives. These were scattered about over the country, in some four or five kraals. Faku was an example of a *man,* from the Zulu standpoint. No old bachelor is allowed to wear the head-ring, and be considered a *man.* Neither is the fellow

Heathen Man. Probably a Bachelor, not yet permitted to wear a head-ring.

who is satisfied with only one wife. All such are mere "boys."

A consideration of the great and burning question of polygamy, with all its attendant evils, would fill volumes. All we can hope to do, in the present work, is to touch upon the surface of this "open sore," as brought into direct contact with it from time to time, leaving other more skillful hands *to probe it to its very core.*

From what has already been said, the reader has seen that the old polygamist, with half a dozen or fifty wives, so far from being ashamed of the fact, is proud of it, and advertises it in his very dress.

In laboring among these people, one of the first duties of the missionary is to strongly urge the "putting on of apparel," instead of, as among civilized people, the laying aside of superfluities of apparel. One of the first evidences that the Gospel seed is taking root in the heart of a Zulu, is his desire to put on some article of civilized apparel. With the men and boys, this is usually a long shirt, reaching almost to the knees. Sometimes they begin with a hat or a coat—rarely with both, and never with a full suit of civilized clothing. They must come to that by degrees. A shirt, at first, fully satisfies an awakened Zulu's conscience. It is *"taking up his cross"* to wear a shirt. It is an "outward sign of an inward work,"—at least the work of conviction. Many go no further. A shirt is substituted for salvation. It requires "line upon line, precept upon precept," with much patience, to convince these darkened minds that a dressed-up sinner is still a sinner, just as much as when he wore head-ring and *mootcha.*

In attestation of this fact, let us quote from Bishop Colenso's famous experiment in civilizing heathen into the

kingdom of heaven, as recited at the World's Missionary Conference in London, in 1888: "His claim was, that the African savages only needed educating and developing under the right influences, in order to make good men and women. To prove this, he had a number of Zulu lads bound to him for a certain number of years, so that he could have complete control of them. These he rigidly and patiently educated in the refinements of civilization, and in the requirements of good behavior, holding religion in the background meantime, and contending that this would inevitably be manifested or sought, as the result of this preparatory training. He completed his work, and announced to his wards their freedom, coupled with an invitation to remain for instruction in the higher principles of the Christian faith. The only result was that on receiving their liberty they threw off their civilized dress, kicked up their heels, and ran back to their primitive savagery with all the alacrity with which an uncaged bird flies away to its native skies; and the Latitudinarian Bishop of Natal had frankly to admit the futility of his experiment."

CHAPTER VIII.

Natal—The Land.

"I have climbed those verdant hillsides,
Where the rarest flowers grow,
And the birds with brilliant plumage
Sing so sweetly all day through;
And amid those scenes of beauty,
I have heard that last command,
Till my soul was filled with glory,
In fair Afric's sunny land."—Selected.

The history of Natal, so far as recorded in the annals of civilization, begins with the 25th day of December, 1497. Nevertheless, it has a history,—an unwritten history,—dating far back in the remote past, when its first dusky individual or tribe made this its resting place. But, as in the history of North America, peopled from time immemorial with aboriginal tribes, the written page begins with the advent of the first white man, so in South African history, Natal, or the Christmas Land, takes its name from the day on which it was first sighted by a white man. This was the Portuguese commander, Vasco de Gama.

While Spanish mariners, in search of a "northwest passage to India," were pushing their explorations westward, and were discovering and exploring the New World, the Portuguese were searching for such a passage to the south and east. The hitherto unknown coast of the "Dark Continent" was diligently explored, until finally the Cape of Good Hope was rounded, and the entire African continent

circumnavigated, and the question of reaching India from Europe, by sea, was at last solved.

Natal lies just outside the tropics, and is about thirty degrees, or more than two thousand English miles, south of the equator. It is also crossed by the thirtieth meridian of eastern longitude, which makes its geographical position on the globe very easy to remember—thirty degrees south of the equator, and thirty degrees east of London.

It is a very small country, being only about one-sixth the size of the British Isles, and about one-sixth-hundredth the size of Africa. It is in the shape of an irregular diamond, the greatest distance from north to south being about 255 miles, and from east to west about 160 miles. If it were in the shape of a square covering the same area, each side would be 142 miles. It has about 170 miles of coast land, or one mile of coast to every 118 miles of surface.

Twenty-five distinct rivers enter the sea, to say nothing of the numerous tributaries to the more important rivers; so that Natal is fairly well watered. The larger rivers have sand bars across their mouths and lagoons a short distance inland. Only three of these flow entirely across the colony from the peaks of the Drakensberg Mountains to the sea. These are the Tugela, the Umkomaas, and the Umzimkulu; which, with their many branches, drain a large part of the surface of Natal. Five more flow from the spurs of the Berg to the sea. But by far the greater number, seventeen, are coast rivers; that is, their entire course is within the coast region. There are also numberless small streams called "spruits," which are

Beautiful Waterfalls at Inanda, S. Africa,
near A. B. C. F. M. Mission

nearly dry in winter, but which in summer are often impassable for several hours after a heavy thunderstorm.

Of all these rivers, not one is navigable for any considerable distance. Says Russell, the historian of Natal, "Natal rivers are too small, too rapid, and too shallow, to admit of navigation to any extent. Cascades, waterfalls, and rapids, are of frequent occurrence. This is due to the steep slope of the country, which, beginning at the coast, rises in several successive terraces to a height of between six and seven thousand feet at the border, only 225 miles from Durban by rail. It is estimated that some of the peaks of the Berg, not more than a hundred miles in a straight line from Durban, reach an elevation of two and a quarter miles. Pieterimaritzburg, the capital, situated in the midlands of Natal, is about the same height as Madrid, the most elevated city in Europe; while Charlestown, near the Transvaal border, has an elevation more than twice as great."

This great difference in elevation gives a remarkable variety in both climate and productions. The climate along the coast is decidedly warm and moist; in the midlands dry and cool; and in the uplands dry and bracing. "In the up-country districts, however," quoting from Russell, "the summer heat is often more searching than on the coast, but the nights are much cooler. Sometimes the sun's rays are felt to be oppressively hot, while the Berg is seen covered with snow."

Spring and autumn are very short, so there are practically but two seasons, summer and winter; the one warm, cloudy, and rainy; and the other cool, bright, and dry. Summer begins in October and ends in March. Frost is seldom seen on the coast even in midwinter; but in the uplands,

ice will often freeze to the thickness of half an inch or more in a night. The heat of the sun is usually sufficient, even on a winter's day, to melt any ice which may have frozen during the night.

The climate of Natal is remarkable, then, not for its great variation of temperature and extremes of heat and cold, but for the suddenness of its changes of temperature. "Now and again, both summer and winter," says Mr. Russell, "the thermometer changes as much as thirty-five degrees in the twenty-four hours. Probably the greatest daily variation known in Durban occurred on the 21st of September, 1890. A very hot northerly wind raised the temperature for a few hours in the middle of the day to no less than 110 degrees in the shade. In the evening a westerly wind cooled down the air to 63 degrees."

Winds are plentiful, the two prevailing ones being the northeast wind, a moisture-laden, relaxing wind from across the Indian Ocean; and the southwest wind, locally called "the doctor," a cool, bracing wind from the southern seas. A disagreeable, parching wind sometimes blows from the north, for a few hours or a few days at a time. It is strongly suggestive of a very recent contact with the Desert of Sahara, and is depressing in the extreme. This wind blows chiefly in spring or early summer, and on an average, according to Russell, about twenty-five days in the year.

The coast lands of Natal produce a great variety of tropical and subtropical fruits, such as bananas, pineapples, oranges, lemons, limes, naartjes, guavas, mangoes, pawpaws, grenadillas, and so on almost *ad infinitum;* besides grapes, peaches, plums, cherries, and strawberries, and, in fact, almost any fruit that will grow in a temperate climate.

The same may be said of garden vegetables, which are grown in great abundance and variety, the sweet potato, or yam, being especially abundant and excellent.

Around the towns, as Durban, the gardening is done chiefly by the "coolies," who peddle their produce from door to door. The spacious baskets of these "coolies," carried by the men on a long pole swung over their shoulders, or by the women on their heads, contain almost every fruit and vegetable imaginable, each in its season; and, as much of the land along the coast will admit of irrigation, many of these can be raised at any season. Of wild fruits there are only two worthy of notice, the *amatungulu,* a plum-shaped fruit growing on a thorny bush with glossy waxlike green leaves and white star-shaped flowers; and what is commonly called the Cape gooseberry. Wild palms and wild bananas are profuse and luxuriant in foliage, but bear no edible fruit.

In the cooler up-country districts, wheat and other cereals are grown, and the more hardy fruits and vegetables, including the common Irish potato, which does not thrive well on the coast. Indian corn, or "mealies," as it is locally called by the colonists, grows and thrives in all parts of Natal, and is the staple crop, among both white and native population. Another important crop with the natives is *amabele,* or kaffir corn, an excellent food plant, but used by the natives almost exclusively for making their *utywala* (u-chwa-la), or kaffir beer. It is estimated that five-sixths of the cultivated land in Natal is planted to maize and kaffir-corn. Sugar cane, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and oats, are the next most plentiful crops.

Certain parts of Natal are specially suited to the cultivation of certain crops. For instance, the North Coast,

from a little above Durban to Stanger and the Zululand border, is dotted with beautiful tea estates, each covering thousands of acres, and supporting its own factory, which turns out several different blends of excellent tea, supplying a large trade in South Africa, as well as furnishing an important article of export. The South Coast, and especially the district around Umzinto, is almost entirely given up to the cultivation of sugar cane; the steep slopes of this remarkably hilly region, apparently defying cultivation, being made to yield prolifically, beyond all expectation or speculation.

Many acres in certain districts are now planted with the *Acacia Molissima,* or Australian wattle tree, grown for its bark, which is exported for tanning purposes. This is a fast-growing tree, and thrives well in many parts. After only a few years' growth, the tree is ready for barking. Being self-propagating, when the barked tree is cut away, many sprouts spring up from the stump. These in due time furnish a greatly augmented crop. It is next to an impossibility to clear an estate of wattles, after they are once started.

The eucalyptus, or gum tree, in many varieties, is largely cultivated in some parts of Natal, and many species of conifers, especially pines and cypresses, and other useful and ornamental trees and shrubs.

Of minerals, coal is the most important and plentiful, characterized by Sir George Napier, a former governor of the Cape, as Natal's "black diamonds." Dundee, in the center of the coal region, with a branch railway connecting with the main line, is an important and growing town. Marble is found near the mouth of the Umzimkulu River, and there are extensive marble works near Port Shepstone.

A study of the plants, animals, birds, reptiles, and insects of Natal would be interesting in the extreme, did space permit. Possibly it may not be outside the scope of the present work to give a passing glance at the many and beautiful wild flowers, and flowering vines and shrubs, the odd cacti and aloes, the multiform and exquisitely beautiful ferns, and the delicate and rare lilies of several varieties, including the Natal lily with its large pink and white ribbed bells, the Ifafa lily with its fuschia-like clusters, and the beautiful creamy-white arum lily.

African Monkey.
"Can't I Come to School, too?"

It may not be devoid of interest to note that the birds are bright-plumaged and non-songsters, and are so numerous as to be considered a nuisance by the natives; that crocodiles are still found in unfrequented parts of the rivers, and iguana lizards four or five feet long are often seen basking in the sun, on the wooded banks of the larger streams; and that turtles, sometimes weighing as much as six or seven hundredweight, are often found in the lagoons and near the mouths of the larger rivers.

It may be mentioned that pythons over twenty feet long are to be found near the coast, and that these, like all other members of the boa family, have no poison teeth, but kill their prey by coiling around it and crushing it; that much smaller, but much more dangerous, and allied to the cobras or hooded snakes, are the deadly poison-fanged *imambas,* in three varieties—black, green, and blue, and the equally deadly, though less aggressive, flat-headed puff-adders.

CHAPTER IX.

Historical—Chaka.

"None are here to help and teach us,
None to show us any good;
We have wronged and slain our brothers,
And our hearts are red with blood.

"Life is very dark around us,
And the grave is dark before;
For our gods they cannot save us,
Sit we helpless evermore?"—Selected.

Less than one hundred years ago, the Zulu race was an insignificant tribe numbering little more than two thousand, and occupying a small tract in what is now the heart of Zululand. At that time Chaka, son of a Zulu chief, was a mere stripling, who had quarreled with his family, and had fled for refuge to Dingiswayo, the chief of the powerful Umtetwa tribe. He joined Dingiswayo's army, and found soldiering so congenial that he soon became that chief's most trusted warrior. On account of his extraordinary military ability, and through the influence of his patron, Dingiswayo, on the death of Chaka's father, Chaka, though not the rightful heir to the Zulu throne, was chosen chief of the Amazulu.

Dingiswayo was a great conqueror; but he never conquered to destroy. He would not allow the women and children captured in his raids to be put to death. He "fought with men, not with *women;*" so the latter were liberated and sent back to their homes. He cultivated the arts of peace and encouraged industry, and withal pos-

sessed many noble traits for a heathen. But at last Dingiswayo was captured, and the mercy he had shown to others was denied him. He was murdered by the malicious scheming of a woman, mother of a neighboring chief, who had repeatedly been captured and as often released by the generous Dingiswayo. After the death of their chief, Dingiswayo's people took refuge with Chaka, and from that time the originally small and despised Zulu tribe became a dreaded power.

Chaka was a merciless savage, with all Dingiswayo's desire for conquest, but with none of his generosity. His ambition was made of sterner stuff. He was decidedly opposed to Dingiswayo's policy of sparing the captives. Chaka spared only the young and able-bodied men of the tribes he conquered. The old men, women, and children, were invariably put to death, often with the most atrocious cruelties, because "they only consumed the food which made young warriors strong."

Instead of the handful of long spears for throwing, with which each soldier had hitherto been armed, Chaka allowed his men but a single spear, and that a short one, to insure their coming into close contact with the enemy. Any one returning from battle without his own weapon or that of his foe was immediately put to death. Cowardice, or suspected cowardice, was also punished with death.

His soldiers were not allowed to marry, lest the tender ties of wife and children should alienate them from martial pursuits. Military kraals were placed all over the country, and the time not spent in fighting was devoted to military drill, dancing, and athletic games. Each regiment numbered about 1,500, and was distinguished by the

African Prince

color of the shield. The "Ironsides," or tried warriors, carried white shields with one or two black spots.

A warrior, in full dress, was a most impressive figure. A thick pad of otter skin covered his head and projected over his forehead, imparting a ferocious look to his appearance. This fillet was graced by a single long crane feather in front, and a bunch of feathers of all kinds and hues at the back; while from the sides, and covering his ears, depended pieces of jackal skin. Strips of ox-skin of divers colors covered his body from the neck to the waist, and his right arm. The left, or shield arm, was bare. A costly *simba*, or war kilt, made of four hundred rolls of civet skins, hung from the waist to the knee. This is the same garment I have elsewhere described under the name of *mootcha*, only in the case of a warrior it is much more costly and elaborate than for general wear. The lower part of the leg was covered with white tails attached to a garter, and ruffles of skin protected the ankle. Sandals, worn before Chaka's time, were forbidden by him, as they impeded the movements of his warriors.

Chaka had also cadet corps. All the cadet companies had black shields, each company being distinguished by a differently shaped and ornamented head-dress. Veteran regiments were allowed to retire after a certain period of service, and the warriors to marry. The cadets were then promoted to the regular army. When an *impi*, or war party, was sent out, only the general was entrusted with the secret of its destination, so that the devoted victims could know nothing of the intended onslaught until the awful war chant sounded in their ears.

If Chaka was satisfied that the spears of his warriors had been bathed in blood, and that the enemy's country had been thoroughly looted, then the regiments were feasted and a share of the spoil was allotted to them. On the other hand, the failure or partial failure of an expedition was the signal for the massacre of half the men, with the most cold-blooded cruelty. The Zulu soldier knew he must, either, as

"Victor exult, or in death be laid low,"

by the spear of his enemy, or ignominiously on his return, as

"A man who had dared to fly."

Chaka ruled by terror. Life and death depended on his caprice. From his relentless cruelty, he has been called the "hyena man," and his immense size won for him the title, "Great Elephant." His royal kraal was called *Umngungundhlovu,* the place of the great elephant. This name was afterward naturally transferred by the natives to Maritzburg, the *Umngungundhlovu,* or seat of government, of the white man; and to this day this is the name habitually used by the natives for Maritzburg.

At the zenith of his power Chaka had a force of nearly a hundred thousand warriors. During his reign of terror he is said to have destroyed three hundred tribes and to have extended his power five hundred miles north, south, and west. By banishing the conquered natives from their ancestral homes, and murdering their chiefs, he hoped to make them Zulus in feeling, as well as in name.

About the year 1820, the devastation of Natal was complete. The few hunted natives who escaped the sword of the Zulu *impi* were threatened with starvation, for it

was now dangerous to cultivate their "mealie" gardens, lest they should be discovered and share the fate of their companions. They were forced to depend for sustenance on the game captured by the dogs; and when these half-starved creatures could no longer hunt, they were killed and eaten. For years thousands of people must have subsisted on roots, some of them of a poisonous nature. One species, known as "insane root," could not be eaten with safety, until it had been boiled twenty-four hours. Those neglecting to take this precaution became insane, and threw themselves over some precipice or became a prey to the hyena or panther. One tribe was reduced to such straits by hunger, as to begin the practice of eating *fish,* an abomination to all other kaffir tribes. What is much more shocking to us was the introduction, at that time, of cannibalism. Bands of blood-thirsty savages scoured the country for human beings, as a panther hunts its prey. A few years later this disgusting practice was entirely wiped out of Natal.

The English flag was flying from the Castle at Cape Town while Chaka pursued his career of conquest, and all Natal lay prostrate at his feet. No Englishman had as yet penetrated his domain. In 1824, when the first Englishman visited Chaka, at his command, 12,000 warriors surrounded the kraal in full war dress. His cattle were paraded in thousands before the visitors, and a war dance in which 25,000 persons participated, was engaged in for the entertainment of the "white chiefs." They were informed by Chaka that he was the greatest king in existence, that his subjects were as the stars in number, and his riches in cattle incalculable. In high good humor, for his listeners did not dare to combat his arguments, he ridiculed English

habits and customs, being especially severe on the folly of converting hides into such unnecessary things as shoes, when shields were much more handsome and useful.

This monster of cruelty murdered his own mother; and then to celebrate her burial, in the absence of his men on a foraging expedition, himself turned "dream doctor," and cruelly murdered three or four hundred women of his realm. He lived by the sword, and finally perished by the sword. He was stabbed in the back and fell covered with *assegai* wounds inflicted by his two brothers. Since 1828 this turbulent and powerful king of the Zulus has slept in an unmarked grave near the present site of the village of Stanger.

But though Chaka was gone, the cruelty and treachery, of which he was the very embodiment, were not dead. In Dingaan, his successor, they were perpetuated. He had his "hill of death," whither the victims of his fury were dragged and murdered, and their bodies left to the hyenas and vultures. One example of his treachery must suffice. A Dutchman by the name of Retief went to Dingaan for a grant of land. He was received by the chief with a treacherous smile, and told that they must become better acquainted; but in reply to his request for land, he was accused of having shot his people and stolen his cattle.

Retief avowed his innocence and his belief that it was a neighboring chief who was the aggressor. Dingaan then commanded him to reproduce the cattle as a proof of his good faith. The undaunted Retief rode off to the robber chief, and, showing him a pair of handcuffs, decoyed him into admiring them, whereupon he closed them upon his

wrists and he was a prisoner. To regain his liberty, he at once surrendered the cattle stolen from the Zulu king.

Retief and his men rode away in triumph, and on their delivering the stolen cattle, the chief at once affixed his mark to a document, ceding to Retief and his countrymen a very extensive tract of land, which he gave them as "their everlasting property." As they were about to take their departure, an invitation came from the king to drink *utywala* (beer) with him in his royal hut. They were asked to leave their muskets outside, as Zulu etiquette did not allow any weapon of war to be brought within the royal precincts. With that request the unsuspecting Dutchmen complied, and entered the parade ground.

Dingaan was seated at the upper end, and the ground was lined with two regiments armed with sticks. The treacherous savage wished Retief a pleasant journey to Natal, drank beer with him, and then ordered his men to begin singing and dancing. This they did, and gradually closed in on the doomed men. At the words, "Kill the wizards," the whole host threw themselves on the Dutch farmers, and with their knob sticks felled them to the ground. They were dragged from the king's presence to the hill of slaughter, and there done to death with the knob sticks.

This was in January, 1838, and it was not until December of the same year that the treacherous murder of Retief and his men was avenged, by the slaughter of 3,000 kaffirs by a mere handful of Boers, at what has since been significantly called Blood River. Pushing on, the little band reached Dingaan's royal kraal, which was deserted, and the huts burned to the ground. On the fated "hill of death" lay the skeletons of their murdered friends, most of them

easily identified by the shreds of clothing attached to the bones. The sticks with which they had been beaten to death lay thick around. Retief was recognized by his clothes and by the leather hunting-bag slung round his shoulders. In it was found, clean and uninjured, the document by which Dingaan had ceded Natal to Retief and his men, "for their everlasting property." Sadly and solemnly the bones of the murdered men were collected and buried in one large grave.

And thus closes one dark page in Zulu history! And what of the many just such bloody pages which go to make up the great volume of written and unwritten Zulu history? Surely "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!" For most of the facts contained in this and the preceding chapter, I am indebted to Russell's *"Natal, The Land and Its Story,"* a work prepared by request of the Council of Education of Natal for use in the schools, and, as the author says, "intended to help the young people of the Colony to take an intelligent interest in all that makes for its welfare and progress." Coming from such a source, the geographical and historical bits here given may be considered entirely authentic. They are given with the conviction that many outside of the Colony would be able to take a more intelligent and active interest in mission work among South African tribes, by becoming better acquainted with the Zulus, and the land in which they live.

CHAPTER X.

Customs, Superstitions and Beliefs.

"Who can understand the dreadful darkness,
Of these realms of sin and death?
E'en the very air is scorched and tainted
With the Dragon's putrid breath.
But across the wildest, wildest billows,
Love can reach to distant lands,
And beneath the deepest, darkest surges,
Prayer can hold a brother's hand."

—A. B. Simpson.

In presenting to my readers the subjects contained in this chapter, I cannot do better than to give them the result of the careful observations and researches of one for many years resident among the Zulus, and from his position well qualified to gather reliable data. This is Mr. Fred B. Finney, F. R. G. S., and late Border Agent, Zulu Border. What is here given was delivered in the form of a lecture before a Maritzburg audience, and printed in *"The Natalian,"* a leading Natal publication.

"I have selected the above subject as the one on which to address you this evening, from the fact that, though we are daily in close intercourse with the natives by whom we are surrounded, yet experience teaches me that, as a community, we are wonderfully ignorant of all which appertains to them socially. I am led to believe that this ignorance thus exists, from the numerous questions which are put to me almost daily by my fellow colonists, in reference to some native practice or custom. It is said, 'familiarity breeds contempt;' in our case, familiarity has

bred apathy with reference to the natives, for, as a rule, we accept the fact of their presence amongst us as merely a matter of course, and do not trouble ourselves much further. Each day, however, is making more manifest the fact that the natives are, and will ever continue to be, an important factor in the future of this colony, and though, as a matter of fact, all that I can say in one short lecture must of necessity treat but superficially of the three different subjects indicated in the above title; still I venture to hope that some light may be thrown upon the inner life of our natives, and that what I have to say may not only be of interest, but awaken further investigation; for I am prepared to say, that the deeper these investigations go, the more interesting they will become.

"At the time of Britain's assuming the government of this colony, it is supposed that there were between 50,000 and 60,000 natives within its boundaries; but at the present date it is estimated that our native population amounts to more than 400,000, and I think that this estimate is within the mark. By far the greatest number of these natives are Zulus proper or direct descendants of them; therefore, it is with native customs, superstitions and beliefs, as found amongst that people, with which I purpose to deal as fully as I can within the time allotted to me.

"There has been much speculation as to what these natives are, and from whence they have come. That they have come or were driven down from the North of this vast continent, I do not think there can be much doubt; there is none in my mind, for I find that many of the words used by the natives of Abyssinia are the same as those used by the Zulus, with very slight alterations in the mode of pronunciation. Stanley, in his work,

'Through the Dark Continent,' gives examples of the names of places and things as used by the natives throughout his travels, and in contrasting them with the Zulu, the similarity is very wonderful; and, though at the risk of being considered somewhat venturesome in my speculations, I am inclined to think that our natives, as represented in the Zulus, must have had at one time an intimate connection with the Jewish nation, as many of their customs are decidedly similar to those practiced by the latter people—to whom they may possibly have been in bondage in the far past.

"Take, for instance, their Feast of the First Fruits and their offerings at the same. When the first crops are ripe not a head of the maize, not an ear of native corn, can be touched until the head of the nation has *yetywama'd* (or prepared himself by certain rites to partake of the same); then follows the *Umkosi,* or annual gathering of the nation at headquarters, when a jubilee ceremony is performed; maidens take portions of the first fruits to the different rivers as an offering. After that, and only then, can the fruits of the field be partaken of.

"There is another custom of the maidens proceeding to the hills annually, to mourn or wail, which reminds one forcibly of Jephtha's daughter. There is the custom of *Ukungena,* taking the deceased brother's wife; also their laws of uncleanness and many other things, which my limited time will not allow me to dwell upon, but I think that what I have already said, taken in conjunction with what I shall have to say with reference to their belief, will possibly lead you to think with me, that the Zulus must have known something of the Israelites and the laws by which they were guided.

"To see our natives about the towns gives but a poor idea as to what they are in their natural state. As most of my hearers are aware, it is customary with the natives to give a certain number of cattle for their wives; I say a certain number, as it is now, within this colony, laid down by law that no more than ten head shall be given, except in the case of a chief or headman, when the former can ask whatever he likes; the latter fifteen head. Before this law came into force, the natives could ask what consideration they thought proper. This giving of cattle is often spoken of as payment for a wife; but I do not think that the natives quite look upon it in the light of a payment, but more as an earnest of good faith and fair treatment of the wife by her husband. The woman herself would not consider that she held a satisfactory position if cattle had not passed on her account; the fact of her having been *lobola'd,* cattle given, gives her a status which she could not otherwise have. Her father or guardians, on their part, have to furnish her with a dowry, in the shape of *izinkabi zokwendisa,* oxen for the marriage, which in many instances exceed in value the cattle given by her husband. No man of any standing would think of giving his daughter away without a dowry.

"The custom with reference to the burial of their dead is singular; the deceased being buried in a sitting posture, and his personal effects buried at the same time. The graves are mostly within the kraal, that of the head being generally at the back of the chief hut. In the case of a king, the body attendants are slain at the time of his death and placed round that of their royal master, so that the earth may not touch the body. In mourning for the dead, those of the relatives who are within reach are

informed of the event, and attend at the *Isililo,* or mourning, when each one makes as much noise as lung-power permits. After this ceremony is over, the men, even if ringed, shave their heads; in the case of the women, this is deferred for some time longer. Every relative who comes to condole with the bereaved ones, institutes a howl of his or her own, though it may be months after. I have been surprised at seeing natives, who a few minutes before appeared festive enough, all at once burst into the most frantic demonstrations of distress, and have felt inclined to proffer my assistance and sympathy, when I have been relieved by the information, 'Oh, it's all right, he, or she, is only mourning for so and so, who died two months ago.'

"Their hospitality is the grand characteristic of our native races. To say that they are hospitable would scarcely convey the degree to which they are so, for as a general rule, a stranger is always welcome to what they can afford. There is an adage among them to the effect, 'A stranger's appetite never diminishes the store;' and the worst thing they can say, in speaking of enmity which they may bear to another, is, 'I would be inclined to allow him to pass my kraal in a thunder-storm.'

"They have a peculiar custom in reference to any inquiries being made by a newly-arrived stranger for any of the heads of a kraal. On the inquiry being made, 'Is the *Umnumuzana* at home?' the answer invariably is, 'No, he is gone out to see the cattle,' or twenty other excuses, quickly followed by the question, 'What do you want of him?' If, on investigation, the reasons are satisfactory, some little urchin will pop out of some corner or other with the information that *Umnumuzana* has just returned. All the time he has been sitting in one of the huts, and the

untruth is taken as a matter of course. I am of opinion that this custom has arisen from the state of insecurity in which the natives always lived in Zululand, for when the destruction of the head of a kraal was decided upon by either the king or the head men, one or two young men would be sent upon the message of destruction, and to deny the presence of the one who was sought, was only a precautionary measure, and a very necessary one.

"There is another singular custom amongst the natives, that with reference to the supplying of food or snuff—they are inveterate snuff-takers. If asked for food, the reply is sure to be, 'Don't mention such a thing; we are suffering from a famine here;' or, if a beast has just been killed, and the party asking requests a bit of meat, the apology will unblushingly come: 'Child of my father, 'twas but a calf we killed, and the meat was finished at once;' or if for beer, the suppliant will be informed that there was a small quantity made, and the straining of the corn husks even, were drunk by visitors only yesterday. In the case of asking to be supplied with snuff, the assurance that the box is quite empty, and that he has not known the blessing of such a luxury for many a day, will be sure to follow. All this time the corn baskets are filled with plenty, the meat is yet untouched, the beer intact, and the snuffbox full. After the formula of general denial has been gone through, what is asked for is as a rule cheerfully given.

"It may naturally be asked why there should be any necessity to tell falsehoods under such circumstances, for, if the person did not wish to give, he need not. These denials do not arise from a want of desire to share with another, but are used as safeguards, for the natives are

great believers in evil charms or phylters; and, if on request, the article of food asked for were at once supplied without hesitation, and the person partaking of it became ill, his suspicion would at once be aroused against the giver;—'Why was he so ready to give upon the asking?' —and that mere suspicion might cost him his life. There are many more native customs I should have desired to dwell upon had time permitted; but we must pass on to consider the second phase of native character.

"I do not suppose it would be possible to find a more superstitious people than the native races of South Africa. Nothing happens by chance with them, and there is no end to their different omens, good and evil. Some of them it may be interesting to mention. Amongst the many evil omens are the following: If an *umhlangwe,* a spotted snake, enters a hut, it is a sure sign that some calamity is about to befall the people of that kraal, and one versed in omens has at once to be consulted and a counter charm worked to nullify the effect of the unwelcome visitor; and the people undergo a regular ceremony. Should an owl settle on a hut, that sign also forbodes ill, and again the subtle ones in such matters are consulted and the evil influence has again to be counteracted by the administration of charms. The howling of a dog is an evil omen; but should that animal attempt to climb about, that is something so fearful that the offending creature must be assagaied, as the shedding of its blood is one of the chief means of overcoming the evil. Should a particular beast of the herd low or bellow during the nighttime, that means something which it is not safe to disregard. An *umvemve,* water-wagtail, is a bird upon whose presence at a kraal great store is set. Should these little birds leave a kraal,

it is a sure sign that all is not well, and consultations on the subject are at once held and the wise ones appealed to

"They have a universal dread of lightning, and those who have been in the habit of visiting native kraals will have noticed a little cluster of sticks at the top of each hut; but these sticks have been medicated by one who is supposed to have overcome the lightning and possessed himself of *umsuka,* or thunderbolt. It is no uncommon thing, in the most violent storm, to see these lightning doctors or charmers standing out—well in the open—amidst all its fury, with the streams of electricity playing around, serenely munching at some charm which they blow after each descending shaft; whilst they cry, 'Pass not here'—'*beka le,* go over there,' indicating at the time the direction with outstretched arm. I have often been wonderfully impressed by such a sight, and surprised at the length to which superstition will carry those who are its votaries.

"I remember once, years ago, an incident connected with this lightning-defying, which caused a great commotion and profound sensation amongst the coast natives. There were two of these charmers who were rivals in the art, and contention ran high between them as to their respective powers. One was much younger than the other, and the elder twitted his junior with being only a novice in the art. I may here mention that it is thoroughly believed that these people have the power of sending lightning where they like; holding it in their entire command. Things came to such a pass between the rivals that the elder challenged the younger to stand out in a storm with him. The challenge was cheerfully accepted, and a favorable opportunity waited for.

"At last, the looked-for storm came—with such fury as those only who live in tropical climates can understand; flash succeeded flash, with scarcely any intermission, and at its worst the rivals met. It was agreed that, to give each a fair chance, they should stand some distance apart. Scarcely had they taken up their respective positions, and commenced the ceremony of subduing the lightning, until those who dared to look on noticed, as they thought, the younger man enveloped in flame; and, when the storm cleared away, on visiting the spot, his remains were found fearfully charred. This incident established the reputation of the other, for, when I advanced the opinion that it was an accident, I was looked upon with something akin to compassion—'a decent sort of an individual, but fearfully ignorant in mystic arts; my education had been sadly neglected, but I was excused on the ground of being a white man, who knew no better.'

"As I have said, nothing happens by chance; all is the issue of some evil influence—*abatakati,* wizards or witches. Should a child take ill, it is the work of an *umtakati,* or some one who has a spite against the afflicted party. Should the head of the kraal fall sick, an *umtakati* is at once suspected. If sickness breaks out amongst the cattle, an *umtakati* has done it. I have often, when I have heard of the evil influence worked by so and so, asked the natives whether there was no such thing as people dying of known disease, accident or old age, and the answer has invariably been, 'Oh, yes, certainly; people do die from such causes, but we know that this is the work of an *umtakati;* we know who it is.' All, according to their theory, is the work of *abatakati,* and they have only to bring their minds to some sort of a suspicion against a particular person, and a victim

is at once singled out; and although the unfortunate party suspected may not forthwith be proceeded against, yet he can never shake off the stigma, but is marked for the rest of his life.

"There is among the natives a class known as the *Izanusi* or *Abangoma,* who profess to have direct intercourse with the spirit world, and to practice divination. Their influence is invoked in the 'smelling out' or finding out of the *abatakati.* In Natal, they have been forbidden to practice their dark arts, but they do so secretly, all the same, and cause a deal of mischief; for though no one, within the boundaries of this colony, dares openly accuse another of witchcraft, still there are many heart-burnings and much bitter feeling caused by their hints and innuendoes.

"In Zululand, where these *abangoma* are unrestrained, the influence they exercise is something awful; for during the last sixty years they have been the means of causing the death of hundreds of thousands of innocent creatures, through their minor 'smellings out;' and the more fearful *Ingomboco*—which means within the circle, or surrounded. When I refer to the minor 'smellings out,' I mean that of individuals; but the *Ingomboco* is a tribal affair, which I can, perhaps, best explain by relating an incident that happened within my own knowledge in the year 1856.

"During that year, I went into Zululand, accompanied by a staff of carriers, for the purpose of hunting and trading. We formed a large party, and it was therefore necessary, in looking for a resting place at night, to secure the most commodious kraals along our line of travel. After a weary day's march, on one occasion, I noticed a large kraal some two miles ahead, in a beautiful valley, which

seemed to give promise of rest to our weary bodies, and furnish the necessary food for the party; we therefore decided upon staying there for the night. On arriving at the gate, however, we discovered that the kraal was unoccupied, and there was altogether an uninviting weirdness about the place which the glorious rays of a setting sun could not dispel; so, with one accord, we decided to move onward, late though it was. I had noticed crowds of vultures in the valley below the kraal, and altogether the appearances of the place were an enigma to me.

"We had not gone far down the valley before we came upon another kraal, of much larger dimensions than that just quitted, and which, I soon found out, belonged to Nobeta, a cousin of Umpande, who was then king. As in courtesy bound, I reported myself to the chief, with the intention of at once passing on, as I had heard that Nobeta was not one of the most amiable magnates of Zululand. The old chief, however, would not hear of my going past him, and he gave instructions that quarters were to be prepared for us. Shortly after settling down to rest, Nobeta sent for me, that he might consult about his eyes, which, he said, had been *takatad*. I found him suffering from an attack of acute ophthalmia, which he wanted me to prescribe for, saying that all white men were *izinyanga*, doctors. I politely excused myself from doing so, from fear of the consequences which the chief's superstition might bring about in case of my either succeeding or failing. But in the course of conversation, I mentioned incidentally that it was by mere chance that we had got that far, as we had purposed staying at a kraal farther back, only we had found it deserted. The old reptile thereupon callously observed, 'Oh, yes; I wiped them all out two days ago.

They were all *abatakati;* they killed my mother, or assisted in doing so; but there are more *abatakati* to be smelt out yet.'

"We were treated most hospitably the night we stayed at Nobeta's kraal, and next morning, on my proceeding to bid the chief good-by, I was surprised to find that he would not hear of my going just then. He wanted my presence at his kraal that morning, he said, as they had a great piece of business on, and I must see how he punished evil-doers. I pleaded the urgent necessity of our getting forward on our journey, but all to no purpose, so we made a virtue of necessity and remained with the chief, as requested.

"I noticed, about ten o'clock that morning, that batches of natives began to arrive outside the kraal, from all directions. They came with sullen, downcast looks, and observed an ominous silence, each enveloped in a blanket and carrying only a short stick. After some little time a bevy of girls came out of the kraal, and began a sort of chant, to the music of which they kept time by clapping their hands; young men, armed with knob kerries, next came upon the scene; and last of all, five of the fearful *abangoma* advanced toward where the sable throng was seated. The appearance of these fearful creatures, enveloped as they were in everything which tended to make them hideous, in the shape of snake skins and portions of reptiles and other animals, would baffle description. Reluctant observer of such a scene as I was, they inspired me with a feeling of awe and disgust, for I then realized what their presence foreboded. Each carried in his left hand a bundle of small assegais and shield, whilst in the right hand was the tail

of a gnu,—their gaunt forms according well with their panther-like actions.

"The young warriors drew round the terror-stricken lines of defenseless natives. The chant was struck up, and the smelling out began. Victim after victim was revealed by the aid of the spirits as an *umtakati,* upon which the *umgoma,* bounding over each, switched him with the gnu's tail; this was the signal for his being seized upon the spot and dragged away, as food for the ever-ready vultures and wolves. No sooner were the different victims disposed of than bands of warriors were despatched to the several kraals to continue the work of destruction, and seize the cattle. I do not know the number of those killed, but I believe there were seventeen, all kraal owners, together with their families, which constituted a total, in one day, that makes one's very heart revolt at the thought of it.

"Whilst compelled to sit by Nobeta in the kraal, I observed a lot of vultures settled on a tree above our heads, and I was so disgusted with the old fellow's mercilessness that I indiscreetly remarked that he had not yet satisfied his friends the vultures, asking if he could not find another *umtakati.* He flew into a fearful rage, charged me with ingratitude, and bade me begone. I obeyed at once.

"Not one of these poor creatures had the least knowledge of what they were charged with, which was that of obtaining the death of Nobeta's mother, an old lady who had died from a fit of some kind while she was going out of the kraal gate. It was supposed that some evil charm had been buried at the kraal gate, which was to result in her death when she passed over it; for, be it observed, it is believed that such a charm will work only evil upon the one for whom it is intended. Such is *Ingom-*

boco, which was practiced up to the time of Cetchwayo's capture, and I do not doubt, is so up to the present day. Chaka, who was never happy unless causing the death of numbers of his own people as well as those of his enemies, used to make use of the *Ingomboco* as a political institution. One day he charged all the *abangomo* with being humbugs, having first, during the night, sprinkled the kraal with blood. The people were sent for from far and near, and a great smelling out ensued, by Chaka's orders. One smelt out this person, and another that; only one of the old hypocrites guessing rightly, and saying, 'I smell out the heavens,' meaning the king. His life was spared; the rest were all killed.

"That the natives have a distinct religious belief, there can be no doubt. I do not refer to what they may have heard since their contact with missionaries; but one which dates long centuries back, before the missionary was ever heard of. They acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being, who created all things and who dwelleth in the Heavens, whose power is infinite. Were you to ask a Zulu, —and be it remembered, it is with that people as representing the natives we are at present dealing,—Who made the earth and all things upon it? you would be answered, *Umdaliwezwe,* or the Creator; from the Zulu word *dala,* to create, and *izwe,* the land or world. Ask again, who *Umdaliwezwe* is, and you would be told *Umvelingangi,* from *vela,* to appear, and *ngangi,* the first or in the beginning. Ask again, who *Umvelingangi* is, and you will be answered that he is *Unkulunkulu,* from the word *unkulu,* great; which, being twice repeated, implies the Great Great, or the Almighty, all powerful.

"It is believed by some, in fact, a goodly number, that the Zulus are snake worshipers. This belief is, in my opinion, entirely erroneous. That they do believe in snakes in a way, and that the snake takes an important position in their belief, there can be no doubt; but they worship the snake as a mediator or means of communication between mortals and the spirit world, for the Zulus believe in another world and a hereafter. They do not believe that they end their existence with this life. I have had many an earnest conversation with the natives on this subject; and in trying to get at what they really believe, and the part the snake takes, I have received the following explanation: 'We are mortal, and there is a gulf which separates us from the world of *Amatongo, Itongo* signifying a spirit. We believe that there are good and evil spirits; the good ones watching over us for good, and the evil ones ready to do us harm. Our belief is that some spirits, the good ones, those of our families which have an interest in our welfare, are allowed to assume the form of a certain snake; and, by that means, not only form a link between us and the world of spirits, but in the guise of a snake they are permitted thus to watch over us. We do not believe in the snake as a snake, but in the spirit or spirits it represents.

"From this it will be seen, I think, that our natives are not what might be termed snake worshipers, but that they have a belief in supernatural agencies. They believe that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins;' consequently they offer sacrifices. They also have their new moons and feasts. The means of divining the will of the spirits is through, or by consulting, the *Izinyanga* or *Izanusi;* commonly called kaffir witch doctors,

a most erroneous term, as this class of people stand more in the position of prophets to the native community at large. Should one of the *Idhlozi,* spirit snakes, visit a kraal, there is at once an anxiety on the part of the owner thereof to know the nature of its mission, and the *Izanusi* are at once appealed to, who, by aid of the spirits, explain the reason of the visit. It may be a peaceful one, simply to show that those on earth are not forgotten in spirit land, or a sacrifice may be required for some shortcoming or transgression. Should it be with the latter object that the visit is made, a beast is slain and the parts of it placed in seclusion as an offering, which, it is firmly believed, the spirits accept. After remaining some time, for the acceptance of the spirits, the flesh is eaten, certain parts at different times, that is, the head first, then the carcase, ending up with the hoofs on the third day. Should the person be too poor to afford a beast, a goat is offered up.

"During one of my sojourns in Zululand, I had occasion to pay a visit to a minor chief living near the White Umfolozi River. On arrival at the kraal, he informed us that they were in great distress, as the people had been afflicted with a sore disease by the spirits for some transgression or shortcoming, and that they were just then preparing a sacrifice or propitiation. I noticed a beast lying dead at the head of the kraal, and, expressing a desire that my presence should not interfere with the ceremony, watched the proceedings with much interest. The beast was carefully skinned and prepared, and the gall bladder taken out; after which, the people of the kraal were assembled and sprinkled with gall by the chief; the huts being also sprinkled. On returning to where the slain beast lay, the chief *tata'd* the *Amatongo*—that is, addressed the spirits in a

language which, understanding every word as I did, formed a beautiful prayer. Thanks were given for mercies past, and the hope expressed that the afflicting hand might be withdrawn; that the sacrifice might be accepted through faith, and guidance given which should lead them in a way acceptable to the spirits. And who shall say that prayer was not heard by a loving Creator, who accepteth even the little from those unto whom little only has been given?

"The natives implicitly believe in guardian spirits and their invisible presence. Should a journey be contemplated, there is a petition that the guardian spirit will accompany the traveler throughout the journey and safely restore him to his home, when a thank-offering is often promised and the promise kept. It is a very common thing to hear a native say, in telling of some danger safely passed, 'I was nearly dead, but the spirit looked towards me and delivered me.' The natives also believe that the spirits often hold communication with them through the medium of dreams.

"There are national sacrifices, as well as those offered by individuals. The national sacrifice is known as the *Umzima*. Numbers of beasts are slain on these occasions, and great ceremony is observed. These are held annually, when the sins of the nation are atoned for and thanksgivings offered for mercies past.

"In the year 1877, or early in 1878, there was a great drought throughout Zululand, and a total destruction of the crops was threatened. The rain doctors or makers tried their devices in vain, and it seemed as though there was nothing left but to bear the calamity with fortitude. Cetchwayo, who was then at his height of power, determined to humble himself and make an offering, if perchance the

spirits might be entreated and grant the much-desired rain. Having selected a certain number of oxen of a particular color—white, I believe,—and having cast aside all his kingly pride, he started, accompanied by the heads of the nation, to the graves of the former kings, and there tendered his offering to the spirits of the land. Ere he could reach his destination, the heavens became overcast, and a deluge of rain soon fell; in fact, the royal party returned home in a drenched state, with their faith so strengthened in their belief that all the sceptics in the world might have talked of chance to no avail.

"The natives believe in a spirit which they call *Nomkubulwana, or the Inkosazana ye Zulu,* the Princess of Heaven. She is said to be robed in white, and to take the form of a young maiden; in fact, an angel. She is said to appear to some chosen person, to whom she imparts some revelation; but, whatever that revelation may be, it is kept a profound secret from outsiders. I remember, that just before the Zulu war, *Nomkubulwana* appeared, revealing something or other which had a great effect throughout the land, and I know that the Zulus were quite impressed that some calamity was about to befall them. One of the ominous signs was that fire is said to have descended from Heaven and ignited the grass over the graves of the former kings of Zululand, and such a thing as the burning of that spot had never been heard of before. I also remember, some years ago, that *Nomkubulwana* was said to have revealed herself to some native residing over the Berg, to whom she transmitted a sealed packet with certain instructions with reference thereto. This packet was passed along from one chosen person to another throughout this Colony;

but where it went to eventually, or what it signified, I could never get to know. On another occasion, *Nomkubulwana* appeared to some one in Zululand; the result of that visit being that the native women buried their young children up to the heads in sand and deserted them for the time being, going away weeping, but returning at nightfall to unearth the little ones again.

"The natives have a strange idea as to how death first came into the world. The way they account for it is this: When people began to multiply upon the earth, it was seen that unless some means could be adopted to counteract the increase, the world in time would not be sufficiently large to contain its inhabitants, and, with a view to prevent such a state of things, a council of all the great chiefs of the earth was convened. At this great council many suggestions were made, only to be discarded; but it was finally agreed by a portion of the council that the only remedy to be found was death. Unanimity upon this point appearing hopeless, however, some present asked that the matter might be settled by sending two ambassadors to the Great King—or the Giver of Life. This was unanimously agreed to; but who was to go? One party proposed that the slow-paced chameleon should be sent with the message—'It is decided by the rulers of the earth that people shall live;' while the little intulo, a small kind of lizard, which is exceedingly nimble in its actions, should convey this opposite message—'It is agreed amongst the rulers of the earth that people shall die.' To this arrangement the other part of the council entirely objected, on the grounds that, under such an arrangement, death to the inhabitants of the world would be a foregone conclusion; as owing to the chameleon's being so slow in gait, the

odds were all in favor of the intulo's arriving long before him. On this point the discussion became furious, and upon its becoming apparent that the council would break up without deciding upon anything, it was finally arranged that the chameleon should have such a start as would fairly handicap the intulo.

"At the time agreed, the first ambassador was started, and went off at a swinging pace along the road which led to the City of the Great King. All went well till the chameleon had got more than halfway on the road, when, feeling sure that there was now no fear of his being overtaken by the intulo, and being both hungry and weary, he turned aside to regale himself on the berries of a bush known as the *ubukwebezana,* and thereafter to rest. The feast of the berries, in connection with his state of fatigue, soon induced sleep, in which the chameleon indulged for some time. Awakening at last, and remembering the importance of his mission, the chameleon strode briskly on his way, feeling quite confident of outstripping his adversary; but what was his dismay, upon reaching the hill on the other side of which stood the City of the Great King, at finding that the intulo was not only close behind, but was gaining on him fast. Extra speed was now put on, but to no avail; for the intulo not only caught up with him, but soon passed him, and, reaching the summit of the hill, called out to the watchers in the City—'It is decreed by the rulers of the earth that mankind shall die.' This message was therefore conveyed to the Great King. Shortly afterwards, the chameleon arrived, and shouted down his message or decree, that men should live; but only to receive the answer that the intulo's message had already

Cetchwayo's Brother. Note head-ring, as a mark of distinction.

gone to the source of life and death; and so mankind died ever after that.

"The manner in which I first learned this strange tradition as to the entrance into the world of death, was by, many years ago, watching a Zulu administering a pinch of snuff to a poor, harmless chameleon, from which it immediately died. On remonstrating with him on his being so cruel, I was met with the query, 'Well, why did he bring death into the world?' I asked for an explanation, and I got the details as given above. In fact, both chameleon and intulo have a rough time of it generally; for the one is killed for having caused man to die, through having been so slow, and the other for having been too quick.

"The natives have also a queer notion with reference to the sun. They say that when the sun sets, it dies; but since their contact with Europeans this idea is fast being abandoned. They have an idea, too, that the moon dies, and that each month brings a fresh one. This idea they still retain.

"I have said that the natives observe new moons. What this ceremony is, or the ins and outs of it, I cannot understand. All I know is, that there is a ceremony connected with the appearance of the new moon; and, during my voyage back to this Colony in charge of Cetchwayo, the passengers on board the good ship 'Nubian' were made painfully aware of the fact, too, for we were all surprised one evening to notice Cetchwayo and his attendants congregated in the saloon soon after dinner. He started an *ingoma*—a sort of national chant—in which he was joined by the whole party. The words were addressed to the spirits of his country, and *ingoma* followed *ingoma* so far into the night that I am inclined to think the rest of the passengers

wished him at Bagdad, spirits and all; notwithstanding the kindly feeling they ever evinced towards him.

"In concluding, I would point out that, in the case of our natives, we have no deep-rooted idolatry or fanaticism to contend against. From what I have said, I think I may fairly claim to have shown that the so-called heathens of Southeastern Africa are much nearer the light—though they dwell in darkness—than many would suppose; and it is, therefore, with sanguine hopes that we look for the growing success of those hundreds of God's faithful servants who, for the sake of our natives and their spiritual welfare, have left their homes in the Old Country to undergo privations and hardships, and even to face death, being content to count all these things as nothing, provided only that they may win the souls of these black men for Christ, and guide them out of darkness into the marvelous light of true religion."

CHAPTER XI.

Pouring On Cold Water.

"Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part,
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

"He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad."

—Frederick W. Faber.

But to resume the narrative of personal experience in the land of the Zulus! The end of May, 1892, found us ensconced in our grass huts at Fair View, settled down to our one great task of elevating these degraded people The wise man has said, "Many waters cannot quench love." But as long as there is in existence a personal devil, we may rest assured that the attempt to submerge every burning and shining life will never be abandoned. The sacred flame of love to our fellowman had been kindled in our hearts on this side the waters; coming into actual contact with the thick darkness of heathenism was as fuel to the spark, now breaking out into a *passion for souls*, which was as a consuming fire within.

It was now the business of "the rulers of the darkness of this world" to dampen our zeal, to quench the ardor of our love. To this end, he attacked us from about every angle of our many-sided nature. Had it not been for the Invisible Presence, spoken of by John Bunyan, constantly

pouring in the oil, every spark of our love to the heathen must have been extinguished in those early months, by the overwhelming influence of untoward outward circumstances.

To test us physically, the "Prince of the power of the air" set in motion the terrific spring gales that penetrated the frail walls of our grass huts as if they had been made of paper; sometimes even threatening to carry them away bodily. Then came cold, dismal, rainy days,—days when we were shut in from active service, and had time to remember home, and possibly feel a tinge of homesickness. It was the kind of weather to give one the "blues," had we not used constantly the powerful antidote, prayer. These gloomy days were made more so by our cold, dark, and cheerless huts.

A few times we succumbed to the native practice of making a fire in the middle of the floor; but we found the smoke more objectionable than the cold.

Brothers Haviland and Desh, in the tents, were struggling against the elements, now scorching, now shivering, now beaten by the wind or drenched with rain. However, I must say this for Africa: After a heavy storm, every trace of it so soon disappears, and the sun shines so gloriously from a cloudless sky, that one is loth to believe there has ever been a rainy day, or ever will be.

Living in one small room, cooking over a campfire, having to practice the greatest economy in the use of water, and sometimes doing a washing at the little stream some rods away to avoid carrying the water so far, and even dispensing altogether with the greater part of the ironing on account of the inconveniences—all these were new and unpleasant departures from the manner of life to which we had been accustomed. I remember Miss Myers wrote

home about this time something of the "Difficulties of Housekeeping in Africa," in which it appeared as rather a formidable undertaking.

Not least among the housekeeping difficulties was the shortage of material to work with. Countless little kitchen conveniences had been forgotten in making up our outfit, and these were not obtainable on the field. There was no place nearer than Durban, ninety miles away, where we could purchase supplies; and an order for provisions had to be sent some weeks before we were out of food, to insure our getting it filled in time. Many an article of diet that we had considered a necessity at home was conspicuously absent from our bill of fare.

This was, of course, before the missionaries had had time to plant gardens or fruit trees. Sweet potatoes and a few bananas were all the station produced at that time. Every other article of diet, supplied almost entirely from tinned goods, had a staleness about it that was far from appetizing. Brother Noyes was very diligent in getting the soil under cultivation, and planting out fruit trees of many kinds, thus laying broad and deep the foundations for the future temporal prosperity of Fair View Mission. The great abundance of fruit, as well as of farm and garden products, of Fair View today, is due largely to his energetic labors along this line.

Socially, the tests were severe. The change from American civilization to African barbarism, from American culture to African crudeness, was indeed a marked one. Yet the very novelty of the situation seemed for a time to buoy one up and make him, in a sense, oblivious to all he had left behind. The first few weeks in Africa, I seemed to tread on air, so almost jubilant was I in spirit. The

pure joy of being in Africa, and of being about my Master's business, thoroughly possessed me. So eager was I to tell the "old, old story," and so circumscribed on account of ignorance of the language, it seemed I should burst if I did not soon find an outlet for communicating my message to those so much in need. It was only in the public services that I could have an interpreter, whereas my heart was "hot and restless" with the longing to be constantly at work.

"They that *wait* upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Strange paradox! Human lore would prescribe *work, exercise,* in order to increase one's strength; the Divine prescription is *rest,* "wait upon the Lord." The natural order of progress is first walk, then run, finally mount up on wings. The supernatural order is the reverse of this. It often takes more grace to walk than to fly. The Divine provision is the same as ever,

"Wings for the angels, but feet for the men."

The rapturous emotions which characterized our first few weeks in Africa subsided. The wings were clipped. But, thank God, the feet were still left us with which "to scale and climb," and the promise to make our feet like hinds' feet, to run through a troop or leap over a wall.

How eagerly we watched for the coming of the post, and how keenly felt it when there were no home letters! Had the dear friends so soon forgotten? Was it really true—"Out of sight, out of mind"? Then we must lean the harder on God. Our faith must go deeper in him, until we could realize of a truth, "*All* my help from thee

I bring." Our prospect of obtaining help from any other source was poor indeed. The circle of society in which we moved was an exceedingly contracted one. Six white companions must satisfy the large demands of our social nature. Through the medium of correspondence we tried to keep in touch with that broader social environment in which we had been wont to move. But time was too precious and letter writing too expensive to be indulged in very frequently. Postage at that time between the United States and Natal was fifteen cents on each half ounce or fraction thereof. More than one good, but misinformed friend sent a letter with an ordinary two-cent stamp; and we had to pay, not only the additional thirteen cents, but *twice* the deficiency. Also, if a letter was a trifle overweight, the additional fifteen cents required for double postage was duplicated at that end of the line, making an extra charge of thirty cents on a single letter. A few years later, Natal was admitted to the Postal Union, and we hailed with joy the reduction of the postage to five cents on each letter.

The linguistic difficulty was a real and weighty one. While in this country you were singing, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!" my prayer was taking this more concrete form, "Oh, for one Spirit-controlled tongue, and that a Zulu one!" So many who sing lustily, "Oh, for a thousand tongues," fail to employ their one God-given tongue in his service. With deep humiliation, I recalled my own past experiences in the homeland, when, like Moses, I myself had made this excuse, "Thy servant is slow of speech and not eloquent, neither before nor since thou hast spoken to thy servant."

Now, it seemed a comparatively easy undertaking for the most diffident saint to preach the Gospel in his own tongue wherein he was born. But to launch out into the unexplored waters of a strange language was indeed an arduous and hazardous undertaking. And yet this was the task now on our hands, if we would be successful missionaries. "The efficiency of the missionary," says John R. Mott, "taking spiritual qualifications for granted, will be in direct proportion to his knowledge of the language of the people among whom he labors, and his ability to use it. The pathway, both to mind and heart of the people, is through their mother tongue. It is not easy to master any language; it is a tremendous task to get a thorough hold on such languages as the Arabic, Chinese, and Japanese."

And while the Zulu language may not rank with any of these in point of difficulty, yet it was certainly difficult enough—so difficult indeed as to well-nigh dishearten the one beginning its study. It is, of course, much easier for those who have studied other languages, as Greek and Latin, than for those who have not. But there is this additional requirement in the study of Zulu. One must be able not only to translate Zulu into English at his leisure, but even to think in Zulu and give expression to his thought without hesitancy, and with the correct Zulu idiom. We could not sit with folded hands and expect God to learn the language for us, or to give us miraculously the gift of tongues. The only way I know to learn the Zulu, or any other heathen language, is by patient and long continued study, with *God's blessing,* the same as is necessary in the mastery of any other language; and that, too, study under difficulties—difficulties of climate, of environment, and of greatly abridged facilities in the way

of either suitable translations and grammars, or of suitable teachers. There is ample time for the abatement of missionary zeal while studying the language.

Some young missionaries to Natal have fancied they had the language after a six months' residence among the natives. But experience has invariably proven that they had as yet scarcely laid the foundation for its successful study. One of these over-sanguine ones, after a few months' study, was attempting to preach from the text, "Enter ye in at the strait gate." He began his discourse with this statement, "Every man has two ears." To this every native nodded assent. But when the missionary made his second proposition, they were all "at sea." Said he: "One of these ears is a long, narrow one, that reaches right through to the eternal city. The other is a short, broad one, that reaches down to the hot place." The congregation had never seen an individual with ears like that! But were they not hearing every day of new wonders in the white man's land? They could almost as soon credit this as other fabulous stories.

But the stretch of imagination required was too great, even for a Zulu. They were too polite to laugh in the missionary's face, but an involuntary smile passed around. Seeing this, the missionary remembered what he had just said, and discovered that he had used the word *izindhlebe,* ears, instead of *izindhlela,* paths. A slight mistake in only one syllable, and yet the meaning entirely changed!

Mr. Tyler, in "Forty Years Among the Zulus," gives several ludicrous mistakes of missionaries in their early attempts at using the Zulu. "One who, perhaps, began to preach too early had confounded the word *lalani,* meaning "go to sleep," with *lalelani,* signifying "give attention."

He began his sermon one Sunday morning with the former, *"Lalani, nonke,"* "Go to sleep all of you." Another missionary, in giving direction to a native lad in reference to knocking to pieces some hard sods in the field, used the word for wizards, *abatakati,* instead of *amakabati,* sods; saying, *"Hamba u tyaye abatakati,"* "Go and knock the wizards in pieces." The boy thought a difficult task was assigned him. The wife of a missionary, wishing to have a young man kill two ducks, had not noticed that the word for men differed from that for ducks in only one letter: *Amadoda,* men; *amadada,* ducks. She said to him, *"Hamba bulala amadoda amabili,"* "Go and kill two men." The young man, looking up with a smile, asked, "Which men shall I kill?"

How many just as grievous mistakes were made by the author and her co-workers, in their early attempts to use the language, God only knows. Certain I am that, in those early months, the linguistic difficulty assumed such alarming proportions that it seemed hopelessly insurmountable.

On another line, too, my early hopes had perished. I had shared in the prevalent feeling at home that the heathen are anxiously waiting for the Gospel, and are ready to accept it about the first time they hear it. When we first preached to the natives through an interpreter, and called for seekers, several rose for prayers, and we were greatly encouraged. We did not know as much then as afterward of the fickleness of the Zulu mind. As we became better acquainted, and able to converse with them, we found that rising for prayers meant almost nothing to them. They could do that because they were asked to do so by the missionary, when, in all probability, the real incentive was not so much

a sense of sinfulness, as it was the expectation of a little *bonsela,* or present, of salt or soap from the missionary as a reward for the meritorious action. For the most part, they were loth to admit that they had any sin.

It is related of Mr. Moody, that on one occasion he had been preaching to the convicts in a state prison, and after the sermon walked down among the cells, and, looking through the bars, spoke to each one personally about his eternal interests. Each and every one sought to exonerate himself, urging that he was not a bad man, until he came to the last, who burst into tears and acknowledged himself the very chief of sinners. An avalanche of feeling suddenly broke loose in Mr. Moody's breast. "Thank God!" he exclaimed vehemently. "What!" said the bewildered man, "Are you thanking God because I am a sinner?" "No, no!" said Mr. Moody, at once recollecting himself; "not thanking God because *you are a sinner,* but because you *know you are a sinner.*" So, among the heathen Zulus, it would have been a genuine pleasure to find one who was a *sinner,* and *knew he was a sinner.*

CHAPTER XII.

Varied Experiences.

"He who is not ready to preach the Gospel anywhere is fit to preach it nowhere."

Perhaps a few quotations from letters written home about this time, and published in the *Free Methodist* and *Earnest Christian,* may discover more clearly the lights and shades of missionary life, and the thoughts and feelings of one individual missionary, than any abstract written from memory could possibly do. The observant reader will doubtless discover a gradual dropping from the major key of exultant joy, which characterized my first few weeks in Africa, to the minor key of burden and weeping over perishing souls, the contrast growing more and more striking as the months went by. The first quotation I shall give is my personal testimony, written from Adams' Mission soon after landing.

Testimony.

"I praise the Lord this morning that I am in Africa. 'All the way my Savior leads me.' His hand has guided me here in safety and in health. His smile of approval brings gladness to my heart. He is more to me than all the world beside, more than friends, or home, or native land. His presence makes my paradise, in Africa or America. His love fills all the aching void of my heart. All my springs of joy are in him. I am counting all things loss for Christ; yea, those things which were gain to me

I count loss for him. 'All for Jesus.' I give all, and receive all. God has given me a strong love for the Zulus. Could some of my young friends see their faces light as they learn that I have come from a far-away land to live with them, to tell them of Jesus, it seems to me more would be hastening forward to take their part in this grand work. I rejoice that I am counted worthy of a place in Christ's vineyard. 'Only for souls my life-work shall be!' All remember me at a throne of mercy."

Your missionary sister,

EMMA H. HILLMON.

In an early letter to my mother, I find this little account of our first Sunday at Fair View: "Yesterday was our first Sunday on our station, and how I did enjoy it! A white flag was raised in the forenoon as a signal for services, and by and by the natives began to come from the kraals around. The meeting was in Brother Noyes' hut, and I should think there were about fifty natives present, sitting on the floor and just outside the door. Martha, the native girl with Sister Allen, understands Zulu and English, and is a good interpreter. So we talked to them and she interpreted for us. Three rose for prayers, and we were greatly encouraged. A native man whom they have reason to believe is converted, gave quite an exhortation—told them they must leave their sins and come to Jesus, and that they must listen to the missionaries." This exhorter was Mpolosa.

The next is written after only three weeks' sojourn among the Zulus, but already the burden was coming upon our hearts, and all that was mere sentiment in our experiences, or dependent upon a congenial spiritual environ-

ment, was fast evaporating. Not that life in Africa was destitute of joy; "The joy of the Lord is your strength." "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." But the joy was not the end sought; it was only the means to an end. What we coveted more than joyous emotions was a deep sense of the needs of the people. There is nothing like coming into heart contact with the thick darkness of heathenism, to produce that undefinable, unutterable something, which we call burden of soul. I believe, from a distance, this can never be felt in all its potency. To some extent the needs of the world are revealed by the Spirit unto those whose spiritual horizon is broad enough to take in the world, and a *little* burden for the world is the result. To put one's shoulder to the wheel and begin to lift for the salvation of the world, is to increase that burden a hundred or a thousand fold.

AT WORK.

"Dear Friends at Home: It is now almost three weeks since our band reached Fair View. I can hardly realize as yet that I am so far from home and friends. You all seem very near. Best of all, I find the Lord a very present help in time of need, the same in Africa as in America. With Jesus at my side, I cannot think of being lonely in this far-away land. Besides, there is plenty to do to keep hands and mind and heart employed in the Master's service. We see the broad harvest fields stretching in every direction, and but a handful of laborers, and we are forced to exclaim, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Last evening in our meeting for the missionaries, we sang, 'Oh, where are the reapers?' And sure enough, where

are they? Brother Noyes suggested a change in the chorus to suit the occasion, and we all sang in the Spirit:

> "Oh! **we** are the reapers; oh, **we** have come,
> To share in the glory of the harvest home:
> Oh! **we** will help you to garner in
> The sheaves of good from the fields of sin."

"Our services are held in Brother Noyes' hut until a rude place of worship, now in process of construction, can be made ready. As this station is not equipped with a bell for calling the natives to worship, a white cloth raised on a tall pole is the signal for them to come. A hut to be used for school and church purposes was begun some time before we came, but it has been very hard to keep the natives at it, two or three having done most of the work. Soon after we reached the station, Sister Allen and I went around to the kraals, to urge the people to come and finish the chapel, and have been several times since. These people need 'line upon line, precept upon precept.' The work is progressing slowly, and we hope in another week the chapel will be ready for use. My pupils are Nkosana, Mpukwana, and Mazwabatyana—three bright boys, who come every day to learn. To this list might be added Makapa, a rather indolent one, who comes when he feels like it. A very small beginning, you will say. I admit all that, but the end doth not appear. 'Despise not the day of small things.'

"I feel quite well acquainted with the Zulus already—feel as though I had been among them six months, at least, instead of three weeks. I enter their huts rather unceremoniously, through the low doors you have heard described, and when my eyes have become adjusted to the darkness

and the smoke, give the salutation required by Zulu etiquette, 'Sa ku bona,' if addressing but one individual, or 'Sa ni bona,' if addressing more than one. When once on the inside, our hostess quickly provides a mat for the visitors, and, sitting flat on the floor, we enter into conversation. They are always full of curiosity to know who the new 'inksazana' or queen is, where she came from, etc. They are quite hospitable. On one occasion, as Sister Allen and I were visiting a kraal, a feast was prepared especially for us. It consisted of mussels from the beach, boiled in a large pot, and spread upon an 'eating mat' on the floor. We were invited to partake, being expected to pick the animals from their shells with our fingers. Of course we appreciated their hospitality.

"We have already seen some of the curses of beer-drinking among these people. They all manufacture their own beer, and it is considered just as essential as food, or even more so. If told they should give it up, they are always ready with the answer, 'It is our food.' There is some truth in the statement, as they often go for days on little else. Food is very scarce here this season. The 'mealie' or corn crop was almost a failure; yet they make what little they have into beer. Almost every day we hear of a beer-drink somewhere, and of quarreling, fighting, and wounds, —the natural consequence. The few native Christians here are a rebuke to all such things. I wish you at home could hear Mpolosa talk to them about their drinking and wickedness. He has been saved from these things by the power of Christ, and now is earnest in his opposition to everything of the kind. He is a natural preacher, and some of his exhortations are remarkable. He has been brought out of heathenism since Fair View Station was

opened. This is an example of what God can do for the encouragement of our faith. 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing.'

Rocks near Fair View. Bro. Noyes standing by Rock.

"One Sunday morning since we have been here, word was sent us from a heathen kraal, about a mile away, of the death of a child. They did not ask for any assistance, but the missionaries here say it is a very unusual

occurrence to let any one know of a death. Brothers Noyes and Haviland and Martha and I went as quickly as possible to see if we could be of any service. We found the child was already buried; but we talked with the family of death and the resurrection, and the preparation necessary for Heaven, and Martha prayed for them in Zulu. They were attentive to our words. The father has taken a great interest in the building of the chapel. He had already done considerable work on it, and was here again next day to work. We have great hopes that he will become a Christian in the near future.

"Several have manifested a desire to become Christians, in our services, and we think there is much to encourage us here. Of course the people are very slow to move, and we have need of much patience and perseverance in our work. Some say they are thinking about these things in their hearts. Praise the Lord! We are sowing in hope, we believe to reap in joy. Our meetings among ourselves on Wednesday and Sunday evenings are times of refreshing to us, and meet a felt need. Our great need is to keep filled with the Spirit. We all desire more of the fullness of the blessing of God upon our own hearts. Then shall we be efficient workers in this vineyard of the Lord, teaching transgressors the way and seeing sinners converted to our God." Your Sister,

EMMA H. HILLMON.

PORT SHEPSTONE, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, May 30, 1892.

When I had been two months at Fair View, and had received as yet very few communications from home friends, the following was sent to Brother Terrill, missionary secretary; and, although a private letter, was published in full.

I may say that a missionary can hardly be said to have any private correspondence. Several times letters written in all confidence to my father, and other relatives, as well as to the missionary secretary, and never intended for the public eye, were printed in detail. Such is the one now given:

"FAIRVEW MISSION STATION,

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, July 9, 1892.

"DEAR BROTHER TERRILL:

"The next post after I wrote to you brought me your letter enclosed in Brother Haviland's. I cannot tell you how glad I was to hear from you, nor how encouraging your letter was to me. I ought to have written to you sooner, but thought the rest were giving you all needful information, and in better shape than I could.

"Yes, I am among 'real live Zulus.' Life in Africa is no longer a dream, but a reality to me. Six white companions comprise the circle of society in which I move. But these are the people of my adoption—the people to whom I am sent, not only by the Missionary Board, but by God himself. I ought to find enough in God to keep me happy here. I hope the friends at home will feel that we are their representatives here; that this is as much their work as ours; and that, while they are not called upon to leave the comforts and pleasures of home, to engage in work for the Master in this dark land, they can do much to hold up the hands and encourage the hearts of those who do come. We are but human, and have a personal devil to fight here the same as at home. I am glad that God lives to answer prayer. I am glad to hear of the interest in mission work there is at home,

and that it is increasing. I hope this band may not disappoint the expectations of any. And especially am I anxious to fill my mission acceptably to God.

. . . . . .

"This is surely a needy field. That fact cannot be urged too strongly. The indifference of the people is discouraging to the missionary. If any at home imagine that the people are anxiously waiting to hear about Christ, and have but to hear to accept, you can undeceive them. They feel pretty well satisfied with their condition, which makes them harder to reach. Then, when the light does shine, and they see they must give up their many wives and their beer, etc., it is a hard question for them to decide. Some tell us they are thinking about it in their hearts *very* much, but they are not yet ready to act. There are some of whom I have great hope.

"Nothing but the real grace of God can keep us encouraged amid these deadening influences around us. In my own case, I feel the need of a strong and steady faith in God, and much courage. If I should go at this work feeling that it is not much use to try to reach their hearts, it will amount to nothing anyway, I am sure I should make a failure. I cannot expect them to be more interested than I. I want to keep a burning love for their souls and be strong and very courageous. Pray much for me, that God may use me here, and get glory out of my coming to Africa.

"I enjoy kraal work and personal work among these people, and feel the help of the Lord as I attempt to do it. I could do much more if I had an interpreter. As it is, I can only have the company of the girls, Martha and Mongcemela, Sunday afternoons. I should not be much

surprised to see you in Africa some day, and then you could see for yourself much more than I can tell you. You would find much to enjoy, I think, in the scenery, etc., and things different from what you imagined.

"If you should visit my school at present, I could not offer you a seat (unless, perhaps, I might borrow a mat). The children sit flat on the floor, or on sticks of wood. I stand up or get down beside them in as humble a posture as they. They are not burdened with clothing, I assure you. But their manner of dress has been described to you, and by you, over and over again; so I need add nothing on that line. Some of my boys wear coats, and one little girl wears dresses, which she has bought of the missionaries. The half castes I mentioned from the chief's kraal, all wear clothes. I suppose not many teachers in America would envy me my position, but I guess it is as good or better than I deserve."

P. S.—"I must tell you a little about a Zulu gathering which took place at the chief's, the day before school began. His father, a more powerful chief a few miles away, was here on a visit and received a grand reception. The chief's kraal is on a hill, just across a little stream from the hill on which Brother N's hut stands; so we had a good view of the proceedings, and I watched them a good part of the day, part of the time through a field glass. The warriors were there in full uniform, paint, beads, feathers, shields, spears, etc., etc. Sometimes they would sit in a large circle, on a high hill near the house, in council, speaking very loudly and many of them at once; then again they would march, many of them abreast, singing war songs or the praises of their chief. Every now and then, first one and then another would run swiftly out

from the solid phalanx, brandishing his shield and spear, and displaying great valor. Sometimes they would go through the motions of a mock battle. All day long the noise and display continued, closing with the slaughter of an ox and a beer-drink. Women were present, too, many of them. It is very interesting to watch one of these gatherings, and one gets a good idea of Zulu importance and bravery.

"I might add a few words in regard to the Thursday kraal meetings each week across the Umzumbi River, three miles or more away. The last time we were over, Grace, Rose, Martha and I walked. Usually two go and ride the horses, Dick and Brother Noyes' horse; but this time we walked, wading the Umzumbi and going barefoot along the beach for a mile or more. At the close of the meeting, the people had a meal of sweet potatoes and porridge prepared for us. The latter was of *amabele,* mixed with *amasi,* sour milk. I have not yet learned to like it, but Sister Allen regards it as quite a luxury. We always have a fine sea bath on our return. Well, such is a little glimpse of life in Africa. On the whole, I am enjoying my work." EMMA.

In a letter written to my mother about the same time, I find these additional notes concerning the meetings across the Umzumbi, and Zulu character in general.

"These people were preparing their house for our reception when we got there,—fixing the floor with fresh cow manure, as I have told you they do. So we had to wait to begin our meeting until they got that ready.

"There is an old woman over there who is a *witch doctor,* and a young man who is studying to be one. They

are frightful looking creatures, as they let their hair grow so long, and it is all fixed up with clay and paint so it hangs in strings. The woman has *bangs,* her hair almost entirely covering her eyes. Such is a little glimpse of heathendom. As we talked to them about getting Jesus in their hearts, the *witch* said, 'Is there anybody who would not want Jesus in his heart?' But the trouble is they get an idea sometimes that they can have him and still go on with all their beer-drinking and wickedness. Some have the idea that to wear clothes makes a Christian, and they try to make an excuse for not accepting Christ that they have no clothes to wear.

"They are great beggars. They will ask for anything, and the more you give them the more they want. Some came yesterday from about seven miles away. I was here alone and could hardly understand what they wanted with my slight knowledge of Zulu, but I managed to understand enough. The woman had a piece of money which she wanted changed for smaller pieces. I changed it for her. Then she wanted something for her head to take the place of the dirty rag she had over it. I offered to sell her a red handkerchief cheap, but she wanted me to give it to her. Then she begged for salt, and finally for food. Pointing to her stomach, she said she had come a long way, and was *lambile,* hungry. I had her wait till Mrs. Noyes came, but she did not give her anything."

The more active we were in our attacks on the enemy's kingdom, the more the combined forces of darkness were arrayed against us. The battle was on. We were getting deeper and deeper into the conflict. We had 'sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.' Amid the roar of shot and shell, we could only flash over the wires,

in substance, Grant's famous message, "We mean to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer;" and not only all summer, but in our cases, a lifetime. We appealed to Christians at home to help us with the mighty weapon, prayer. Our hands were becoming more dextrous in the use of the shield of faith—our motto, that of the Spartan soldier, "*With this, or on it.*" We were determined to conquer, though we die.

"We read upon their banners
In words of living light,
That one can chase a thousand,
And two ten thousand fight.

CHORUS

"Don't you know that Zion's soldiers
Stand firmly in the fight?
And the more you do oppose them,
The stronger is their might."

From the Field.

"I have found many things in 'Dark Africa' brighter than I anticipated. Nature has done her utmost to make this a blooming garden. With more of truth than poetry, we may say of this land, that 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' But oh! the mental and spiritual darkness of this people! It is awful! They are not anxious to hear the Gospel. They do not want to be disturbed in their slumber of sin. 'We have no sin,' say they. 'We never do anything wrong.' 'We love *Utixo* (God).' *'Of course we do.'* And at the same time, they are practicing the most abominable things.

"Did the prophet have Africa in mind when he said, 'Gross darkness should cover the people'? Any terms I

can think of seem to me too feeble to express the heathen blindness, as I now feel it and realize it. Dear friends at home, I believe you can hardly understand the awful depressing, discouraging power of Satan here, without being actually on the field. Hold up our hands, for we sometimes feel like Moses, that they must fall helpless at our side, ere long. So it seems, but it shall not be so while God lives and reigns. We must triumph.

> 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journey run.' ''
>
> —Emma H. Hillmon.

The time of the Annual Board Meeting in America was drawing near. We had been between four and five months in Africa when this personal report of my work was sent to the Mission Board, and published by B. T. Roberts in the *Earnest Christian.*

Annual Report.

"I reached my field of labor May 13th, and began my work the best I could. I have been much interested in the people from the beginning; and if I had had an interpreter, I would have felt like going out among them at once to do evangelistic work. I have made use of every opportunity of this kind, when some one was along to translate for me, as on the occasion of the death of a child, and on Sunday afternoons when one of the native helpers could go with me.

"There was no place to begin school for several weeks after our arrival, and it required much urging and persistent effort to induce the people to complete the hut now

used for that purpose. I began my work of teaching outside Brother Noyes' hut, with only three pupils, who came every day, some time before I could begin school. Those were trying days to me—days which called for the exercise of much patience. I did not know enough of the language to do any missionary work.

"Since school opened, I have felt a little better satisfied with my work, but am so hindered in my work that I cannot accomplish the results I desire. I have been obliged to teach in Zulu and speak in Zulu. It seemed at first an impossibility to do anything without an interpreter. I had none, and saw no way to provide myself with one. Sister Allen was with me a few days at first, but since, I have been alone with my children.

"The Lord has encouraged me very much, although some things were so discouraging. The children and I understand each other quite well, and I think they are making fair progress. Their conversion is the burden of my heart and prayers. I believe the Spirit of God is at work among them. Many of them have expressed a desire publicly and privately to be Christians. I have had the satisfaction of hearing several of them pray earnestly, and of seeing them shed tears over their sins. I believe, according to their light they are sincere.

"One boy especially, Mpikwa, about sixteen years old, is a very hopeful case. He says that Jesus has come into his heart and he prays 'all times.' His spirit and life seem to verify the statement. I feel that God hears when I pray for my scholars, and I am claiming them all for him. I have felt quite blessed in the homes of these people while praying in English. Though I can speak to them only a few sentences when my heart is full; and though I know

they cannot understand a word of English when I pray, yet I know God understands, and I expect an outpouring of his Spirit on my own soul and on the people. God is true to his Word. I find him very near.

"The powers of darkness are strong in this land. I always feel so depressed and discouraged when I think of going out among the people. When I do go, whether others are helped or not, my own soul is encouraged, and I rest in the consciousness of having done my whole duty. A late letter from Brother Roberts, in which he urges me 'to follow up this line of work patiently and persistently,' was an inspiration to me. I have since tried to disregard my tired and sometimes discouraged feelings, and to get out among the people more after school.

"The two temporal blessings I crave most are a native helper to assist me in teaching and to go with me to the homes, and a horse, so I can get around over these hills with less outlay of time and strength, which are needed for other purposes. I am also much in need of supplies for my school.

"I am making some progress with the language, not as rapid as I should like. My ignorance of it is such a hindrance to me; I shall make every effort to learn it as soon as possible. Please have patience with me if I cannot master it at once.

"My pressing need is Holy Ghost power. I want every member of the Board to pray it down upon my soul. Then, and then only, can I be a faithful witness of Christ in this 'uttermost' part of the earth. I want a greater baptism of love for the heathen. I feel that I have it to some extent, so that I count not my life dear unto me, but freely give it

for them. Yet, sometimes, when I see how little they appreciate anything done for them, I feel the need of more love. I want my love perfected. Pray to this end.

"Yours seeking the lost,"

EMMA H. HILLMON.

September 17, 1892.

CHAPTER XIII.

My School.

"There's only one thing should concern us,
To find just the task that is ours,
And then having found it, to do it,
With all of our God-given powers."

The special work to which I had been appointed at Fair View was the school work; although my instructions given by Superintendent Roberts on the eve of my departure for Africa gave full liberty to evangelize as well as to teach. My manual read something like this: "Do not be satisfied to be *merely* a school teacher. *Be an evangelist.* Go out to the kraals, preaching as you go. Make the salvation of souls your *one* and *only* business."

Compare this with the instructions given by Evangelist Gossner to his God-ordained and faith-supported missionaries, at the very dawn of this century of missions. Instead of an elaborate manual of instructions, this was the simple and stirring commission which he put into the hands of his missionaries: *"Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead. Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob! Up, up, my brethren! The Lord is coming, and to every one he will say, 'Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen? With the Devil?' Oh, swift to seek these souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord!"*

While teaching school was not to be my only nor chief work, yet it seemed very necessary to have a school as a nucleus where regular daily instruction could be given

in the principles of salvation. It was also apparent that if the work was to be stable and permanent, the natives must be able to read for themselves and understand the Scriptures in their own tongue. In both these particulars there was as much need of the older ones coming to school as of the children. For there was not, among the most enlightened of them, either the slightest comprehension of the very fundamental principles of salvation, or any ability to help themselves to an understanding of these things through the medium of the written page. Upon the missionary, therefore, devolved the twofold task; first, of instructing them orally in the Divine requirements, by reading and interpreting to them the Scriptures in their own tongue; and, secondly, of giving them the ability to search the Scriptures for themselves, to know of a truth whether these things be so.

A school was therefore a necessity. But there was no school building, and no funds forthcoming to build one. A few little boys heard that I was expecting to start a *school*. Now, they had little idea what school would be like, as their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers had never been to school a day in their lives. Remember, the great mass of natives do not know even a single letter of their own language. In the early days of missions among the Zulus, a book was as great a curiosity as among the South Sea Islanders, where John G. Paton made the first book "speak" to the astonished natives. Those who have read his autobiography will remember the old heathen, who, on seeing a book for the first time, and hearing the missionary reading from it in the man's own tongue, desired to hold the wonderful thing in his own hands, that it might speak to him. His desire

was granted, but lo, the book refused to *speak!* In great perplexity he brought it back to the missionary, saying, "Make it speak to me, Missi."

So the Zulus need some one to make the book "speak," until they can learn the art of making it speak for themselves, which is far better. They have a very euphonious and highly inflected spoken language; but to missionaries they are indebted for reducing their language to print and giving them the Bible, and all the literature they possess. The Zulu grammar is as intricate as the Greek, which it much resembles; but with them it is entirely an *unwritten* grammar. No formulating or studying grammatical rules, and yet every little child is master of his own language and speaks it perfectly.

This seems remarkable when we consider the years spent in the study of English, and the comparatively few who, after all their study, are able to use the language without the violation of grammatical rules. It is the more remarkable, because in their language every noun, verb, adjective, and pronoun, must agree with each other. It seemed to me simply *wonderful,* while living at Inhambane, adjacent to two different tribes, that every little child that could talk at all, could speak the two languages correctly, and never get them confused.

At the time of opening my first school, I was living in the grass hut with Brother and Sister Noyes and their little family. There was certainly no room in this to have school. But three little boys were so anxious to know what school is like, they desired to begin operations *at once.* So, sitting on the ground in the shade of Brother Noyes' hut, they took their first lessons in Zulu. My three scholars were dressed in *mootchas,* in imitation of their fathers.

Their names were Nkosana (little chief), Mpukwana (little rat), and Mazwabatyana (of doubtful meaning). It was some time before I could even call them by name.

Three little heathen boys! Certainly a very small beginning for a school. Do you suppose the tempter never harassed me over the smallness of my school and work? Ah, how often he suggested that I had made a mistake in leaving my work of teaching in this country "to throw away my life teaching ignorant Africans." How circumscribed was my sphere of labor! It had suddenly narrowed down to three little kraal boys! But had not God sent me? Would not he take care of results and seeming failures? "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Many of us are willing to be *sowers* of the good seed, but it is quite another thing to be the *seed*. Yet Christ declared, in the exposition of one of his parables, "The good seed *are the children of the kingdom*." Willing to be taken out of the garner, or assembly of God's saints, and sown in any part of the great world field, according to the will and plan of the Master? Are you willing? Willing to be isolated from friends and buried away in obscurity in the heart of Africa or China? Are you? Willing to be planted in the midst of heathen darkness—just as willing as in blazing Gospel light? Willing to lose one's life literally that by our dying we may bring life to others! Brother, sister, can you say a glad amen to *all* the will of God? Are you a *seed* in the hand of the sower?

One of the first steps toward the opening of a school proper was to go out to the kraals, in company with

Sister Allen, and urge the heathen parents to contribute freely of their material and labor toward the building of a grass hut, which should serve the double purpose of schoolhouse and church. After much urging, a sufficient quantity of sticks and grass was collected on the site chosen for the hut, and upon a set day all whose hearts were willing came together to weave these materials into a beehive-shaped hut, similar to their own dwellings. However, instead of the three-foot-high door, the hut had an opening high enough to enter, without getting down upon our hands and knees; and, moreover, it had a small hole cut in the side, for a window. Neither door nor window was enclosed.

While the hut was in process of building, we encouraged the natives all we could by our presence; but beyond that, it was impossible for us to be of much assistance, not understanding the mysteries of constructing a grass hut. When it came to putting in the ant-heap floor, however, in order to expedite matters, Brother Desh and I tried to help with the stamping, or pounding. In this, all we could do was to imitate the natives; but our strength not being equal to theirs, such violent exertion, on our knees, on the damp floor, proved too much for me. The following day, being the Sabbath, was the day appointed for the dedication of this grass chapel. It was a bitter disappointment to me, on awaking that morning, to find myself so stiff and lame as to be unable to attend the very interesting dedicatory service.

All the other missionaries took part, also Martha and Mpolosa, and the chapel was well packed with representative heathen. Perhaps not more than half a dozen natives, aside from the two mentioned, had on any article of civ-

ilized clothing. The missionaries sat upon chairs, brought along from home for the occasion. The few native Christians sat upon mats on the floor; and the others, upon the bare ground floor. It was necessary for all except Sister Allen to speak through an interpreter, and Martha was the one whose duty it was to interpret. Mpolosa was a natural preacher; he understood not a word of English, and at that time was spelling out his words in the Zulu primer. But he had been truly converted, and, taking the truths he heard from the missionaries, and thoroughly assimilating them, he fired away at his own people in the striking idioms of his native Zulu, and was probably the most effective preacher of us all.

The natives are apt to evade the truth as spoken by a white missionary. "That is only the white man's story. What you preach may do very well for white people, but it does not apply to us black people. Our skin is black, and our hearts are black. We are not under the white man's laws." But here was Mpolosa, one of themselves, a black man the same as the others, but with a heart made pure and white in the blood of Jesus. He knew his own people like a book—all their deception and hypocrisy and flattery, practiced upon the white missionary. His burning exhortations were aimed directly at their besetting sins. For had he not been dug from the same pit in which they were still wallowing? Had he not been as much a slave to beer as any of them? And had he not been yoked up in a polygamous union with two wives? That he ever did get free from all these entanglements was nothing short of a miracle.

I have noticed that it is very rarely, if ever, that an old polygamist becomes truly converted. He has bought

My School at Fair View. Taken shortly after I left, Martha in charge.

his wives and paid for them. When the cross comes of giving up all his wives except one, it is usually too heavy and he refuses to take it. He may still be an adherent, and love to come to church, and seek to get into the good graces of the missionary, but here he stops. Polygamy is the "stone of stumbling and rock of offence," upon which many a Zulu man has wrecked his eternal interests.

When this cross came to Mpolosa, he prayed long and earnestly for deliverance. At last it came, in an unexpected way. God mercifully removed one of his wives, and thus settled the question for him. One wife was inclined to be a Christian along with her husband; the other bitterly opposed him. The well-disposed wife was taken away; the opposer left. But Mpolosa recognized the answer to his prayer, and with a glad heart came out fully on God's side. His life ever since has been a standing testimony to the mighty power of God to reach and to save a degraded black man. To his heathen neighbors, it has been an unanswerable argument. Since that time, Mpolosa has developed into a very consistent and tactful preacher among his own people. After a number of years of opposition from his wife, which he bore with much patience and fortitude, he at last saw her yield to offered mercy; and now, instead of an opposer, he has a true helpmeet in the Gospel.

The Tuesday following the dedicatory service was the time appointed for the opening of the school. About forty little urchins put in an appearance, the boys dressed in *mootchas,* and the girls in tiny bead aprons. Sister Allen and Martha assisted me the first few days. After that I had to get along the best I could alone with my scholars. I had been only six weeks in Africa, and my knowledge

of Zulu was very limited indeed. I had to communicate with my scholars mostly by signs; and I must say, they were remarkably quick and apt in catching my meaning. So we got on nicely together. I had learned this sentence in Zulu, *"Ini le,"* What is this? And, pointing to different objects about the schoolroom and to different parts of the body, I asked, *"Ini le?"* and *"Ini le?"* The children gave me the correct answer in Zulu, and thus my vocabulary rapidly increased.

I had learned my letters in Zulu—little more—and from a chart on the wall taught the entire school in one class, as I pointed out the letters, still using that now familiar interrogation, *"Ini le?"* My school might be considered a *graded* school. They were certainly all in one grade,—all beginning at the bottom round of the ladder. My pupils ranged in age from a few years old up to young men and women. (Not one knew his or her age, so I could only judge of their ages by their size.) We even had several babies that came regularly to school. This was because the mothers had to work all day in the fields, and the little girls, who were not strong enough to manipulate successfully one of their heavy hoes, were installed as nurses to the younger members of the family. If only they put in an appearance at dark, with their young charges, in time for the principal meal of the day, the busy mothers paid little attention to how or where they spent the day. Hence it was that nearly every girl in school came with a baby brother or sister tied on her back, and perhaps another young child or two to look after.

As they stood up to recite, it was still with the babies on their backs. If baby cried, its little nurse shook it up in the characteristic native style—their substitute for rock-

ing the cradle. My little daughter Violet, born among the Zulus, from imitation, habitually tied her baby doll on her back, and to put it to sleep or hush its imaginary cries, shook it up in exactly the same way. If the babies were hungry, and refused to be comforted by this process of jolting, the little nurses were equal to the emergency. A gourd of sour milk had been brought along from home and stowed away in the grass outside the hut. They would excuse themselves, feed baby some of the thick sour milk from their hands, and then go on with their lesson as though nothing had happened. I could not help thinking that these little Zulu nurses were much more patient and affectionate toward the younger members of the family than our own little American school girls would be, under like circumstances.

Should it seem to any of my readers that this method of feeding was enough to kill the babies, they have only to compare the following description of how an African mother feeds her baby, to decide that my little girls were uncommonly gentle and considerate in this process. "The mother feeds her baby in a very queer way. The little thing sits on her knee, and, with her left hand, 'mother' holds its head, while, with the forefinger of her right hand, she takes some pottage and thrusts it down the child's throat, as they have no spoons. The baby screams and struggles, but all to no purpose; the affectionate parent does not desist until she has packed her offspring to her entire satisfaction. During the feeding operation, the elder children are playing in the dusty village like so many animals without any clothing whatever."

The Zulu language employs the same written characters as our own language, and each letter has its own distinct

sound, and usually only one sound. There are no silent letters in Zulu. The accent of a word of more than one syllable invariably falls upon the penult. These, among other things, help to simplify the language, and make it comparatively easy to enunciate. But there are the "clicks," which are more or less of a difficulty to all foreigners, and an almost insurmountable obstacle to many. They are three in number, represented by the letters *c*, *q*, and *x*, seeing that these letters have no sound of their own in English, but are always used as substitutes.

The clicks seem to me *indescribable*. One must hear them to appreciate them. Taken alone, I have often heard them used as expletives in this country, the *x* click being the sound commonly given when driving horses to make them go. But, using them separately, and in the middle of a word, are two distinct feats. I must confess that there was in myself the same tendency that I have observed in every one else I ever heard try, for the first time, to use these clicks—a tendency to pronounce the click, pause, give the vocal organs time to readjust themselves, and then, with a new effort, give utterance to the remainder of the word. But one skilled in the use of Zulu gives the click as easily and as naturally as any other part of the word, and gives it as an integral part of the word, and not as something foreign and apart from it.

Now, I could read Zulu about as some school children read English. I could, parrot-like, pronounce the words —provided I was allowed a little extra time to get over a click—without comprehending a word of what I read. My reading was, of course, without expression, as all reading must be, where the meaning is not comprehended by the reader. With this kind of reading (?) I taught my chil-

dren verses of Scripture and Zulu hymns, and as they repeated them after me, putting into them the proper expression, I gradually acquired a higher type of reading. We were mutually helpful to each other. I say, my scholars taught me as truly as I taught them.

The Lord's prayer was learned, after much effort, so that I could repeat it automatically. If any one doubts the labor involved, let him try to memorize it in a language of which he understands nothing, except to pronounce the words, and see if he has not an "elephant" on his hands. Of course, after the rules of construction were thoroughly understood, it was all plain and easy. But an understanding of these rules does not come by chance, neither by miracle, but only by long and diligent study, *with God's blessing.*

These seeds of truth in the hearts of the children began to bear almost immediate fruit. The first outward manifestation of this was, that they came to the missionaries asking for work, in order that they might earn for themselves a shirt or a dress. In a very short time, every little school boy had on, over his *mootcha,* a long shirt; and each little girl had on a calico apron or pinafore, with low neck and short sleeves. A box of ready-made garments had been sent from America to Sister Allen not long before. As an inducement to the children to come to Sunday School, Sister Allen offered to any child who would attend regularly a certain number of Sundays, a new pinafore or shirt. To further encourage them, they were allowed to *wear* the garments each Sunday while earning them. So we had the rather unusual spectacle of children coming to Sunday School in an all but nude condition; at the missionaries' door, donning their Sunday garments;

and, on coming out of church again, disrobing and depositing the precious garments in the box, until such time as they might be allowed to take their possessions to their own homes.

In this arrangement there was considerable tact; for had the children been allowed at first to take the clothes to their smoky huts, they would not have been as presentable as they were by this method. Then, again, some of the heathen parents would not have allowed their children to wear even a single garment, had they known it. So it was better to have the dresses and shirts safe in the box, than to run the risk of having them torn to strings by an angry parent. I wish you could see these little black lambs, in their light print dresses, with bare heads, bare arms and bare feet. They were a picture. Their bright, intelligent faces, and sparkling eyes, gave me great hope for the future of this school.

In a letter to Brother Terrill I find this additional note concerning my school:

"I can only have school a few hours each day. I raise a white flag on a very tall pole every morning at 8:00 o'clock. The children watch for it and come to school. Breakfast time with the natives is not until the middle of the forenoon, sometimes not until noon; so the children come without anything to eat. School begins at 9:00 and I keep them till 12:30. They cannot come back in the afternoon, as it is quite a distance, and it seems almost cruel to keep them so long with nothing to eat. Do you think American children would be very ambitious to learn under such conditions, or would be very enthusiastic to go to school? I am almost surprised that these children come at all, especially as it is optional with them, the parents using

no compulsion whatever. If they want to come, they come; and if not, it is all the same."

Writing of my school to my sister, I felt compelled to

Fairview Mission Girls

make this little apology: "Now, of course I do not like to have my children come with so little clothing, and so do all I can to encourage them to wear clothes, but do not forbid their coming to school if they do not. I want

all of them I can get in school. They soon want clothes themselves if they are around the missionaries much. Some even get the idea that wearing clothes will make them Christians. Some of the schoolboys have been working in our garden to buy shirts."

And here I can scarcely refrain from giving a little illustration which came under my observation, of a married man who was just coming out from heathenism, and, like the schoolboys, desired to put on civilized clothing. This also was written home to my sister, and at the time would have been considered far too shocking to have been given here; but long contact with such has perhaps blunted my sense of modesty, and I give it just as it is written:

"I must give you one instance of a man and his wife who are just beginning to wear clothes. He has been plowing our garden, and Grace made him some pants and some clothes for his wife. He said he wanted her to wear, not just dresses, but everything else that they wear *under their dresses*. He did not know just what that was, but said, '*You know what.*' He was with his wife to have her dresses fitted, and took a very active part. I have to laugh sometimes, until my sides ache, at some of the ridiculous things they say and do. The same man called here Sunday morning, on his way to church. He was, as we would say, in his 'shirt tail,' and asked for his pants to wear to church. He was as innocent about it as could be, and soon appeared in his new clothes, as proud as a prince."

About this time some *amakolwa,* or believers, from another mission, moved on to the station, and their children made quite an addition to my school. Not long after one of these half-grown girls, named Eliza, got into trouble,

and the mother came to me to help her punish Eliza. Her crime was stealing a thimble and telling a lie about it, and bringing her father's watch and giving it to Martha. The mother was in a great rage. She proposed to do the whipping herself, and only wished me to hold the girl while she laid on the stripes. She stripped her entirely, and gave her such a rattanning as I hope never to witness again. The girl's frantic appeals to me for protection were heart-rending. I had almost rather take the whipping myself, than to go through another such experience. My hope of conquering the children in that manner was small indeed. Missionaries and others have told me that natives are not so susceptible to pain as white people, and it therefore requires more severe measures to make them *feel*. I cannot speak from experience. My scholars were orderly and docile in school, and yielded readily to kind measures, so as never to require a resort to corporal punishment.

In the Sunday services the children were the first to respond to the call for penitents. There was no altar to which they might come; but well do I remember on a certain Sunday, as the altar call was made, nearly the entire school came forward, and, falling on their faces in the middle of the hut, prayed and cried and confessed their sins. God's Spirit was truly at work among them. Several of them were unmistakably converted, and were not ashamed to bear witness to the fact before their heathen parents, relatives, and friends. From this time on they were a great help in kraal meetings, to say nothing of their powerful influence for good in their own homes.

After school each day I tried to obey Brother Roberts' instructions and "Go out to the kraals." The country all

around Fair View is very broken and hilly, so that this involved a great deal of climbing. In writing to Brother Roberts freely about my work, I mentioned this, among other difficulties. What was my surprise, on receiving his letter, to find enclosed a donation of $25.00, if I remember correctly, from a young lady who had lived for years in Brother Roberts' family; and this was to be appropriated toward the purchase of a horse, to assist me in getting to the kraals. This came as I was about to leave Fair View, and was afterward invested at Bethany Zulu Mission, for the purpose for which it was contributed.

While at Fair View, after my hours in school, with Bible and hymn book in hand, I usually accompanied some of my scholars to their homes, and tried to get acquainted with their heathen parents, and to reach them with the good news of salvation. The children could take my broken Zulu and put it into language which their parents could understand. When we knelt to pray, I could not find expression for my burdened heart in Zulu, and so had to pray in English; but God heard and answered. Thus through the children the Gospel got into some homes where it could not otherwise have gone.

Mr. John R. Mott, of the Student Volunteer Movement, in speaking of the importance and fruitfulness of work among children on the several mission fields, has this to say: "The minds of the young are unprejudiced and most susceptible to Christian influence. The children are the most hopeful class, not only because they are most impressible and docile, but also because the future depends so largely upon them. A child won for Christ means an adult won. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that the child, as a child, may be an evangelizing force. Often the

parents are reached best through the children. The fact that the children are, in a sense, missionaries among their playmates and in their homes, lends larger meaning to the mission school system, with its one million of pupils."

CHAPTER XIV.

Two Weddings.

"One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth;
One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke doth part."
—W. B. Collyer.

While at home you were celebrating the Fourth of July in the ordinary way, we at Fair View were celebrating, too, but in a different way. It seemed strange, indeed, this first Fourth in English territory, where not even a mention is made or any notice taken of our "Glorious Independence Day." Queen Victoria's Birthday, May 24th, is a public holiday throughout English territory, and is celebrated in much the same way as our Fourth of July. We had school as usual the first part of the day, from 8:00 A. M. to 1:00 or 1:30 P. M. All the people had been called to come together, on this special afternoon, for a special purpose. For three consecutive Sabbaths, in our public services in the chapel, had been announced according to English law and custom, the 'marriage banns" of Mr. Frank L. Desh and Miss Rose Myers, of Fair View Mission. Three times the challenge had been thrown out and none had answered: "If any of you know of any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it." So now the eventful day had arrived, the white flag had been raised to call the people together, and now the groups of natives, coming from all

directions, bespoke the native curiosity to witness an *umlungu* (white man's) wedding.

In my diary, I find these few words descriptive of the occasion: "This is the eventful wedding day. It is cloudy and threatens rain. All are busy. . . . The chapel was nicely decorated with wild flowers, vines, and palm leaves, and Sister Noyes' large lamp (lighted) in the otherwise gloomy hut, added to the effect. Grace's small table, covered with leaves and vines, and having a profusion of flowers in her wash bowl and pitcher, capped the climax. *Makoti* (bride) looked very attractive, all in white, with flowing hair and crown of green. A big crowd of natives and almost a fight at the close. A pleasant time at Brother Noyes' afterward. A nice dinner, consisting of roast duck and jelly, quince sauce, lemon pie, three kinds of cake, etc., etc."

The newly married pair set up housekeeping at once in Brother Desh's tent, where they lived until their departure from Fair View. Brother Desh had been appointed by the Board to labor with Brother Agnew at Inhambane. After his marriage, however, some thought it not best for them to go to Inhambane, on account of the unhealthfulness of the climate. They were unsettled for a time as to the course to pursue, but finally decided that God was leading to Inhambane.

It was sometime in November when they took the small coast steamer from Durban for Inhambane. The rainy season was fully on. They reached their field of labor amid difficulties, themselves drenched with rain, and their boxes and trunks thoroughly saturated. There was no mission house awaiting them. They took up their abode in a dilapidated grass hut, which but poorly shed the rain.

After a sojourn of only nine weeks, battling with the elements, and much of the time disabled with fever, they took their leave forever of Inhambane, and returned to Durban.

Previous to this, some others of our number had gone from Fair View; so that by the departure of Brother and Sister Desh for Inhambane, the original three at Fair View were again left to carry on the work alone. Brother Haviland was the first to leave, on the last day of August, for Estcourt, about 150 miles by rail, inland from Durban. He had been directed by Superintendent B. T. Roberts to visit Brother and Sister Shemeld at Bethany Zulu Mission, near Estcourt; and, as it was known that they were thinking of abandoning this mission for another field of labor, to ascertain on what conditions they would surrender it to the Board. He found them anxious to leave for Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal.

They offered to give up Bethany to Brother Haviland, in the name of the Board, provided he would, with all haste, secure the services of a white woman to look after the interests of the women and girls of the mission. He promised to put forth every effort to persuade the Board to send a man and his wife from home to fill the place, and on this promise, Brother and Sister Shemeld, with some hesitancy, gave the work into his hands and took their departure. A few very urgent letters written about this time revealed the fact that he had a secret hope of supplying the vacancy without sending so far or waiting so long, as would have been necessary in getting help from home.

The sequel is found in the following notice which appeared in the *Free Methodist* a few weeks later:

John J. and Emma Hillmon Haviland.

"Haviland—Hillmon.—In the Church of England at Estcourt, Natal, South Africa, on October 28, 1892, Rev. J. J. Haviland, of Bethany Zulu Mission, and Miss Emma H. Hillmon, of Fair View Mission, the clergyman of the above church, officiating."

It was with genuine regret that I left my school at Fair View, now full of interest and promise, to take a more responsible place at Bethany Zulu Mission. I was acting, as I fully believed, in accordance with Mr. Wesley's rule, "Go not to those who *need* you, but to those who need you *most*." My children were loth to give me up. They said, "Why did you come to us and teach us just a little while, if you were going to leave us so soon?" On my departure, Sister Allen and Martha carried on the school.

Near the end of October I was again wending my way on horseback, with Mpolosa on foot as native guide, along the same lonely and precipitous path over which Sister Allen and I had taken our midnight ride only a few months before. It was the time of the spring rains, and every little stream was flooded. A few of them, like the Umzumbi River, looked dangerous; but my trusty guide, with staff in hand and my satchel on his head, cautiously waded across first, and then tucking my skirts well up, and grasping my horse by the bit, piloted me safely across every stream, and landed me in good season and excellent spirits at the hotel at Umzinto, forty miles away, where I was to spend the first night. In the morning Mpolosa returned, and I took the journey by stage-coach, as already described on my way to Fair View.

My old-time friend, Ida Heffner, at Adams' Mission, was sought out; and by my relieving her one day of her

class work, she was able to take a little furlough and accompany me to Durban, and thence by the evening train to Estcourt, which we reached about 2:00 A. M., October 26. At the station at Estcourt, Mr. Haviland was awaiting us, having come in the night from Bethany, ten miles away. It was intended that the Wesleyan minister at Estcourt should seal the nuptials; but like the early itinerant preachers, he had a large circuit, covering both native and European congregations, and at this time was on one of his rounds.

The only other minister in Estcourt was the Rev. Troughton, of the Church of England. From his standpoint a marriage would scarcely be valid unless performed within the hallowed walls of the church, and sealed with the sacred wedding ring. It was explained that, for conscience' sake, I did not wear rings; seeing that the Bible, as well as our church Discipline, forbade the putting on of gold. But he was equal to the emergency and proposed to borrow his wife's ring for the occasion, as he could not possibly perform the ceremony *without a ring*.

So in the quiet awe of the Church of England, kneeling before the altar, with only Miss Heffner and Mrs. Troughton as witnesses, we plighted our faith each to each, to "love, cherish, and care for each other, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." Oh, the tender sacredness of that hour! It was unlike any other wedding that I had ever seen or heard of. It was not even bordering on the romantic, as Sister Myers' had been. But for all that, I always felt that I would not, if I could, have had it different in a single detail.

After an ordinary lunch at the hotel, Sister Heffner took the train to return to her work; and we also left, on the

horses awaiting us, for our ten miles' ride to Bethany. I am afraid it will be considered a rather *chilly* reception that awaited us. The mission house was empty and desolate looking; for, as has been said, Brother and Sister Shemeld had left a few weeks before, taking nearly everything. There was not even a stove. The cooking had to be done over a fireplace in a native girl's house, a few rods away from the dwelling house. Perhaps not many a bride, on her wedding day, has ever had such a supper —cornmeal mush, cooked with her own hands over a smoky fireplace! And for several days, and I am not sure but a few weeks thereafter, there was little or no variation from this simple bill of fare, until we could get a stove and a few furnishings, together with a supply of provisions, out from Estcourt.

CHAPTER XV.

Our Work at Bethany.

"Every soul we have led to the foot of the cross,
Every lamb we have brought to the fold,
Shall be kept as bright jewels our crowns to adorn,
In that beautiful City of Gold."—Sel.

Bethany Zulu Mission was opened by Brother and Sister Shemeld early in the eighties; Mr. Baker, a well-to-do lawyer of Pretoria, donating the funds for the erection of the stone buildings, three in number. These were dwelling house, native girls' house, and chapel, in connection with which were two or three small rooms, intended for a native evangelist. The mission site was the gift of a Christian gentleman named Mr. John Oates, and included about fourteen acres of very rocky land in the corner of his large farm of several thousand acres. But little of this was fit for cultivation, not alone because of its being "stony ground," but because most of the soil was clay, which baked very hard in the hot sun. From this clay were made the sun-dried bricks, of which the evangelist's rooms were built. These were so hard as to stand for years, unphased by the hard, dashing rains.

The two or three small streams which ran across the mission land and near it, flowed over beds of solid rock, furnishing our water supply, of comparatively pure water. When it is known that the same stream that furnished our water supply furnished also drink to numbers of cattle, and was freely used by the natives for washing and bath-

ing purposes, it will be better understood why it is necessary to use the qualifying term, *comparatively pure*. And should the reader wonder how such water could, with any degree of propriety, be called *pure* at all, even in this modified sense, he has only to remind himself that in many parts of Africa the same sluggish stream or stagnant pool, while answering all of these purposes, has not the same means of self-purification as these Bethany streams, flowing briskly over beds of solid rock. These great strata of rock, sometimes exposed, as along the streams and in the gulches, and found everywhere just beneath the surface, furnished good, durable, and easily accessible building material.

The location of Bethany was all that could be desired from a health standpoint, as it is well up toward the Drakensberg Mountains. Estcourt is a health resort for those living on the coast. But as to accessibility to the people, the location was unfortunate. Immediately around us were very few natives. But from adjoining farms they came regularly to our Sunday services, sometimes walking a long distance. Several had been converted under the labors of Brother and Sister Shemeld, and from a spiritual standpoint, this place was far ahead of Fair View at that time.

Quite a number of young women were among the number who had come out from heathenism. They were neatly dressed in civilized clothing, usually in white, and with their bright, intelligent faces beaming with love to Christ, appeared to me really handsome. They usually came in their bare heads and bare feet, just as they had gone all their lives. A few times I have seen a young lady appear in church having on a pair of shoes; but so clumsy

did they seem, and so very uncomfortable, that evidently neither she nor those around her could think of anything but *shoes*. She had, as a rule, carried her shoes until within sight of the church, and would remove them again as soon as she left the house. We much preferred to see them in their ordinary way—without shoes.

Most of the Christian Zulu women have adopted a head-dress, which, to my mind, is exceedingly becoming. A large square of cashmere, say a yard or a yard and a half in length, hemmed at both ends, is folded diagonally, and deftly wrapped round and round the head in the shape of a turban, and neatly tied. The good taste in the arrangement of the *nduku,* as it is called, makes it far more becoming than any hat I ever saw a native wear. A larger number, perhaps, of young men than of young women were dresed in civilized clothing, whether they were Christians or not. It is not so much of a cross for a man to put on clothes as for a woman.

All who were dressed occupied the front seats, which were only planks. The others, with little or no clothing, but a plentiful supply of paint and grease, sat on the planks in the rear, or huddled down in the aisles or between the seats, filling every particle of space, and even pressing close up to the table, behind which we sat, and which served for our pulpit. There was scarcely standing room for the missionary without treading on some one. Often have I gone into the service dressed in white, and come out with ugly marks of paint or grease, from too close contact with some of my congregation. The same was true of my husband, for in South Africa, for comfort and cleanliness, men as often as women dress in pure white.

The door and passage were full, and often the ground for some yards outside.

Our chapel was built of stone, with a roof of corrugated iron. This iron roof so reflected the heat that the chapel was always uncomfortably warm in the middle of the day. Added to the heat was the *scent* of the freshly greased pack within and without; and, although the door and few small windows were all thrown wide open, and, although we stood where we could get the benefit of all the air that was stirring, yet I declare to you, from our position behind the table, it was well-nigh suffocating. Perhaps no very great stretch of imagination will be required, dear reader, to affect your olfactory nerves in a manner not the most agreeable. And if you are thus affected, through the imagination, at so great a distance, what must have been the reality when brought into such close contact with this concentrated essence of odoriferous exhalation!

Most of the congregation had come from far, some of them as high as seven or eight miles, along steep, rocky paths. An unusual interest had brought them. They were not easily satiated. I believe I never yet heard a Zulu complain of long sermons, and certainly not, after having walked so far. Here, if a service should extend beyond a certain prescribed limit,—and is not that limit narrowing each year?—every one is consulting his watch, or yawning, or in some other perceptible way, saying, "Time to quit." Not so with the Zulus. The only watch they consult is appetite; and as they have eaten breakfast perhaps between nine and ten, and if at home all day they would not dine until dark or after, there is no reason why they should be hurried in their worship. If the service was dismissed short of two or three hours, they were in no

haste to leave the church, but would often sit and sing for another hour. I should remark that the Zulus are remarkably fond of singing, and have clear, sweet voices, capable of cultivation to a high degree of perfection. They are especially apt in learning the tonic-sol-fa system.

It is needless to say that we were *tired* at the close of such a lengthy service. Considering the added responsibility upon the newly initiated missionaries, of preaching and conducting the entire service in a strange language, to say that we were well-nigh exhausted would better express the reality. Physically, I had rather work hard with my hands all day, than attempt to hold such a service, under such difficulties; but spiritually, I was always refreshed and helped, in trying to give out to others the life-giving message.

A few weeks after going to Bethany we were able to secure an interpreter, a young man from Adams' Mission. How keenly we felt our need of an interpreter, these words written to Brother Terrill will show: "It is five weeks today since I came to Estcourt. . . . At last there is a prospect of our interpreter being here soon, and no one will feel more relieved than I. This talking Zulu when one does not know how is uphill work. I do not enjoy it, but some one must make the effort, when situated as we are here."

From the same letter I take this paragraph, from which it will be seen that we did not wait for our interpreter to come before beginning active work: "We are enjoying our work here. Sometimes, after visiting a kraal, I feel as if I never wanted to see another—we find some such seemingly hopeless cases, and not very much to encourage. But it brings us nearer to the people we would reach.

At one kraal last week we found them making beer. They laughed when we said anything against that, and seemed so indifferent to our words. We asked them to come to our meetings to hear more about Jesus, and Sunday the three who were making beer were here and listened. One says she wants to leave her sins and be a Christian."

This one was *Sinkwana* (little loaf of bread), who afterwards came out boldly on the Lord's side. She wore the dress of a married woman, and always brought on her back to church her little boy with a very big name—*Ponsikwetye,* which means under a stone. Sinkwana had been twice widowed, and now her life was made miserable by the importunate claims of an unwelcome suitor. This was her story: She had been married to a man who after a short time died, leaving one child, a little girl. On his death, her husband's brother fell heir to Sinkwana and took her as his legitimate property. After a time this man also died, leaving one little boy, Ponsikwetye. Now a third man, the nearest of kin to the second husband, and ostensibly the rightful heir to all his property, was seeking to take possession of his chattel.

The poor woman, since she had found only trouble and sorrow in her married life, shrank from any further matrimonial alliance, and would fain have fled from her pursuer. But, alas! where should she flee? Like a bloodhound he was ever on her track, hoping to force her into submission. For a time she took refuge with us, living in a vacant room in the evangelist's house, and then fled to friends near Maritzburg.

This is but a single instance of the degradation and slavery of woman, which makes her a mere chattel,—first the property of her father, then of her husband,

and after his decease, passed along down to his heirs, with never a hope of emancipation from the cruel yoke of the oppressor.

The much-needed interpreter came at last, but remained with us only two months, when we were again thrown upon our own resources. Concerning his coming, and how much it meant to us, the following was written to Brother Roberts, and published by him in the *Earnest Christian:*

FROM AFRICA.

"Under date of December 19, 1892, Sister Emma Hillmon Haviland writes:

"It was a happy day for us when our interpreter, Levi, arrived, last Thursday, December 15th. We are much pleased with him, and he seems to feel very much at home with us. I think he will be a great help to us in our work, and in many ways we hope to be helpful to him. Yesterday was our first service here with an interpreter. There were four seekers at the altar, all of whom prayed for themselves, and publicly took their stand as seekers after God. Some of them are very interesting cases to us. Shall I tell you a little about them?

"One young man, Jim, is the son of Chief Faku, a few miles away. For some time he has been very anxious to come to learn, and has been here many times to ask about it. At first he and his seven brothers were coming. They were to bring their own food and stay here all the time. Then he brought word that their father would not give them food, and that they must go away and work awhile for white people and get money, and then they were coming to stay and buy their food of us. Again

he came, much troubled because he had no food and no money, and wanted to work for his food. We consented, and he seemed greatly pleased. Yesterday he was again troubled. His father consents for him to come to learn a little while only. An older brother of this young man was educated somewhere, and died, and the father is superstitious enough to suppose that education was the cause of his death. You should have seen how grateful he appeared, when we promised to make an effort to see his father, and talk to him about these things, and try to persuade him to allow Jim to remain as long as he likes. I have read to him such passages as Luke 14:25-34. From what I can learn, he is meeting with opposition at home in his attempts to forsake heathenism.

"Another of the seekers was quite a middle-aged and influential man, such as they call an *induna,* which means an officer of some kind. He is a polygamist, having two wives. He is deeply in trouble, and does not know what to do. This seems a very difficult question, even for missionaries, to decide, 'Which wife shall be kept, and what shall be done with the others?' If you can throw light on the subject, viewing it from your great distance, without coming in contact with the evil yourself, or being fully acquainted with the circumstances, we should be very glad. We told him to come back tomorrow and we would try to help him, and he said in reply that 'his heart rejoiced greatly for that word of the missionaries that he should come and talk to them about what was troubling him.'

"Another of the seekers was a son of this same man. Arrangements have been made for him to come to learn after a few days. Two Christian girls come every evening

to be taught. They have to work during the day at this time of year. Levi encourages me very much about learning the language, and says that in two months I can speak it quite well. But I think it will take me a much longer time. I am conscious of some progress since I came to Bethany Mission, but it is a great effort for me to speak at any length in Zulu."

The question here raised in regard to the disposal of his wives, when a polygamist becomes converted, was thus answered by Brother Roberts in the same number of the *Earnest Christian* in which my letter appeared: "The right way is the only safe way. Christ has made the conditions on which any one can become a Christian; and no mortal can change them. He forbids polygamy. He repealed the Jewish law and restored the law of the beginning (Matt. 19:3-8). Allow one class of men to choose the terms on which they will become Christians, and you must allow all others to do the same. A great church may thus be built up; but it is a Christian church only in name. Its members are just as much exposed to eternal death as outsiders. They are deceived and not saved. If a polygamist, in heathen or in Christian lands, would become a Christian, he must put away all his wives but one. If those who are put away need his care, he should care for them; but he should not live with them as his wives. 'So whosoever he be of you, that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.'—Luke 14:33."

Mashobana, the induna with two wives here referred to, although a regular and attentive member of our congregation all the time we were at Bethany, never got much beyond the condition of soul herein described. His son stayed in school for a short time only, and seemed

lacking in moral *stamina*. It was of Jim, the Son of Chief Faku, that we had the greatest hopes. Being the eldest son of his father, he was the rightful heir to all his father's wealth of cattle and wives. Yet Jim gladly took the place of a servant in our home, working for his board for the privilege of being taught in school. We were sorely disappointed and grieved when, after a few months, by arrangement of his father, he was married to a heathen girl. An extended account of this Zulu wedding will be given later.

And thus, though some early hopes were blighted, there was much to encourage. The work of conviction was deepening. The light was shining. Many times God's melting Spirit came upon the congregation, so that I believe there was not a dry eye in that little chapel. Saint and sinner alike were praying, each for himself, and all at the same time, totally oblivious to all around. They appeared to detach themselves from all surroundings more fully than white people, as a rule, seem able to do. It seemed remarkable at these times of special visitation, to hear old heathen men and women, in mootcha or skin skirt, praying and confessing their sins. Not all who thus prayed were clearly converted. But God's Spirit was among them in strong, convicting power, and for this we were truly thankful. Even as I write, there is in my soul an intense longing to be back once more, pleading with and for these poor, simple-minded souls. This has become the one ambition of my life:

"Leading souls to Jesus,—
Oh, may this be mine!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Incidentals.

"Is there any one can help us, when the load is hard to bear?
When we faint and fall beneath it in alarm?
Who in tenderness will lift us and the heavy burden share,
And support us with an Everlasting Arm?"

The responsibility placed upon the individual missionary, in an isolated field, is well-nigh crushing. In more favored fields there is opportunity for a wisely planned division of labor. But when the entire responsibility of carrying on all departments of the work rests upon one or two individuals, these must be possessed of an exceedingly versatile nature, to be able to adjust themselves readily to so many and so varied spheres of labor. It will be seen, from our letters and reports, that many lines of service fell to our lot at Bethany,—much of the work being such as is usually shifted from the preacher to his stewards, class leaders, or even to the farmers, carpenters, storekeepers, doctors, school teachers, dressmakers, and housekeepers, who compose his congregation, leaving him perfectly free for the work of the Lord.

And, first, let me speak of some lines of work which seem a diversion from the legitimate work of the missionary. Our distance from market made it almost a necessity to spend some time in cultivating the soil, the only other alternative being to go without anything at all in the way of fresh vegetables. As the soil was so poor, we were working at a great disadvantage. Also at

that time there was no fence around our garden or premises, and the herds of cattle roaming about destroyed what little we had planted.

As there was no store very near, it seemed necessary to keep on hand a supply of salt, sugar, soap, etc., and to deal it out in homeopathic doses, in exchange for half a dozen eggs, or a small basket of corn or amabele. This consumed much valuable time and nerve force. Many sick came for treatment, and there was almost a necessity for opening an apothecary's shop. *"Umfundisi"* might have been busy from morning till night, at no more elevating work than pulling teeth or compounding ointments for their many and sore skin diseases.

Inkosikazi, or the white queen, as they now called me, was expected to sew the dresses for the civilized part of the community, free of charge, of course. For the first year and a half at Bethany, I had no machine, and my right hand being crippled from the snake bite in childhood, made it somewhat of an effort for me to do even my own family sewing by hand. But in spite of this, a good many garments were made for the older women, who presumably had neither the time nor the capacity to learn to sew. But the younger women were strongly urged to come and learn the rudiments of dressmaking, along with other needful things, in the mission home. It then became the custom for the young ladies who had any sewing to do, to come and stay with us two, three, or four days, or a week, as the case might be, having their board free of charge, while I cut and fitted their dresses; and then, tacking each piece in its place so there could be no mistake, required them to sew the best they could.

They were awkward, overgrown children. As I watched their clumsy efforts, often having to remove their stitches from the much-soiled garment, and make them "try again," do you wonder that I sometimes felt it would be easier to do the work myself? But that would not have taught them. They had, before my arrival, been treated as helpless children and everything done for them. I was convinced that this was not the way to ever make them strong, self-reliant Christians. But the course I had adopted called for the exercise of much patience.

As the people became awakened and a larger number wished to put on civilized clothing, the burden of the sewing became very great. Reader, what think you? Was this language to Brother Terrill stronger than the case required? "I want a sewing machine without fail. It does not pay to spend as much time as I have to in sewing by hand. A hand machine, if a good one, will answer very well, and is easily moved about." Brother Terrill added this pointed appeal: "Will not some one or more donate a sewing machine? Let us hear quick."

But the months flew by and there came no response to this appeal. It was not until my little Violet was some seven or eight months old that the Lord sent me a machine, and then from quite an unexpected source. Mr. Sturrock, the merchant at Estcourt, with whom we did most of our trading, while not even a professor of religion, was still friendly to missions and to the missionaries. He said he had helped our predecessors at Bethany and wished also to help us in a practical way. This he did by presenting our little daughter with a first-class hand sewing machine of German make, costing about £5, or $25.00; saying as he did so that her mother was to use it

for her until such time as she should be able to use it herself. Let me say here that Mr. Sturrock's gift to Violet has been sacredly held in trust, not in idleness, but doing good service wherever it has been. Three times, packed in my spacious trunk, it has crossed the ocean, and seems likely yet to survive until the little daughter is able to use her own.

After the accession of the sewing machine, there was more demand than ever for my services in the dressmaking line. Whenever any one came with material, I was expected to drop my own work, however pressing, until theirs was finished. Finally so much of my time was consumed in this way, I set apart one day, Thursday of each week, as sewing day, and required all who had sewing to do to bring it on that day. All day long, at high tension, the little machine was kept at work, turning off many a garment, and leaving a jaded and weary operator, but withal a sense of relief in the thought that "sewing day" comes but once a week.

Then, there was the school work, and in this we encountered some special difficulties. At Fair View there was a large tract of mission land, covering nearly 3,000 acres. For the privilege of living on this land the natives had to pay yearly a small tax for every hut, and were in some sense amenable to the missionary in charge, and liable at any time to be removed for misbehavior. Of course, so long as there was vacant land all around the mission, removal would have been but a slight punishment, seeing it was a matter of only a few days' labor to build a new kraal. Under such circumstances the wise administrator of the affairs of the mission would be cautious and even somewhat lenient, lest he should drive

away the very people he had come to reach. But as the available lands became more scarce, the natives could bear a little more coercion along civilizing and moralizing lines. So it was, that when the school was opened at Fair View, Brother Noyes, missionary in charge, in as strong language as the circumstances would warrant, laid upon the parents the obligation of sending their children to be educated. As a result, the school opened with about forty children, all living on the farm, and these were, for the most part, tolerably regular attendants, the same as is the case with children in America, where compulsory education is the rule.

All this was different at Bethany. As there was no mission land, there could be no compulsory education. Every one did according to his own sweet will; or, in some cases, according to the will of the white farmer upon whose land he lived. In many instances it was noticeable that if a certain young person became interested in school or church, he was very soon called away by his landlord to service for six months, to pay the hut tax for the family. The parents took no interest in school, and hence made no plans for their children to attend. The boys were kept at home to herd the cattle and goats. The girls, in the spring, must help their mothers dig in the fields; in summer, they must weed, and keep fires all day in the gardens, to frighten away the birds; and in the fall, reaching well into the winter, they must reap and store the crops. So what time was left for school?

The first few months at Bethany, so anxious was I to have a successful school I taught the boys and girls at any hour of the day or evening, whenever they chose to come. A number of herd boys would come in today

and take a long lesson; but by tomorrow they were off, no one knew where, and probably would not be seen again for a week. A half dozen girls would come with a few eggs or a small basket of "mealies" to buy salt, and would be persuaded to come in and learn. And thus it went on for months. We learned that our predecessors had given simple lessons in reading in Zulu at the close of the Sunday services. So this also was tried, with the hope of getting the boys and girls sufficiently interested so they would want to come to school. I never worked harder, with seemingly less gratifying results, than I did in trying to build up a permanent school at Bethany. Something of the effort put forth and the discouraging outcome may be gathered from the following quotation:

"All the people around us are now gathering their corn and amabele. My girls have been called home to assist in the 'reaping,' and it is such a hindrance that I cannot have scholars *uninterruptedly*. They only get started a little to learn until they are called home for something or other. Those who come and stay, even for a few weeks, improve rapidly. I have been a good deal gratified lately by the progress in sewing, as well as in other things, made by Mlibaziso and Esta, the two who were here last."

Just before these two girls left, I was writing to my mother. They had seen her picture, which I had framed, and wanted to write to her, too, or rather have me write for them, as they were hardly far enough advanced at that time to undertake to write a letter alone. They composed the letters in Zulu. I have only one of these letters at hand, that of Mlibaziso, and thinking it may interest my readers, I give here a copy of the letter, with the translation:

ZULU LETTER

"SIHLOBO SAMI:—

Ngiya tanda kakulu ukufunda. Manje ngiya funda, kodwa abazali bami ka ba vumi ukuba ngi funde. Manje ngiya tanda ukulandela Inkosi yami, ukuba i ze i ngi pe umoya omuhle. U kona umfo wetu okoliweyo. Igama lake Umkafa. Ngi se ekaya nga ngi nga tandi ukugqoka, kodwa manje ngiya tanda. Ngiya funda ukutunga manje. Ngiya jabula kakulu ngokuba Umtanako u si fundisa kahle. Ngi fisa kungati ngi nga ku bona. Manje ngiya funda ukubala. Uma se ngi fundile, ngo zibalela. Ngiya pela manje.

Imina,

Mlibaziso Ntyngela."

TRANSLATION.

"MY FRIEND:—

"I like to learn very much. Now I am learning, but my parents do not consent for me to learn. I love to follow the Lord, so that he may come and give me his good Spirit. I have a brother who is a believer. His name is Mkafa. While I lived at home, I did not like to wear clothing, but now I like to do so. I am now learning to sew. I rejoice greatly because your Beloved (daughter) is teaching us nicely. I have a great longing to see you. Now I am learning to write. When I have learned, I will write to you. I will close now.

I am,

Mlibaziso Ntyngela."

Concerning this girl, I wrote to my mother a little later: "I think I told you in my last, that my girls had been called home to help with the 'harvest,' as they call gathering the corn and amabele. Mlibaziso came back several weeks ago, and until the last few days was the only girl I had. She is perhaps twenty years old or more, and is steady and reliable. There is a great change in her since she first came with no clothing except her blanket. She now looks neat and nice in her clothes and seems to be an earnest Christian."

The same letter which made mention of Mlibaziso, spoke of another of our Christian girls who had been longer converted, and was one of our truest members at Bethany. This was Andretta, who was with us a few months when we first went to Bethany, to relieve me a little of the housework, so I would have more time for the study of the language and the regular mission work. For what with learning Zulu, taking my place in the regular services and in the school, besides kraal visitation and a large amount of sewing for the natives, my hands were more than full. Andretta knew a little about housework, and was willing to learn, and so was much appreciated, and certainly earned her moderate allowance of ten shillings, or about $2.50 per month.

One day while Andretta was with us, we had an exciting experience with a snake. I had heard much about African snakes, and from my former experience with snakes was naturally on the alert. But up to that time I had seen very few, and they were either harmless or non-aggressive. Andretta had finished the after-dinner work and gone to her room. Just over the door on the inside was a large and venomous snake. Going in from the bright

sunlight to a somewhat dark room, she saw no snake, but was made conscious of its presence by receiving in her face an ejection of poisonous spittle. From its power to throw this fluid to some little distance, this snake is called by the Dutch of South Africa, "*spuw slang,*" spitting snake. Andretta ran back to the house, screaming with the pain, and it was only after bathing her face and eyes repeatedly, and applying some medicine, that my husband had prepared for her, that at last she obtained relief.

Andretta at one time wrote to my mother, calling her "*Mame mkulu,*" Grandmother, as most of the girls did, while of course I was "Mother" to them all. To my mother I wrote this of Andretta: "A short time ago Andretta and another girl were here for almost a week, to have me help them make some dresses. Andretta is to be married soon, and she was making her wedding dress. . . . Last week Mlibaziso and I took a two days' trip around among the people, going several miles in our journey, of course on foot. We stayed all night at Andretta's home. This was my first experience sleeping in a native hut, *native style.* My bed was only a grass mat, such as they use, right on the floor of the hut, and just as hard as the floor itself. Andretta had a pillow for me, made while she was here, and a blanket and shawl taken along from home furnished my bedding. A coolie man and his wife, traders, stayed all night there, and slept in the same hut, and also Andretta, her sister and Mlibaziso. For my supper she gave me half a chicken, and a big dish of squash; and for my breakfast, beans.

"We were out on this trip to try to get the girls to come and learn. Their work is finished at home now, and there is nothing to hinder. We found some who do not

want to learn, and others are hindered by their parents, who are not willing for them to learn, and threaten to beat them if they do come. I was very tired and lame for a few days from my trip, but am over it now. Andretta's sister came this week to learn. She is not a Christian, and does not as yet wear clothes. We were to Esta's home on our trip, and she and one or two others promised to come right away."

Of two others of my most regular pupils, I wrote this to my mother: "Two of my big heathen girls who have been coming nights to learn have now gone away to find work, to earn money to buy themselves clothes. They have been seeking the Lord, seemingly in good earnest. At the last Sunday service before they went, all through the meeting they were crying and praying and seeking so that we could scarcely make ourselves heard." These two girls afterward obtained satisfactory Christian experiences and were among the first received into the church under our labors.

The following was written for the *Earnest Christian* just after the rather disheartening trip above referred to, in which I was seeking to persuade the girls to come to school.

Manifestation of the Son.

"'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.'

"How forcibly these words have been impressed upon my mind the last few days! The works of Satan! The manifestation of the Son! For this very purpose—that he might destroy the works of the devil!

"1st. The works of Satan.

"In a two days' tour among the people last week, my eyes and ears and heart were painfully conscious that his works exist in this land to an unusual, an alarming extent. On every hand they appear.

"There is an abundant harvest this year; but that which should be a blessing is really, by its perverted use, a curse to the people. I found many busily engaged cleaning and preparing their amabele, which is to furnish the beer for their winter reveling. Beer is taken as regularly as any article of food, daily, in their homes, almost without an exception, but in something like moderation. It is only in their gatherings, where the full effects of this awful curse are apparent.

"In the journey I passed a field where were eight women preparing the amabele. Their beer bowls were there, and they had evidently been drinking very freely while at their work, as during the few minutes we conversed, several, one after another, stretched themselves upon the ground, apparently in a deep stupor. Not far from home, I found a kraal deserted, with the exception of two little children, who told me all the people had gone to drink beer at a neighboring kraal.

"Hand in hand with this evil, and perhaps growing out of it, is another, an all but insurmountable obstacle to the spread of Gospel truth; viz., the utter indifference of the people to the Divine message. They do not care to hear the Word or know the will of the Most High. 'Let us alone in our sins,' is the unspoken but universal sentiment. They are perfectly content to go on in the same path their fathers and grandfathers before them trod.

"What is true of their aversion to moral change is equally true of any mental advancement. They hug their

chains of ignorance, not accepting deliverance. Parents threaten to beat their children if they come to learn. On this trip I was especially seeking the *girls* to come and live in our mission home, that I might teach them in school regularly, and at the same time give them some much needed instruction in the essentials of home making and, above all, in matters of salvation.

"Some of the girls received my message gladly, and their faces brightened at the prospect, but only for a moment. As they remembered the unwillingness and opposition of their parents, shadows took the place of the momentary sunshine. Others of the girls answered with such lofty scorn, 'No, we do not want to learn!' 'What do you like to do?' was the inquiry, followed by the characteristic Zulu answer, '*We like to sit, just.*' Idleness, idleness, on every hand! And surely these 'idle brains are the devil's workshop.'

"2nd. Manifestation of the Son.

"We sing in Zulu,

'Umkululi u fikile,
Umkululi—se si m zwile.'

('The Deliverer has come,
The Deliverer—now we have heard him.')

"Yes, thank God! a deliverer has come. The Son has been manifested. 'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.' 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.'

"Yes, Christ has been manifested. But we look for his manifestation in the power of his Spirit in the world today. How bold and impudent the devil is! He will come with his works to our very doors, and has no shame. Oh, why does not the Son interfere and accomplish *at once* the object of his manifestation in the world of sin? O Son of the living God, claim thine inheritance—the heathen! Snatch this perishing world *now* from the grasp of the wicked one! 'How long, O Lord, how long?' 'Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

Further Developments.

"On the road of life, one mile-stone more,
In the book of life, one leaf turned o'er."

In the homeland, on the 27th day of February, 1893, our beloved Senior Superintendent and Father of Missions had passed to his reward. The news came as a great shock to the workers in Africa. Words were powerless to express our feelings of loneliness and of loss. I find this feeble attempt in one of our letters to express what was inexpressible: "In the death of our beloved Superintendent of Foreign Missions we have lost a tender father, a loving brother, a wise counsellor, a true friend. We weep with those, the great host from North and South, and East and West, who mourn his loss." For months it seemed to us his spirit was hovering over Africa, and that his interest in the work and workers, so far from terminating with his dissolution, had been greatly increased and intensified.

How truly he was a father to us all, and how deeply he entered into heart sympathy with all our trials and discouragements, and how helpful and inspiring were his messages, I believe this little quotation from one of his early letters will fully suffice to show:

"I have not much to say, but I feel like writing to you to assure you of the deep love I feel for you and interest in you. I hope you will keep your hearts full of faith

and courage. In the darkest hour, an unslumbering Eye is watching over you for good. In the deepest distress, an Almighty Arm is at hand to lift you up; in the loneliest moments, the Angel of his presence is with you to cheer and bless. So let no difficulties disturb you, no obstacles discourage you, but keep a steady trust in Him, and you shall find deliverance.

"I never before felt a regret that I am not young; but I would so love to be with you bodily, in the will of the Lord, as I am with you in heart. Please let them all read this and consider it a family letter from a father to his children. God bless you, each and all, and fill you with peace and comfort, and make you the means of saving many souls."

On the field we were plodding on. Our further acquaintance with the Zulus prompted the following letter to the missionary secretary, under date of April 6, 1893:

"Dear Brother Terrill:—You ask about the condition of these people with respect to intelligence. In my opinion the Zulus are not to be considered fools or idiots. They are shrewd in many respects. It is not easy to impose upon them, if one were so disposed. Those around us are quite independent, especially in their dealings with the missionaries; but not quite so much so in their relations to the farmers, upon whose land many of them live.

"When they bring anything to sell, they will ask three or four prices for it, leaving quite a margin to fall in their price, if they cannot get the first one named. They say the missionaries are kings, and evidently think they are made of money, and can give them anything they ask. They are experts at begging.

"As to the knowledge possessed by those around us, some of them have quite a store of it. You may be surprised to hear this. Let me explain. I speak now of knowledge gained by experience, and not of that acquired from books. There are very few of them who have learned even the alphabet; and those who can converse with considerable intelligence could not write their own names if their lives were at stake.

"One remarkable thing about the Zulus is their understanding of their own language. They make very few mistakes in speaking. Of course, the majority of them never heard of grammar, and know nothing of its rules. Yet every child understands the application of those rules. I do not mean to say that they *never* make mistakes, but their mistakes are not nearly so numerous as among English-speaking people.

"Most of them are very well satisfied with their condition. They do not care to learn for various reasons: They do not see the value of education. They do not see that it is going to increase the number of their cattle or of their wives, and what else is there worth laboring for? Here, as everywhere, it involves much sacrifice to secure an education. You would think not so much sacrifice either, when the missionaries are ready and anxious to teach them, free of charge. But it is more sacrifice than many of them care to make.

"Then, too, the young people receive no encouragement from their parents. When we do occasionally find one with a desire to learn, it is a real pleasure to teach such a one. We have now two girls living with us who are anxious to learn, and who are making progress, especially in writing. I send a sample of the penmanship

of one who has been here just three weeks, and who, according to her own statement, had never written before. They are also learning to sew, and have made a few garments. They will soon be able to do all their own sewing.

"Morally, the people are very low indeed. They have little conception of spiritual things. Their idea of a missionary is a person to give them things without charge. They have little use for the Gospel, and do not give much attention to our words. The voice of conscience must be heard very faintly, if at all; for surely it is almost entirely unheeded. They have scarcely any knowledge of the Scriptures, and no desire to learn. But few married people attend the Sunday services; and when we visit them in their homes, they will, if possible, pervert the object of our visit to beg for something of a temporal nature. Salt or sugar, a loaf of bread or a sixpence, is of more value in their eyes than the Word of Life.

"As to their wants, they have many; probably more wants than needs. They want food, they want medicine, they want soap, they want letters written, and expect us to furnish paper, envelopes and stamps, and much time and labor trying to understand all they want written, so as to write intelligently in Zulu; they want needles and thread, and many other such small articles. Of course, stores are near enough so they could buy all such things, if they chose.

"As to comforts of life, those of the Zulus are very few indeed. I think their simple furniture has been described to you better than I can describe it. But as you ask for it, I will repeat, if need be. There are no chairs, no tables, and no beds. They sit on mats on the floor, sleep

on the same, and eat their food from a dish which sits on the floor, or on the ground outside the hut. Their mats are rolled up and suspended from the roof by two strings during the day, and are only taken down at night, or when they have company they wish to honor. Their dishes are a few large earthen pots containing beer. These they make themselves from clay and burn in the fire. Then there are their large iron pots for cooking their porridge and for making their beer; and several dishes made from large gourds, with only the handles cut off, and with cobs for stoppers. These contain *amasi*.

"All these people have many cattle and goats. They have an abundance of milk, and can have meat whenever they choose. But as the cattle are highly valued, there are not so many killed as one would suppose. When one is killed, they gorge themselves, and many of their friends come to share the feast, so that the cow or ox is 'finished' in two or three days at most. The one who makes the feast expects some return from the hospitality of others.

"At most of the kraals they have chickens, and at some seasons, eggs. But neither their chickens nor eggs are much used by them for food, but are for the most part sold. The same is true of their pigs. If they have plenty of amabele to make beer, and corn for porridge, these, with amasi, satisfy a native very well.

"They need very few clothes. Many of those who are otherwise dressed, especially of the women, never had a pair of shoes upon their feet.

"I do not consider them very industrious, nor have they many industries. Their time is taken up largely in the cultivation and reaping of their few and simple crops. The women do the hoeing. For many weeks now, several

at every kraal, children, girls, and sometimes the mothers, have been kept busy watching the birds from their corn and amabele. Some stay in the field from morning until night watching. They often erect a summer house in the middle of a field, which affords a little shelter from the sun while they watch. At other times, they keep a sentinel perched in a tree which stands in the field. One or more fires are kept burning in the field all day, that the smoke may help to frighten the birds away. The occupation of the boys is herding the cattle, goats, etc. The women make grass mats, grass baskets, and clay dishes for their own use. The men make baskets of a different kind. They make scarcely anything for the market. More anon."

A few months later this further revelation of Zulu character was sent to Brother Terrill, with this little prelude: "The following pointed selections from *Light in Darkness,* very well illustrate the spirit and disposition of the Zulus, as we have observed over and over again, even in our short experience among this people. I send them, thinking they may be of interest to the readers of the *Free Methodist.* Mr. Grant was one of the earlier missionaries of the American Board."

Zulu Indolence

"A Zulu said to Mr. Grant, 'See what your religion costs you. You must buy clothes to wear, which are only an impediment to all action; and buy soap to wash them, and thread and needles to patch and mend them. You must be always building upright houses, which are cold and uncomfortable, and must buy dishes to eat in; must work in

Children Watching Birds

the garden just like a woman, and then, perhaps, you must be hungry, and waste much time in going to meeting and learning to read. But we live in idleness, which is both agreeable and manly. Our wives dig the gardens. Our houses are warm. With our money we buy cattle, which give us food and rejoice our eyes, instead of buying clothes, which soon wear out, and are only in the way while they last. And instead of going to read and worship, we go to hunt and dance; and we lie basking in the sun, and take snuff, and smoke our pipes, and drink beer, and do many other things.' Their disposition was that of the Indian, who lay watching the work at the coal mine. Said he, 'Paleface heap work hard, dig up black rock, make big fire, keep warm. Injun way heap best; he lay in sun.' "

Zulu Love of Evil.

"The natives have followed their own sweet will, and are by no means willing to be civilized or Christianized. Their spirit is well shown by the speech of one of them to Mr. Grant:

" 'Teacher, white man! We black people do not like the news you bring us. We are black, and we like to live in darkness and sin. You trouble us; you oppose our customs; you induce our children to abandon our practices; you break up our kraals, and eat up our cattle; you will be the ruin of our tribe. And now I tell you today, if you do not cease, we will leave you and all this region.'

"When told that the missionaries only sought their good, he replied, 'But you teach repentance and faith, and a penitent, believing man is to us as good as dead. He no longer takes any pleasure in our pursuits, and no longer

labors to build up his father's kraal, but leaves it and joins the church, and then tries to lead others away to the station after him. And as to our cattle, our women and our girls are our cattle; but you teach that they are not cattle, and ought not to be sold for cattle, but to be taught and clothed, and made the servants of God, and not the slaves of men. That is the way you eat up our cattle. Many have left us and been engulfed at the station, and more wish to leave us. And now, if you continue these labors and instructions, we shall just leave you and go to another country.' Such has always been the spirit of the mass of the people."

About this time Mr. Haviland reported some items of interest, part of them perhaps not of so much interest to those at home as to us on the field. One of these was the purchase of a hand mill, costing £4-10s, for grinding the food of the young people in the boarding school, without consuming so much time as was necessary in grinding with stones in the ordinary way. That winter we had about a dozen girls and two boys living in our home. In order to get time for school, it was necessary for them to learn to live by rule; as in their natural slowness and lack of system, they could easily have consumed the whole of a winter's day in the routine work of grinding and cooking their food and in bringing wood and water.

My girls were required to sew for two hours each morning before breakfast, while I dug into my Zulu in good earnest, with Levi to assist me, subject to frequent interruptions from the girls to show them about their sewing. We all breakfasted at the same time, about ten o'clock. Then followed family prayers in Zulu, all who could read joining in the reading, and as many as felt led, breaking

out in voluntary prayer. After prayers we went to the chapel where we were joined by a few day scholars from the nearest kraals. Our chapel had no place for a fire, and in the early morning would have been far too cold; but by eleven o'clock, the genial sun upon the iron roof had made it comfortably warm.

In our dwelling, the only room in which provision had been made for a fire was the kitchen; and it was here, gathered around the cook stove, that we did our sewing. I shall never forget the experiences of that first winter at Bethany, with girls fresh from their kraals, and most of them in their kraal clothes until we could make them others, —all crowded into that little kitchen. Two of the most civilized girls were detailed to do the chamber work, others the sweeping and dusting, some the washing and ironing; and by frequent shifts, I sought to give each girl some little training in the essentials of housekeeping. The *rawest* girls could run the mill and bring wood and water, and thus all were kept fully employed.

The next item I shall mention, as worthy of note, is the death of our one and only horse from "lung sickness." Mr. Haviland wrote: "Our horse, Nellie, died the other day of a disease that is quite fatal during the summer season. It affects the lungs. A horse may appear well one day, and the next die suddenly. Nellie took us over these hills to preach the glad tidings, so we were sorry to lose her. A lady friend of North Chili, who read of my wife going over the hills to the kraals on foot, sent her money to purchase a horse. You see how good the Lord is to us."

There was no immediate opportunity to invest this money in a horse suited to our needs, and it was not until several months afterward that we purchased a prom-

ising young animal from Mr. Oates. This horse carried my husband on a three weeks' tour through Zululand, and this was about all the service rendered until he died as suddenly as the other had done. For several months during the summer, and in the fall until there has been a heavy frost, if a horse eats grass while the dew is still on, it is liable to contract "lung sickness." So say old settlers in Natal, and this is confirmed by our little experience with two horses. The second horse was carefully stabled each evening shortly after sundown, and as the fall of dew in South Africa is unusually heavy, it was well on toward noon of each day before he could, with safety, be turned out to graze. One night about the end of March the horse broke his halter, and was found in the early morning cropping the wet grass. All that day no unfavorable symptoms appeared, but the next morning this beautiful young horse was found dead in his stall.

In the same letter in which my husband mentioned the purchase of the mill and the death of our first horse, Nellie, he gave also this account of a visit to a neighboring chief: "Some few weeks ago we visited Umkungo's kraal. He is a chief, living a few miles distant. His uncle, Chaka, was an unmerciful chief. It is said the fiat of this ruthless sovereign was, as to three of his generals who had lost their way and some of his soldiers died: 'Your eyes have been of no use to you in my service; they are, therefore, of no use whatever.' And the unfortunate generals then and there (Zululand) had their eyes dug out with pointed sticks. Umkungo's mother is still living, and is called Inkosikazi (queen). She takes her food in a reclining position, and is so fat it is doubtful about her being able to walk. Her husband, in his last days, was so fleshy that,

for him to get into a wagon the wheels had to be taken off. I went with our interpreter to do them good. We had not been long in the hut of this distinguished person till she asked of us intoxicating drink; but when she fully understood who we were, she said nothing more about it. I tried to show them the way of salvation and was blessed in so doing. One of the chief's wives requested me to examine her eyes on account of her failing sight; so I did, and in a few days sent her some medicine for them. I sent some things as a gift to the widow, one shilling and a nice loaf of bread. Our helper brought back her words, which are these: 'You missionaries are kings.'"

The next item of interest recorded is the burial of a native child, described by my husband in the following words: "A native man called at our door yesterday morning, with a sad countenance. He greeted us and then held up in his hand a piece of red muslin that he took the measurement of the body with, and said that an *ingane* (infant) was dead, and that he wanted a box to put it in. Soon four other native men put in an appearance and sat down on the grass to consider the matter of the burial. I furnished them a box, and was then informed that the mother desired it buried in a Christian manner, in our cemetery at the station. I showed the men the place to dig the grave. As the ground was hard and rocky, it took them till quite late in the afternoon to finish it. Then they came and said that the infant was *dying* when they saw it, and that they would go and see if it was dead. On the way, they met the mother with a relative, who had the box containing the deceased on his shoulder. The men returned, and the remains were carefully laid to rest. We sang about being 'healed by his stripes,' read the

Scriptures, prayed and spoke a few words of comfort. The mother, who is a native Christian, tarried with us all night, and this morning carried stones to mark the spot. . . . The natives usually bury their dead secretly, and their friends are called to mourn with the afflicted some time after the burial. The Lord bless the dear woman, and give her comfort in this sore trial. Her husband is away at the gold fields."

The cemetery here spoken of was a very small plot in one corner of the mission grounds. It had been started some years before, when Brother Lincoln, after burying his wife and infant child at Inhambane, had reached Bethany on his way to America with his little adopted daughter. Here in the home of Brother and Sister Shemeld, he succumbed to the Inhambane fever, which had fastened upon him in his brief sojourn there; though some affirmed that the real cause of his death was not so much African fever, as it was a *broken heart*. He refused to be comforted in his great loss,—like "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not"—and after a separation of not more than two or three months, went to join his companion,

> "In that land beyond the tomb,
> Where the saints shall gather home,
> While the years roll on."

A great slab of stone completely covered Brother Lincoln's grave, protecting it from the intrusion of dogs or wild animals, while a small enclosure of barbed wire shielded it from the hoofs and horns of the cattle.

I shall close this chapter with the following, written July 29, 1893, and published in the *Free Methodist:*

Notes of Our Work

A Sick Man

"Last week we were called upon for medicine for a young man who was represented to us as being very sick. We concluded to walk over to his kraal, which proved to be a much greater distance than we at first anticipated. Here we found him on a blanket, on the ground, outside the hut in the sun. Several natives were gathered around, two or three of whom appeared to be doctoring him, in their way. The young man was perfectly helpless, and very much emaciated, though we were told his sickness came on quite suddenly, less than a week before. His disease was found to be a very loathsome one, and his condition was so critical that husband refused to undertake his treatment, but told them they must send to Estcourt for a physician. This young man, like many another, had been scattering his 'wild oats' with a lavish hand, when suddenly, without any previous warning, came the sure harvest. We improved the opportunity to speak to the people who had gathered, of the loathsome disease of the soul, which has fast hold upon us all, outside of Christ; of the inevitable wages of sin, eternal death, and of the one only hope of cure, the precious blood of Christ. The Spirit was present to help in the reading of appropriate Scripture passages, in the few words of exhortation to repentance, in singing the Gospel, and in prayer.

A Beer Drink.

"As we were already far from home, we resolved to spend the remainder of the day in kraal visitation. Of the several places visited, I can mention but one. Passing some ap-

parently deserted huts, we were informed by two little children that all the people had gone to a neighboring kraal to drink beer. Should we search them out in their revelry, and there, in their favorite haunts of Satan, intrude upon them our unwelcome message? Or should we wait for a more favorable opportunity? These were questions which revolved in our minds. As we thought of the boldness with which the Prince of Darkness carries on his work right before our eyes, coming fearlessly to our very doors, our decision was made. By this time we had reached the kraal. The loud talking in one of the huts told us where the drinking was going on. Husband said, 'We must storm the fort.' We entered unceremoniously, and when the confusion had subsided somewhat, we asked and obtained permission to sing a hymn, and with this wedge effected an entrance to their hearts, through which to deliver the whole counsel of God as he gave it to us. The people consented, *with their lips,* to our words. We sang to them our Zulu 'Beer song,' and the gathering broke up, all going quietly to their homes; while we rejoiced in this at least partial victory for God.

The Parents and Children.

"We have to encounter the hostility of the parents, in the matter of education of the children. It is not here, as in some places, left optional with the children whether they will or will not learn. They are absolutely forbidden to come to the mission for that purpose, in most cases. There seems to be a deep-rooted prejudice and open opposition to education, which I am unable to account for satisfactorily to myself. Of course, we have no control

over the children, as those missions have which own a large tract of land upon which the natives are settled. In a two days' tour among the people recently, I invited many of the girls, I might say entreated them, to come and stay at the station and learn in school, and other useful things which I am anxious to teach them. Their work is over at home, and there is nothing whatever to prevent them from coming in large numbers. Many of them do not care to change their mode of life; but others do. Such are hindered by their parents, who are afraid of losing their girls if they become Christians.

Home Influences.

"We see the most speedy and satisfactory results with those who are brought under Christian home influences. This seems a more effectual way of reaching them than any amount of labor at the kraals, where they are then left to pursue their old course, and perhaps forget the words of the missionary almost as soon as he is out of sight. Even our Sunday services, according to my way of thinking, give not so good an opportunity for making lasting impressions, as we have in this every-day contact. (Yet in forming this judgment, the work of the Spirit, the full and immediate results of which are not always apparent to human eyesight, must not be underestimated. This is the one essential, whether in the home or in the public service.) With these people there is needed 'line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.' With our imperfect knowledge of the language, and in the absence of any interpreter, we must, more than ever, depend upon this seemingly slow process of incul-

cating Bible truth. One girl who came to us less than two weeks ago, in her kraal blanket, has bought for herself clothes, which she is now learning to sew. She has been seeking the Lord at our family altar, at times with brokenness of spirit, and seemingly in great earnestness. She does not let an opportunity pass unimproved, of praying at family worship. Another who came longer ago is now an earnest Christian. She accompanied me in my late trip among the people and was of valuable service to me. She also seemed much strengthened in her own soul by confessing Christ in this way before the people, and was especially blessed in voluntary prayer at some of the kraals. Let prayer be offered for all departments of our work."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Zulu Wedding.

"Less in value than the kine
Gathered in thy father's fold;—
Thus they deem this life of thine,
Chattel, bought and sold.

"What to them thy broken heart,
If the cattle fill the kraal?
Meekly play thy servile part,
Gold is all in all.

"Hope not from thy heathen night
To emerge to cloudless day;
Men may learn and choose the light,
Women must obey.

"Of her freedom England boasts,
Aye, perchance that may be true,
For the men on English coasts,
Not for such as you.

"To the ruler wilt repair?
Wilt thou make thy vain appeal?
What doth profit them to care
For thy woe and weal?

"Wed thy life of slavery,
From its shame seek no release,
Bear thy daughters, worth like thee,
Just ten cows apiece.

"Go and be the drudge thou art,
Tamely take the cruel blow!
Pray the daughters of thy heart
Happier be than thou."

— Mrs. C. E. Goodenough.

The following description of a Zulu wedding was written to the missionary secretary. This was the wedding

of Jim, the chief's son, of whom we had entertained such hopes, and it was with sad hearts we thus saw him united, under native law, to a heathen wife. Though this was against his light and convictions, rather than displease his father and run the risk of being disinherited, Jim yielded. Below is the account of his wedding:

Dear Brother Terrill:—

"I am not sure that you have not had a description of a Zulu wedding before this. We saw one for the first time not long ago, and were much interested. It was the wedding of the oldest son of Chief Faku,—the young man who was for a time one of my most interesting scholars.

"The residence of Faku is about seven or eight miles from us. Perhaps I should say, one of his residences; for he has no less than four kraals, in different parts of the country, with several huts in each kraal. He has many wives. We asked his son, who was with us, to give us the number of his father's wives. He at first evaded the question and said, 'They are many.' But when pressed to give us the exact number, after some counting, he gave us the number eighteen.

"Under a scorching summer sun, and over an exceedingly hilly, and rocky path, with our one horse, the journey was not the most enjoyable. But our curiosity to see a native wedding, and our special interest in the bridegroom, on account of his former relations to our work, overcame all obstacles. About noon we reached the chief's kraal, and took refuge from the sun under a large tree, near enough to see what was going on, without ourselves attracting attention.

"But we were not so secluded as we at first supposed; for soon the native women began to gather under the same tree. They kept coming until we were entirely surrounded, and it was too late to retreat. And what was it that drew the crowd to that spot? Had they come to greet the missionaries, and to listen to their words? Alas! No! We noticed that three or four of them carried upon their heads large vessels made from gourds; and it needed no one to inform us of the contents of those vessels. We knew only too well that they contained beer.

"Seated on the ground, with much loud talking, etc., the beer was passed from one to another, and each took a deep draught. When the pots were emptied, the crowd again dispersed to make ready for the coming events of the day. They were hospitable enough to offer us some of the beer, and it took much explanation to make them understand that we never drink beer, and consider it very wrong to do so.

"People could now be seen coming from all directions, and such a crowd as was soon assembled! I have little idea of the real number present, but think there must have been several thousand. It is entirely beyond my power to describe the scene that followed. The dancing began early in the afternoon and was still in progress when the sinking sun reminded us that we must be going.

"The dancers were arranged in companies, according to their age or condition in life. In one place were the old men, in another the young men; in one place the married women, and in another the young women. A few boys and girls took part. All were nearly entirely destitute of clothing. Even some, who on other occasions, in our presence, wore clothing, had on this occasion abandoned every-

thing superfluous (?), as it hinders the freedom of their motions in dancing. Those of one rank came forward, all keeping time to the music (?) they were singing. When these had finished their part of the drama, they fell behind to allow the next rank to come to the front.

"The bride took a very active part in this performance, and appeared among the married women, who are easily distinguished from the young women by their peculiar manner of dressing the hair, and by their short skirts made of skins. The young women wear none. The bride was still further distinguished from others of her rank by the many strands of beads which were around her neck, and which completely covered her head and shoulders; and by the very large knife which she brandished in her hand continually, going through the motion of cutting some imaginary object just in front of her.

"The bridegroom took no part in all this performance, but stayed in our company most of the time. He seemed troubled, rather than rejoiced, upon his wedding day. He himself desires to leave all such heathenish customs and to become a Christian. He told us that his wife is not a Christian and does not care for clothes, and that the whole matter was the arrangement of his father, and not of himself.

"The wedding ceremony was somewhat as follows: An opening was made in the crowd sufficiently large to admit the bride and groom, the *induna* who married them, and several head of cattle and goats. The cattle were the price given by the father of the groom to the father of the bride, in exchange for his daughter. How the goats were disposed of will be explained further on.

"The *induna* proceeded to question them as follows: To the groom, 'Were you forced to marry this girl?' And to the bride, 'Were you forced to marry this man?'

"Question two—to the groom: 'Do you love this girl?' Answer, 'Yes, kakulu,' very much. And to the bride, 'Do you love this man?' Answer the same as that of the groom.

"Question three: 'Won't you trouble each other?' 'If she don't listen to what I say, there will be trouble.' Induna, to the bride, 'What do you say to that?' Answer, the same as that of the groom, 'If he don't listen to what I say, there will be trouble.' Induna, to both, 'You ought to listen to each other. What one says, the other must *vuma,* consent to.'

"They then shook hands in mutual agreement, and the ceremony was ended. Immediately following this was the giving of presents somewhat as follows: Six goats to Chief Faku, father of the groom, from the bride. One goat for Faku's brother, the *induna* who married them. One goat for the oldest sister of the groom, and one for the person who went to the girl's father to ask his consent.

"Besides these there were other presents of clothing, etc., given by the bride as follows: To the chief, an overcoat and a stool; to the groom's mother, a blanket and a large red handkerchief. Each of the other wives was given a blanket. The two oldest brothers of the groom were each given a suit of clothes, and the two oldest sisters each a blanket. One or two suits of clothes were also given to the groom.

"On the day of the wedding, little or no food was taken by those who participated in the dancing. Beer,

of which they drank very freely, took the place of food. We were told that seven large barrels of beer had been prepared for this occasion, and that they were finished on the second day. The second day was the day for feasting. Two cattle and six goats furnished the wedding feast.

"The groom was obliged to give to the father of the bride £5 before he would 'open his mouth,' that is, in consent. This is a custom among the people. Sometimes £10, and even £15 is demanded by the girl's father before he will consider the claims of a suitor; but when once he demands money, the case is virtually won, as by this act he really consents. Such is a wedding among the Zulus."

To further illustrate Zulu marriage customs, I give the following from Mr. Tyler's *"Forty Years Among the Zulus":*

"Traveling once on horseback through a thickly populated part of Natal, I came unexpectedly upon a procession of natives, in front of whom a large ox was being driven, and was told that it was the winding up of a wedding ceremony. When the procession reached the gate of the bridegroom's kraal, the bride was closely veiled by her female attendants, nor was the veil removed till she had taken her place in the ring for the final dance. A hundred or more natives engaged in it with all the energy of which they were capable, their bodies covered with perspiration; but I could not see the bridegroom anywhere. On inquiring as to his whereabouts, I received the reply, 'Wait a few minutes and you will see.' It turned out that he was seated near myself among the spectators, and apparently as unconcerned as any of them.

"After a little, the bride left the ring, dancing and singing like the rest, but evidently in search of somebody or something. Suddenly she appeared and placed her hand heavily upon her lover's head. This the Zulus call *ukuketa,* or choosing a husband. It was a signal that she had selected him in this public manner as her partner for life. The favored individual immediately jumped up, and went into his own hut in the kraal to prepare for his part in the dance. When he again appeared, he looked like a new being, covered with the skins of various animals, beads, and brass ornaments in great profusion. Taking his place in the ring, he danced as enthusiastically as the rest.

"What attracted my attention particularly was an occurrence that usually takes place at the close of every wedding. The father of the bride took a shield, and, standing in front of the dancers, who for the time kept quiet, made a speech in which he praised in no qualified terms his daughter, dilated on all he had done for her, said the number of cows he had received was too small, hoped she would meet with good treatment, prove a fruitful vine, etc. Occasionally he emphasized his words by jumping up and kicking his shield with violence.

"Then the father of the bridegroom appeared on the scene, also bearing a shield, lauding his son to the skies, complaining that he had paid too many cattle, that the girl was homely in appearance, not strong enough to do much work, emphasizing his remarks in the same manner as the bride's father had done. This, it is said, is done that the bride may not be unduly elated. The crowd then dispersed, singing and shouting vociferously. The wife for some weeks after marriage, unless it is the planting season, does no work. When she does take up her daily

duties, she finds, often by sad experience, that the happiest days of her life were those when she was a girl at home.

"The natives look forward to a marriage occasion with joy, for it is a time to revel in dancing and feasting. If in high life, the greater the glee, the greater the beef to be consumed, the larger the potions of beer. A king's wedding usually lasts six or seven days. Being present at the marriage of Cetywayo, the late Zulu chief, when he took to himself his fifteenth wife, the excitement I witnessed was almost beyond bounds. Spectators, quite a thousand in number, sat on the ground, for there were no seats, looking at the five hundred or more men and women engaged in their tumultuous dance, and appeared to be thoroughly fascinated. On this occasion the bride, for some reason or other, was seated by herself, but the fourteen wives were together, directly in front of a brother missionary and myself. The obesity of these African queens attracted our attention. We estimated that each would weigh at least two hundred pounds. Such an amount of avoirdupois in human flesh, possessed by one man, I never before witnessed. I was told that they did little or no work, ate an enormous quantity of beef, and drank as much beer as they could.

"Cetywayo, the leader in the dance, was dressed like the majority of the men, with skins of wild animals about his loins, and the only way I could distinguish him from others was by a long feather stuck to the gutta-percha-like ring on his head. That feather is used only by royalty on marriage occasions. The dance, if such it can be called, was one of the noisest demonstrations conceivable, consisting simply in stamping the ground forcibly, swinging the

Chief of Zululand Shield, Spear and Stick

hands up and down, chanting a variety of tunes, shouting and screaming, howling and yelling, the perspiration dropping like rain from the half nude bodies."

As to the condition of a Zulu woman after marriage, the same writer has this to say: "The Zulu heathen wife sits in a hut of haystack architecture of one room—her parlor, kitchen and bedroom—without window, and the door to which is two feet high. A portion of this space is fenced off for goats and calves. She prepares her husband's meal of boiled corn, ground, and mixed with sour milk. He eats alone, giving what is left to the hungry children, or more hungry dogs. She must then provide for herself. Fear and distrust reign there. She brings to him beer, brewed from musty Indian corn; but must sip first to show that there is no 'death in the pot.'

"While her lord and master lounges, snuffs, smokes, hunts, guzzles beer, or gads from kraal to kraal, discussing a recent case of witchcraft, or gorges himself with beef like a boa constrictor, she, with a child on her back and a heavy hoe on her shoulder, goes to the fields, digs the hard soil all day long, or pulls the rank weeds from the garden, returning home with a bundle of firewood on her head. Not only must she serve as cart, ox, and plow, but she is expected to provide for her aged parents.

'Other wives come to the kraal, and the strife that ensues makes her condition worse. If of a mild disposition, she tries to make the best of her lot, resigning herself meekly to her daily task. If not, she is sure to 'kick against the pricks,' harassing herself to no purpose. The eyes of the vigilant mother-in-law are upon her, and every omission of duty is reported to her husband. No high

and ennobling aspirations have a place in her soul. Her environment is one of sensuality and debasement. Death comes to her early, and it is emphatically, 'a leap in the dark.' Oh, the miseries of heathen Zulu women!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Summary of One Year's Work at Bethany.

"Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil.

"Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start;
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home."

The seed sown in tears was already beginning to germinate. God graciously gave us a few trophies from among the heathen, without the years of waiting required in the case of many eminently devoted missionaries. "As cheering as is the demonstration of the sure germination of the Gospel seed," says A. J. Gordon, "so pathetic is the oft-repeated story of the long waiting of the husbandman for the promised harvest. It was seven years before Carey baptized his first convert in India; it was seven years before Judson won his first disciple in Burmah; Morrison toiled seven years before the first Chinaman was brought to Christ; Moffat declares that he waited seven years to see the first evident moving of the Holy Spirit upon the Bechuanas of Africa; Henry Richards wrought seven years on the Congo before the first convert was gained. It has seemed almost as though God had fixed this sacred Biblical number as the term of the missionary's apprenticeship, as I have found it recurring again and again in the story

of the planting of the Gospel. But how rich his reward, who has waited patiently till the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how!"

In August of this first year at Bethany husband was able to make this little note of progress: "In our last service we saw several with wet eyes, and we look for them to accept Christ and have him formed within them the hope of glory. We also had the pleasure of receiving into the church five converts. One was a girl about fourteen years of age; the others were young women. We recently read to them our general rules to give them time to think over what would be required of them. Before receiving them, some close questions were asked in regard to beer drinking, using of snuff, etc. They all pledged themselves to keep our rules. My wife will report about our girls. We are having a stormy time with them."

This last refers to the schoolgirls, most of whom had run away from home without their parents' consent. Numbers of girls, all over Natal, are dissatisfied with their condition as mere chattels, bought and sold for cattle. Such naturally look to the missionaries as their protectors and guardians of their rights. To this class belonged Joanna and her two sisters, to whom especially the above sentences refer. This girl had once been a Christian, but on account of pressure brought to bear in her heathen kraal, had thrown off her clothes and renounced her Christianity. The prospect of a forced and distasteful marriage to an old polygamist now led her to seek refuge with the missionaries. Next day she was hunted out by her pursuers, furious at being thus trifled with. Their demand was that the girls be given up at once; to which we replied that if the girls chose to go with their fathers we should

not try to hold them; but if they refused to go, we should not compel them to do so, *unless at the point of the law*. The girls did refuse, most emphatically. It is just possible that these heathen fathers might not have found a way to *compel* their girls to go, but for our unwary mention of a resort to law. They left in great anger, appealed to the English magistrate at Estcourt, who sent a native policeman with an order for the girls to appear before him in court next day. The *law* was on the side of the heathen fathers. It reckoned the girls, no matter what their ages, as the property of their fathers. They were ordered home with their parents. They were given permission to attend the Sunday services, provided no further attempt was made to attend school; but the least breaking over of this last restriction might result in their liberties being entirely curtailed. With this compromise, missionaries and girls had to be satisfied. There was no appeal from this decision.

In the close class meeting in which the candidates for membership were examined, several more, besides the five mentioned by my husband, presented themselves, and thought they were ready to be received into church fellowship. But when they were asked a few searching questions, they were not prepared to meet the issues on every line. Out of a dozen or more who presented themselves, only these five stepped out fully and uncompromisingly for God. When these were afterward baptized, they left their heathen names, and took Christian names, as is customary with those converted from heathenism.

Let me say there was a little confusion in the minds of some of our Christian natives on the beer question, as to whether temperance or total abstinence should be their

watchword. They would scorn to get drunk—that was too palpably inconsistent. But to drink in moderation, on the universal plea among natives—"Beer is our food"—certainly there could be no harm in that! Is a similar plea never heard among civilized church members? I believe our members up to that time were all "tasters"—nothing more. A pledge to abstain entirely from the use of all intoxicants as a beverage, headed by the names of the missionaries, was circulated among them; and after a little hesitation, I believe every one signed it, and so far as I have means of knowing, kept it.

Our Bethany Christians were not the only ones who found it difficult to measure up, on every line. After the work had gone on for some time at Fair View, and an attempt at organization was made, Sister Grace Allen wrote of a similar sifting there. She said: "There was some little excitement when we read the rules to them. The rule on growing tobacco touched some of them who had given up the use of it, but thought it all right to raise it. One man said: '*Nkosazana,* it is not enough for you to read these rules to us *once.* You must read them over and over, and teach them to us, for our minds are like our hearts—dark—and we are slow to learn.' We gave them two weeks to think about them. They are still thinking. Mpolosa said these rules 'rubbed all their sore places.' One man was counting over on his fingers the rules that 'stabbed' him."

We were now having Sunday School each Sunday after church. Just before this Rev. C. W. Kilbon, of the American Mission at Adams, had donated to our mission forty or fifty copies of the book of Genesis in Zulu, and it was from these books we took our lessons. Those of our num-

ber who could read had never gone far outside the New Testament, and most of them were reading for the first time the Bible account of the creation of the world and of all things, and the highly interesting historical facts recorded in the Book of Genesis. Sunday School was the very thing they needed to clinch upon their minds important truths. For, do you know, a native, ordinarily, may listen to a sermon from beginning to end, with eyes riveted upon the speaker all the while, as though he were comprehending every word; and yet, if questioned at the close, he would be able to tell little or nothing of what he has heard? Or he often puts a wrong construction altogether upon the words spoken, or even upon the Scripture quoted. I know of no better means than that afforded by the Sunday School for detecting ignorance or misconception of the truth. The answers given by African school classes to the following two questions are as purely African as anything could possibly be: "For what were the eyes given?" Answer, unanimous, "For sleeping." "What does this mean, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'?" Answer "You must eat until you sweat."

It will be seen that there was much need of instruction and exposition of the Scriptures. Perhaps one of the very best ways of expounding and applying the same was in their own homes, where there was an audience of not more than a dozen, and the instruction, reproof, or exhortation, could be made more personal. An early letter written to my mother, while I was still at Fair View, shows our usual way of conducting such a meeting. "In the afternoon, several of us went out to hold kraal meetings. We held two and sowed the good seed the best we could. They would not seem much like meetings to you.

Sitting on mats on the floor, we talked to them and sang in Zulu, and Sister A. read from the Zulu Testament and explained to them, as we would to children at home. We have to question them a good deal to hold their attention. If you talk to them right along, and to everybody at once, they do not pay much attention. But by questioning them, and talking to them personally, they are some interested."

The time of the Annual Board Meeting was approaching, and the following was the report from Bethany:

Bethany Zulu Mission Report.

"In looking backward over the missionary year which is drawing to a close, there is not much to report in the way of visible results. We came to this station nearly a year ago. We did so without any mental reservation as to where we should work for the Master. But in co-operating with you in the midst of difficulties of foreign service, there has been blessing. It is clear to us now why you asked the question, 'Are you easily discouraged?' The romantic and sentimental, if there be any, in connection with one giving himself to be a missionary, passes away like the morning dew as soon as actual service begins. But to feel, as did Paul, 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' makes Heaven for us in this service. So we sing, 'Oh the way is so delightful.' We have labored on the apostolic plan by giving the people a pure Gospel. We have had mercy drops on this line, but we look for Pentecostal showers of blessing in winning souls to Christ among the benighted heathen.

"Chapel Service.—The attendance has been fair—on an average of about forty persons. Our imperfect knowl-

edge of the language, and not having an interpreter except for a short time—a little over two months—put upon us a burden which has not been easy to carry. The interest, however, has been good. In the singing of the natives there is a marked improvement. It is a source of joy to us to hear some of them sing in the Spirit, making melody in their hearts. At the close of each service we hold a prayer meeting. Such as have accepted the Gospel message from time to time have voluntarily asked the Lord for forgiveness, and proved the promise true that 'Him that cometh unto me [Christ] I will in no wise cast out.' It is pleasing to see the degree of reverence that is manifested on the part of the raw natives, who kneel in time of prayer.

"Kraal Visitation.—We labor mostly among two tribes; one under Faku, a chief appointed by the government, and the other under Umkungo, a hereditary chief. The latter spends a part of his time in Zululand. We believe the true function of the misionary is to evangelize the people at their homes. It is only a small portion of the people who will come to a mission station to hear the Gospel. If the great majority of them are reached, we must go to them in their homes. Here we become better acquainted with their thoughts and feelings, and the knowledge gained in this way helps us greatly to an intelligent presentation of needful truths in our Sabbath services. Our kraal visitation has often revealed to us depths of corruption which we had no idea existed. Especially the beer drinking and the social and moral besotment have stirred us up to administer the truth in allopathic, where we were otherwise inclined to give it in homeopathic doses.

"In many instances our message has been lightly received as an idle tale. In some cases, however, the Holy Spirit has fastened the truth upon hearts so that they assented to our words, saying, 'They are truth.' But with their hearts to accept the Gospel message to the saving of their souls, is a far different thing, and perhaps means as much to a Zulu as it does to a sinner at home. In not a single instance, to our knowledge, has a polygamist been effectually reached. Although some, at different times, have been seeking in our services, none, after counting the cost, have had the courage to decide right, and they have relapsed into their former state or worse. Our work has been mostly among the young people; but here the same obstructions embarrass us as in the case of the older people. The girls are under the power of their polygamous fathers, and represent so much property. They are forbidden to learn in school or to become Christians. Occasionally one breaks away from this restraint and accepts Christ; or it may be the parents in her particular case are a little more lenient, leaving the daughter to do as she pleases in these things. But they ask and expect cattle for her at her marriage, even though she has become a Christian. From this class, the girls, have come the few satisfactory converts.

"The School.—During the months of our sojourn here a constant effort has been put forth to organize and to carry on successfully a school. We are pained to announce the result as seemingly a failure. Although quite a number have at different times received instruction, yet by coming at all hours of the day, and sometimes at night, it has been a burden, and yet shows little results. During the busy season we were patient with them, teaching them

Inanda Mission Station Laundry Girls.

whenever they chose to learn, hoping that after the crops were gathered there would be a full and regular attendance. In this we have been disappointed. The few to whom we have access are making fair advancement, and show what might be accomplished in this line if the people had a mind to learn. Within the last few days our number of boarders has been increased to nine girls and one young man. But there is much uncertainty about their staying long enough to receive much permanent good. The planting season will soon be upon us again, when it is likely the girls will be called home, after only a few weeks' training in school. The young man intends to go to the gold fields.

"The Land—We are not able to cultivate to any extent, or to improve the surroundings, on account of the land not being fenced. A large patch of sweet potatoes and a small one of white (Irish) potatoes were eaten off by the cattle after they began to grow nicely. The greater part of the land is stony and worthless for agricultural purposes. The other part, only about one-third of the whole, is poor, the soil being only about four inches deep. It cannot be irrigated, so is not of any great value for crops of any kind. We write this after careful investigation. For the industrial training of natives there must needs be land that is fertile, and enough of it. There are favorable localities outside of Natal where this could be secured without cost, except for survey fees, and substantial buildings erected at an expense less than that of land alone here.

"Homes for the Natives.—It is a great disadvantage to our work, and ever would be, in not having land on which to locate Christian natives. One of the members of this society told us that he and another individual de-

sired to build on the land adjoining the station We applied to the owner of the property and got his terms, which are as follows: For each married pair occupying 50x150 yards, $25.00 per annum, with the right to pasture six head of cattle, one horse, and six goats.

"The Prospects.—We are deeply interested in these people, and are in love with our work here. The attachment to the few native Christians grows stronger as the days go by. As word has come to us through our secretary, that this is not believed by our people to be an ideal mission field for us as a church, we are free to say now, as we have said at other times since coming here, that we fully accord with the view. If there were no other reason, the fact that other religious societies are operating near us is a sufficient one. If you see fit to send us to a more needy field, our hearts will gladly say, 'Amen.' We do not believe the conditions here are what they should be for a permanent, prosperous, self-supporting mission."

Yours for service,

J. J. and E. H. Haviland.

CHAPTER XX.

Clouds and Sunshine.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

—Longfellow.

On the 8th of September, 1893, a little sunbeam, in the form of a little daughter, had come to brighten our home. She was warmly welcomed by the natives, and especially by our girls, who called her their little sister. They gave her a native name, Nomvula. We, in our admiration for the modest little flower of that name, called her Violet.

The Sunday after her birth was a great day of rejoicing among the natives. Her father and the nurse proudly exhibited the Baby Nomvula, only two days old, to the wondering natives, who were still not satisfied, but *insisted* on seeing *"Inkosikazi."* The over-indulgent father admitted them to my room, and dozens of them, including all our native Christians, and many of the heathen, shook my hand and *palavered* to their heart's content. The next Sunday the nurse asserted her authority and refused admission, much to the chagrin of the crest-fallen natives.

To my mother I wrote: "You should hear what a fuss my girls, and in fact all the natives, make over her. They say, 'We are so glad because a child has come!' 'It

is a very nice child!' 'It is a wise child!' 'Oh, how big it is!' (Violet was in fact very tiny, only four and a half pounds in weight at birth.) And many such expressions. You would laugh to hear them."

This little paragraph even found its way into Brother Terrill's letter: "Violet is a very fine girl. She is so well and strong, and seems to be enjoying life in Africa. In size she is going ahead of the native children of the same age. She is quite observing already. The natives say, 'Oh, she will know how to speak Zulu nicely, and will teach her parents;' and, 'Violet will teach the young Zulu women to sew.' "

Also this: "The baby's Zulu name is Nomvula, which means, 'with rain,' given her by my native girls, because she came on a rainy day. Her advent seems to have brought me into closer touch with the native women who, as a rule, think much of children."

At a very tender age, Baby Nomvula went to church and school; and as soon as she was able to sit in her high chair, habitually occupied her place between her parents, behind the table in the chapel.

When Violet was less than a month old, came the second event I shall notice,—the long postponed wedding of Andretta to a young man named Zota Radebe. The delay had been caused by the death of some distant relative of the groom, and Zulu etiquette required the lapse of some considerable time before they could, with propriety, celebrate the nuptials. This young man, although nominally a Christian, did not impress us as being anything like the equal of Andretta; but he has since developed wonderfully, due largely perhaps to his wife's sterling qualities and strengthening influence, and under the new name

of Thomas Radebe, is now recognized as a useful evangelist at Bethany.

This couple wished to be married by Christian rites, instead of in the heathenish way under native law, as described in the case of Jim. Accordingly, the ceremony was performed by Mr. Haviland, in our little chapel, in the presence of our native Christians and others, with appropriate songs and rejoicing. This was the first Christian wedding we had had at Bethany, and was naturally quite an event. To the missionary secretary I wrote: "Andretta, one of the Christian girls, and a member of the class here, was married in our chapel, October 3rd. Those present were mostly professing Christians. Next day was the marriage feast at the home of the groom, where several cattle were killed, and meat and beer supplied in abundance. The Christians understand that it is wrong to drink beer, and so far as I know, our members did not yield to the temptation. There was none of the dancing which I described to you in the case of the wedding we attended, because the bride, in the last case, was a Christian."

A few weeks after this happy event, came a little social gathering, which to us, and I believe to all present, was very enjoyable. We usually had a large Christmas gathering for the natives, but for some reason did not this year; so this little gathering for the *kolwas* was substituted. Concerning it this little note appeared: "On Friday, December 29th, the occasion of Mr. Haviland's birthday, we had a gathering of Christian natives, and passed the day in pleasant conversation, singing and prayer. The dinner was, to the natives, a very enjoyable part of the program. It is very doubtful whether some of them ever

in their lives before ate at a table with knife and fork, in a civilized way. All behaved exceedingly well. The whole was a surprise to 'Mfundisi,' as the natives know how to keep a secret." I should explain here that the dinner consisted of meat,—always a treat to natives,—white and brown bread, and vegetables from our garden, most of which, as "white man's food," had never been sampled by the natives, but which later they wished to cultivate in their own gardens.

The same letter described the closing service of the year in the following words: "The year 1893 closed with a well-filled chapel and an interesting service. A native evangelist was with us and added force to our teachings, by a speech somewhat as follows: 'My people, you have today heard the words our sister has spoken to you. Our brother here and our sister have come from afar to tell you these things. What did they come for? For one thing only. Why did they leave friends on the other side of the ocean, and, boarding the ship, cross the sea amid dangers? Why did they come to a land of disease and death to white people? They came for one thing only. Did they want anything of you, my people? Did they want your land? Did they want your cattle, or your sheep, or your goats? They want one thing only. They have come to teach you the Word of the Lord. . . . Today the old year is dying. Tomorrow we will enter upon the new year. It is a fitting time for you, my people, to leave your old lives and your old customs at the end of the old year, and begin a new life now at the beginning of the new year.' "

Although, as has been seen, there were many things to encourage in our work at Bethany, we knew that on account

of the unfavorable location of this mission, we were liable, at almost any time, to be changed to another field of labor. As we became more and more attached to the native converts, and interested for the salvation of the heathen members of our congregation, the thought of removal would always bring a tinge of sadness; but still our motto was, as ever, "Go not to those who need you, but to those who need you most."

Having been directed by the mission board to search for a new field, and having heard that Zululand was a far more needy field than Natal, Mr. Haviland prepared to visit and examine that field. He wrote at the time: "I am about to purchase a horse in making preparation to go to Zululand, to look over that field. It is possible we can get a grant of land there for a station; if so, and a needy field is found, it will be clear to me that the Lord is leading that way. The greater part of Zululand is very healthy, and has many things in its favor as a mission field for us."

A fine young horse was purchased for this trip, the same which is elsewhere mentioned as having died so prematurely of "lung sickness." On January 11th, 1894, leaving Baby Nomvula, now four months old, her mother, and Mlibaziso, my most trusty native girl, to hold the fort in his absence, he set out on what proved to be a somewhat hazardous and very fatiguing journey. We shall let him give his own account of this journey in the following chapter.

It was expected that he would be gone probably ten days, at most, as two days' journey from Estcourt would suffice to bring him to the Zululand border, and this would leave several days for exploration within the "Land." But when the ten days lengthened out to twenty-one days

of anxious waiting and suspense in the home, it may properly be considered one of the "clouds" referred to in the heading of this chapter. The first few days out, I had received frequent communications as to his whereabouts and welfare; but, as I remember, after the first week not a word came, and I very naturally concluded he was nearing home, and hence thought it not worth while to write. But when another week drew to a close and neither husband nor letter appeared, the suspense became almost unendurable.

The post office was ten or twelve miles away at Estcourt, and every day some one was dispatched for the post, only to return empty-handed. Several times when no one else could be found to send, Mlibaziso volunteered to go, thus leaving me alone with Violet the whole day long. Grave forebodings would suggest themselves, which must be put resolutely away while faith struggled to appropriate the promises of special Divine protection on the absent husband. Not until a third week, with its weary days, hours, and moments of expectant waiting, had dragged fully on to its close, did he at last return, weary and jaded as may be imagined, but still marvelously preserved from any accident or calamity such as that long delay had seemed to forebode.

Glad was I, in the providence of God, when afterward we were detailed for Inhambane, that I was permitted to stand by his side in the conflict, equally exposed, instead of watching from a distance in dire suspense. Long years since my experiences at the latter place, I had occasion to feel for another, who was left in just such suspense. This was Mrs. Worcester, whose husband had gone on a tour to the Inhambane country, traveling overland from

Delagoa Bay. After a few days she could get no word whatever; and knowing full well the dangers to which he was exposed from the dreaded fever, the poor woman was well-nigh distracted before the suspense was finally relieved by a letter.

Baby Nomvula was "increasing in wisdom and stature," and I believe, "in favor with God and man." She was certainly very popular with the natives, who all called her "dade wetu," our sister. Her very popularity exposed her in various ways. For instance the natives have no concern about the spread of disease, and take no precautions against it. In the promiscuous throng which crowded our chapel from Sunday to Sunday, what wonder if she should contract some fatal disease? The smallpox was near us when she was very young, and an edict went forth that all children, white and black, must appear at Estcourt for vaccination. As it was not convenient for us to take Violet to Estcourt, and as the order was never strictly enforced upon the white population, she mercifully escaped both smallpox and vaccination.

But from the native children she contracted whooping cough, which in a few weeks assumed so dangerous an aspect, that it seemed for a time we must surely lose our sunbeam. A complication of other troubles, teething, bronchitis, etc., baffled our home treatment; and, with two native girls to carry Violet, I started on foot to take her to an experienced doctor at Estcourt, for consultation. On examination he pronounced her case a very critical one, and would not consent to my returning home with her, as I had intended doing; but strongly insisted on my putting her in the Sanitarium at this place, where he could give her daily attention.

Thus it was, I found myself, against my will, in a Roman Catholic Institution, my child in the hands of strange French-speaking nurses, who were to carry out the doctor's orders, while I sat helplessly by. Whenever, in the course of the day or evening, one of the many prayer bells rang, every nurse was away to the chapel for her devotions, and I was for some minutes each time left alone with the little sufferer. The father also spent what time he could be absent from the mission, in anxious watching at her bedside, walking back to Estcourt after holding the Sunday services.

A process of steaming was carried on for several days, but the little patient seemed gradually sinking, and had a number of hard spasms. The doctor lanced her gums and made way for six teeth, which came through in the two weeks she was in the Sanitarium, or shortly thereafter. At the end of that time, against the strong protests of doctor and nurses, we returned home with the child, by the same conveyance we had come, and for some days at home kept her in a steaming room. By the mercy and blessing of God she was spared to us and soon regained her usual good health.

While Violet was at her worst, and her life hanging, as it were, upon a very slender thread, came another blow, which at any time would have been heavy, but which, at such a time was particularly so. This was the tidings of the death of my loved mother in the homeland. Having heard nothing to the contrary, I had supposed her to be in her usual health, so that the news of her home-going came as a sudden and great shock, and it seemed for a little that my pathway lay "through the deep waters." But the promise that "the rivers of sorrow shall not over-

flow" was graciously fulfilled; and by the restoration of little Violet, my heart was comforted; although a desolate feeling would sometimes steal over me before I was aware.

The morning of this year and of this chapter in our lives had been one of radiant sunshine. Ere the sun had reached the zenith, however, the sky was overcast with clouds, which, spreading rapidly, had covered our entire horizon; and a little later the storm had burst upon our defenseless heads. But after the manner of an African day, when the storm had spent itself,

> "The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
> The Invisible appears in sight,
> And God is known to mortal eye."

The sun shone through the blackness, until each cloud was seen to have a silver lining, and the year ended as it had begun, in unclouded sunshine.

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
> The clouds ye so much dread,
> Are big with mercies, and shall break
> In blessings on your head.
>
> "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face."
>
> —Wm. Cowper

CHAPTER XXI.

A Trip to Zululand.

"God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul has led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

"In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee."

—Charles Wesley.

The following is Mr. Haviland's account of his trip to Zululand, as written to the missionary secretary:

"On Thursday morning, January 11th, I started on horseback for Zululand. The first day I reached Weenen, a distance of twelve miles. The name of this place signifies 'weeping.' It was here that the early settlers, men, women, and children, fell beneath the ruthless spears of Dingaan's armies. The next morning, in company with an Administrator of Native Law, a journey of sixteen miles was made to his home and court. I saw on the way some fine specimens of petrified trees. I rested here a few hours, and my visit to the court was profitable. I learned some new phases of total depravity in the native mind. I left early in the afternoon with a native guide, as the Tugela native reserve is a broken and wild country. I saw many large kraals. The natives cultivate patches in the valleys and at the foot of the hills, so their crops

will get the benefit of the washings of decayed vegetable matter.

"A few hours' ride brought us to where we had to descend a mountain into a valley. The scenery was simply magnificent. The path down the mountain side was a mass of stones. I pitied my fine young horse, and rejoiced when the valley was reached. The Tugela River was crossed, soon after dark, in a boat, and a place of rest found for the night. I saw here a most godless man, with a fiendish look, selling grog.

"In the morning I continued by journey alone. At a stream of pure, sparkling water I took a bath, which is refreshing on a hot day under a semitropical sun. At five o'clock, Dr. Dalzell, and his pleasant wife, at the Gordon Memorial Mission, welcomed me, and I tarried here over the Sabbath. This mission is well located, as there are one hundred natives to the square mile, that is, in the whole division. Two maiden ladies have charge of the girls' home in which they have about thirty boarders. They receive no compensation, but are volunteer workers, having a small income of their own. The native girls are provided for by home friends of the mission. The sum allowed is $5.00 per year for food and clothing for each girl. Some of the boys are provided for in the same way.

"Mr. Moir, the school teacher, accompanied me on Monday morning. A journey of twenty miles brought us to an outstation of the above church, the Free Church of Scotland. It is conducted by a man whose name is Meek. He has a wonderful history. He came to Natal with his parents when only ten years of age; he is now about fifty. When a boy fifteen years of age he fled, at his best pace, with a female elephant at his heels. He said,

'I was always a fleet runner, but I beat myself that day.' He was a farmer for Bishop Colenso at one time, and assisted him in translating into Zulu. His Zulu is pure, and it would be hard to find his equal in the native tongue. He married a native woman of high rank, the cousin of Cetywayo. He had two other native wives, but one died, and the other, after his conversion some three years ago, was put away. I was informed that he meets with a good degree of success in the work. His wife's father was a chief induna. He was once bitten by an animal and cried out with pain, and that cry hindered his being made king.

"After taking refreshments we went on our way to a Swedish mission near Rorke's Drift. In the time of the Zulu war in the year 1879, this station was used as a hospital. On January 22nd there were one hundred and four soldiers here, exclusive of thirty-five in the hospital. News came that the Zulus were coming and the best defense possible was made. It is said, 'The store and the hospital were barricaded and loopholed, and the space between the buildings filled up with wagons and with sacks of mealies (corn). An inner wall of biscuit boxes was begun. About half-past four, when the wall was two boxes high, 500 or 600 Zulus came rapidly in sight and rushed against the rude ramparts. From that hour until after midnight, desperate assaults were made by the Zulus, who were splendidly repulsed by the little garrison, with both rifle and bayonet. The hospital, set on fire by the enemy, was defended room by room, and all the sick were brought out. At four o'clock on the morning of the 23rd the Zulus retired, leaving 350 of their number lying dead around the camp. Its heroic defenders lost seventeen men. The

Mission Church in Zululand.

repulse of 4,000 Zulus by a hundred men entrenched within the slender defenses of sacks of corn and boxes of biscuits is one of the most glorious exploits in the records of the British Army.' The mission was rebuilt, and they have a nice school of small children. The Boers' demand for labor is a hindrance to keeping all the girls in regular attendance. One of the workers said that the few people and the nearness of other stations were also hindrances or were discouragements.

"The next morning we passed a hamlet called Helpmakaar. The name is significant. In coming to a hill here, it once was necessary for each man to be helped up the hill with his wagon by another man's oxen; so pronounce the name as if it were spelled, Help-my-car.

"The drift at the Buffalo River was reached, and we passed over in the boat into Zululand. We reached Isandhlwana and tarried at an English Church mission over night. Dr. Walters here has charge. The outstations are in charge of a missionary who spent one year at Lake Nyassa, and ran, on account of the fever, to save his life. Here was the scene of a very bloody battle in the Zulu war, in which the Zulus were victorious.

"Isandhlwana is a mountain about ten miles from Rorke's Drift. The English camp was pitched at its base. Russell gives these facts concerning the battle of Isandhlwana: 'The English force consisted of only 700 Europeans and 600 natives. The Zulu force consisted of ten or eleven of Cetywayo's regiments, the flower of his army, numbering 23,000 or 24,000 men. No attempt was made to strengthen the camp. Instead of that the small force was scattered in various directions, in the vain hope of checking the Zulu advance. A company was sent to a

neck of the hill a mile and a half distant. All these parties were obliged to retire gradually before the Zulu impi, which made the attack in its usual fashion—a mass of men in the center, with horn-shaped wings thrown out from each side, and slowly meeting, so as to enclose the doomed camp. The number of the Zulus was overwhelming, and it was evident from the first that all was lost. . . . The defenders of the camp, driven back at all points by the encircling foe, at last made a stand together. The fire of both infantry and mounted men was steady and rapid, and the great guns did much execution in the enemy's ranks. The Zulus pressed steadily forward without hesitation or excitement, and with the most fearless bravery. Rank after rank was mown down by the rain of fire from the Martini-Henrys, but was immediately closed up—

> 'Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell.'

"'Our men fought as gallantly and well. In that dread hour, with death staring them in the face, regular and volunteer alike fought shoulder to shoulder, with cool and determined courage. Natal remembers her sons who fell on that fatal field with pride as well as sorrow. Whenever the main body of the Zulus saw that the wings were touching each other, they rushed forward with wild yells of triumph, brandishing their stabbing assegais. The end had come. It was no longer a fight; it was a butchery. Horse and foot, black and white, Zulus and Englishmen, were mingled in a scene of the wildest confusion. For the infantry there was no escape. Every man was killed. Even to mounted men, escape was almost impossible, for

the ground was covered with boulders and grooved with *dongas*. Those who attempted the ride made their way across country for a ford of the Buffalo, since known as Fugitives' Drift, five miles from Isandhlwana. The wagon road was guarded by the enemy. Many of the fugitives were killed on the way, and many were drowned or shot in crossing the river. On the bank of the river where they fell, overlooking Fugitives' Drift, a monument has been erected to their memory. The number of Europeans who escaped from Isandhlwana was about forty, besides natives on horseback and on foot. . . . Not alone in English and Natal homes was there mourning for the youth who fell on that day of dark despair. In nearly every kraal in Zululand there was weeping and wailing for those who would return no more. The flower of the Zulu youth lay dead in the shadow of Isandhlwana.'

"The next day, with a guide on our journey, part of it being in the Transvaal, we saw very few kraals for a distance of twenty-five miles. At Estaleni Mountain, they began to appear in the valley. We crossed the top of the mountain. It took us one hour. On it were many cattle feeding. In the valley the kraals were thick. I will tell you how to account for there being so many here: A Zulu chief promised the Boers farms if they would help him fight another chief. They did it, got their farms, and the government recognized their claims. The number of farms is about eighty, with about 3,000 acres in each. The natives did not like work well enough to stay on the Boer farms, so they moved into the native reserve. Here is an English Church mission, and they have a large congregation and a small school. We remained here overnight. In the morning my friend took a short cut for home. In so doing he

passed through an African forest of big trees, entwined with all kinds of creepers. He writes me of its being a wonderful sight. I proceeded further on my way into Zululand. I stopped at a kraal to inquire the way. I sang a hymn, and that brought out the head man, and he stirred up the whole kraal. I sang, read the Scriptures, spoke a few words and prayed. A woman came immediately with a bowl of beer. I had prayed, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' I read to them our beer song, so they would understand about it being wrong to drink it. A farmhouse was reached, and rest taken for the night.

"The next day's journey brought me to Kwamagwaza, another English Church mission. The work of this mission is confined, for the most part, to those living on the mission farm. My horse was taken sick here, and I was led to pray for his recovery. I administered a good remedy, and the next day he was able to go on. It was toward evening that Ekutuleni appeared in view. This station belongs to the Swedish Church. The missionary in charge tried for ten years to get into the native reserve of Zululand, to establish a mission, and finally, not succeeding, bought a farm on the border of it. Usiteku, a great chief, was on this farm with forty-five huts in his kraal. He said to the missionary, 'I can love you as a white man, but my children cannot come to you to learn.' His conduct was such that the missionary had to put him away, and he built very near the mission farm. Here I had a Sabbath day's rest. The attendance at the service was only about thirty. In the six years of his sojourn here he has baptized eight persons.

"I started next morning with a native boy who was coming to Natal to finish his studies. The way back was

Kaffirs Smoking.

through the native reserve. The natives are thick in the thorns, and I found it so all the way to Etshowe, the seat of government for Zululand. I called on the resident commissioner, and found it necessary to get the consent of a chief to open a new mission. The missionary named went to all the chiefs except one, and failed in every instance. The Norwegian Church has a mission here.

"The next day brought me to another Norwegian station, the only station that was not destroyed in the Zulu war, although all had to flee for their lives. I met here a naturalist from a university in Norway. In nine months he has shot many wild animals and secured the skins and bones. I left the next morning for Mtomjambili, a mountain in Natal. I traveled in sight of the peak all day, where there were many kraals. At the home of a *kolwa* (believer) I drank some *umlaza*—the thin milk that flows from *amasi* (thick sour milk); it tasted more like ice cream than anything else.

"I reached the Tugela at six o'clock. I crossed in a boat with my horse fastened to it trying to swim. The water was flowing very swiftly, but we were safely landed. I put up at a store, and the next morning started up the mountain, which is 3,500 feet high. I soon engaged a native to guide me, as the young man who was with me got away from me by making short cuts. My guide took me part of the way up, and then demanded his pay, with threats. I thought it was no place to have trouble with a native, in the thick bush, so paid him and he went back. I went on two-thirds of the way up, and by my compass found I had made a wrong turn. I tried to get to a kraal below, but found it unsafe to descend, and commenced to make my way back to the ridge above. It was difficult.

The rain was falling, and in climbing I was overcome with fatigue and had to lie down in the long wet grass. After several efforts the ridge was reached, but now the mist or clouds had settled down and observations could not be taken to go higher. I retraced my steps to the store, arriving late in the afternoon, wet, hungry, and very weary. The store is in the native reserve. The young storekeeper said to me, 'I buy up all the Indian hemp that is brought here, and sell it to the natives in the winter time.' I said, 'It is wicked to smoke it; it makes men mad.' He replied, 'A person will do anything for money, whether it makes men mad or not.'

"I left the next morning with a guide, and was three hours and fifteen minutes reaching the top of the mountain. The Norwegian Church has a mission station at this place. Here I met Mr. Plant, the Inspector of Native Schools. He is a very genial gentleman. I continued riding till it was dark, and had to put up with two native boys and sleep in smoke. I watched the boys after I lay down for the night. They got a horn pipe and smoked Indian hemp. The younger was not more than ten years of age. He was soon delirious, and he swung his arms and chattered at a great rate. I sang and prayed with them at night and in the morning.

"The next stop was at a German mission station. Greytown was reached the same day, and there I rested over the Sabbath. On Monday, a journey of thirty-six miles brought me to the house of a farmer who kept me overnight. I had a chill in the night. In the morning I took a little quinine and was feeling well again in a few hours. A gentleman let me ride with him in a buggy some ten miles to a railway station, and from there I went on with my

horse a distance of twelve miles and put up with a farmer. A ride of twenty-two miles the next day brought me home, to find my wife and baby well and happy. My horse was given extra care and feed along the road, but we both lost flesh in the long and rough trip of twenty-one days. I hope the knowledge and experience gained will be helpful to us in our work."

Yours in Jesus,

J. J. HAVILAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

Strange Providences.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."
—Wm. Cowper.

When it was known surely that we were to be removed from Bethany, and nothing had opened up in Zululand, husband diligently gathered and forwarded to the missionary secretary all available information concerning Matabele Land, then just opening up to white settlement, and occupied by tribes to whom the Zulu language is intelligible. We were especially anxious to remain in Zulu-speaking territory, so as not to be under the necessity of repeating the arduous task of learning another language.

G. H. Agnew, from Inhambane, and F. Grace Allen, from Fair View, were home to America that year to attend general conference, both pleading for reinforcements to be sent to their respective fields. When the proceedings of the Board reached us, instead of their consenting to taking up a work in Matabele Land, we were requested, on certain conditions, to go to Inhambane. This would mean not only a change of language, but a change from a healthy to a fever-producing climate. The sad experience of sev-

eral of our missionaries there, made us hesitate about going, at least until we were quite sure this was God's opening for us.

Bethany Mission passed into other hands, and we moved into a rented house in Estcourt, until we should find our divinely appointed field of labor. Leaving Violet with Mlibaziso, we went from here to visit two different fields in Natal, which had been mentioned to us as suitable spheres for missionary labor. One of these was about ten miles out from Maritzburg. By going on the night train from Estcourt, and out on horseback next day to view the place, and back in time for the evening train, we managed to leave Violet only one day and a part of two nights. Nothing permanent came of this trip; and as Violet had fared so well this time, we were encouraged to undertake another. This was to see a tract of land out from New Castle, about as far by rail from Estcourt as Maritzburg, but in the opposite direction. Arrived in New Castle, the greater part of the forenoon was spent in a vain search for horses, to carry us to our destination. Then rather than return home without seeing the place, we decided to walk the intervening ten miles. This we did, and slept that night in a kraal, in such filthy blankets as they provided, and in the same hut with several natives, both men and women. Many times before and after we slept in a kraal, but usually had with us our own blankets and mat, and were given a hut by ourselves. But having no thought of remaining the night, we of course had nothing with us on this trip; and this being winter and up nearly to the mountains, was sharp and frosty. This was the most uncomfortable night I ever spent in a kraal; and for such unsatisfactory accommodation we were charged

a shilling each, nearly fifty cents for the two. Next day, after viewing the land and surroundings, we tramped back to the station and took the night train for home. We had thus been absent about twice as long as we had expected, and still had not found the opening sought.

It was while returning from the last of these trips that the decision was finally made to look no further in Natal for a suitable field of labor, but to give ourselves up, *living or dying*, for the Inhambane field. The two conditions we had especially desired, in our search for a field, were, plenty of people among whom to work, and a sufficient distance from other missions to make it a really needy field. That these two conditions were fully met and intensified at Inhambane, there could be no doubt. But the unhealthy climate! We had hoped to find the same conditions in a healthy climate, but so far had failed.

The question seemed now reduced to these two alternatives: Shall we labor among a few people, prospectively for many years? Or among many people, for at most only a few years? We were both in excellent health and blessed with a strong and sound constitution. Some one was undoubtedly called to go to the *unhealthy* places, since the commission reads, *"into all the world,"* and *"to every creature."* Should those who go to such places be the physically unsound, or the strong and well? The need was the call in this case.

The decision having been made, we were not long in making the final preparations. Everything in the way of house furnishings was packed and taken this long distance, as it is much more difficult to get such things at Inhambane than in Natal. Passage was taken by the German East Coast steamer, the "General," from Durban

to Inhambane, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. All went well until we reached Delagoa Bay, where we found five hundred Portuguese soldiers, with their officers and accouterments, waiting to embark by this steamer. Made to accommodate but few passengers, there was scarcely standing room for so many on this boat, even on deck. To escape the smoke and unpleasantness, we were confined to our cabins, mostly, for the remainder of the voyage, and were consequently very seasick.

This was about the time of the uprising of the Delagoa Bay natives against the Portuguese Government; and as Gungunyana, the powerful king of the Gaza country, was said to have secretly aided the rebels, a Portuguese army of three thousand, armed with modern guns, was sent out to quell the rebellion and to punish Gungunyana. The five hundred soldiers on board the "General" were a detachment of this army. They landed at Inhambane and marched inland toward Gungunyana's territory. The natives were forced into submission and their king captured, and, with his wives and son, banished to an island off Cape Verde, where he will probably end his days.

Rev. G. H. Agnew tells of an interesting visit some years before the war, to the royal kraal of Gungunyana, at Mandlakazi, near the Limpopo River. He gives this mental photograph of his Royal Highness: "He wore the head-ring of a Zulu chief, and had around his loins some common blue cloth and a few skins, the rest of his body being naked. He had a drunken, licentious look in his eye, and was the picture of a savage tyrant." That the character of the man harmonized with this photograph we have abundant proof in this: "While Gungunyana was said to have been as mild as any, yet he butchered hun-

dreds, merely for the sake of plunder, and to satiate the thirst of his soldiers for human blood." Or in this: "Every year it was customary to kill two boys, mix their flesh with the flesh of oxen, and give the whole mess to the soldiers to eat. The boys were beaten to death with sticks and then cut to pieces. This eating of human flesh was looked upon as strong medicine, which would enable them to slay their enemies."

Aside from this barbarous cruelty we get, from the same missionary, this little insight into the depths of his social and moral corruption. A messenger having been sent on ahead to notify Gungunyana of the approach of a white man, the first question asked was, "Has he any rum?" And the next, "Has he anything to give the king?" When the missionary gained an audience for a few moments with the king, and asked, through an interpreter, if he knew anything about God, he replied that that was a white man's affair, and that black people knew nothing of those things. Gungunyana at that time had no missionary, but a little later, Dr. Leingme and his wife of the Swiss Mission were stationed at the capital; and he, being an experienced surgeon, had considerable influence with Gungunyana; but on his banishment was forced to say good-by forever.

Concerning Gungunyana and the campaign carried on against him, the following appeared as part of an editorial in *Missionary Tidings,* while the author was editor of that paper:

"At the time we went from Natal to Inhambane, June, 1895, a Portuguese force was marching toward the interior against the king's kraal. The very steamer which landed us at Inhambane as the heralds of 'peace on earth, and good

will toward men,' landed also five hundred reinforcements to the band who were intent on subjugation and slaughter; with demijohns of liquor enough to drown the entire company.

"They had marched not many days, over scorching sands and through malarious swamps, until numbers of them were smitten with African fever. During those first few weeks at Inhambane, being near the government road, the most familiar sight that met our eyes was the sick and dying carried past our door, in rough hammocks, made by tying the two ends of a blanket to a long pole; on their way to the hospital at Inhambane, if perchance they got there alive.

"In the prime of life were most of them, many little more than mere boys, risking death in a double sense, to give the natives the gospel of *force*. Yet soldiers of the King of Heaven must take no *risks* in carrying to degraded Africans a gospel of *peace!* Swamps and fever are insuperable obstacles when such is the object in view. But we are loyal subjects, oh, yes! And desire the spread of God's kingdom until he shall have universal dominion!

"Gungunyana evaded open battle, and retreating before the enemy, enticed them deeper and deeper into the meshes. To us who looked on, it seemed a settled policy with Gungunyana, to detain the Portuguese until the rainy season came on, when he knew they would be conquered by fever, without his striking a blow. But in an unguarded moment he was captured, and banished to the distant Azores.

"Dr. Leingme, a very successful Swiss missionary, who had labored several years at Gungunyana's court, was also expelled by the government on the accusation that he had

acted as a spy for Gungunyana. We enjoyed a brief visit from this veteran missionary, on his way to headquarters as an arbitrator between the contending parties, while his brave wife and little ones were left behind, in time of *war,* and *at the mercy of a fickle heathen chief.* But this time, confidence was not misplaced. Gungunyana had learned to discern his friends.

"Today this illustrious chief dwells a stranger in a strange land. Instead of the familiar scenes of his childhood, he looks out from his prison bars upon some weird Azorian scene. Cut off from all his wives and possessions, and confined by the four walls of his prison, outside of which he may not show his head, life to this royal prisoner has lost all its romance. How different the results had he fallen a captive into the hands of the Prince of Peace!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Spying Out the Land and Settling.

"To be like him, I ask to hold
My light where it is dark;
To carry bread to those passed by—
Let this, Lord, be my part."

Arrived off the Inhambane Coast, our steamer awaited the arrival of a pilot to conduct us safely into the bay and to the port. We were too far out, and the town too secluded by the bay, for us to communicate with the pilot; but in passing a certain point from which signals could be sent, we had flashed out our call for a pilot. After waiting fully two days, the captain in no very amiable mood, threatened to take us all on to the next port. I cannot now recall the alleged reason for the long delay; and as this was the only trip I ever made to Inhambane, I am unable to state whether or not such an event is a frequent occurrence. But when at last we sailed into port, I thought I never before had seen anything quite so lovely.

This was Africa—*real tropical Africa*—with her cocoanut palms and orange groves, such as we had imagined Africa to be while still in the homeland. But most wonderful of all, to our astonished gaze, was the native portion of Inhambane. And indeed the town is nearly entirely native, the few exceptions being the Portuguese Government Buildings, and the few business houses and stores, kept principally by Arabs or Indians. I know of but one English-speaking business man residing in the town at that time.

But in the native quarter!—here were row upon row and street upon street, crowded close upon each other, in some places a perfect labyrinth—so different from anything we had seen in other parts of Africa!

About one month before our arrival, Brother Agnew had returned to that field, taking with him his newly wedded wife, formerly Miss Susie Sherman, of the Vanguard Training Home in St. Louis. Brother Agnew being away from home on our arrival, Rev. E. H. Richards, at that time living in the town of Inhambane, took us to his mission quarters and kindly entertained us a few days until Brother Agnew's return, when we went with him to his temporary dwelling place across the bay from Inhambane. As he had no suitable house in which to live, they were at this time occupying a rented Portuguese house in the district of Machichi, and just on the shore of the bay. His mission house at Machichi was afterward located about a mile from this place, further up the hill.

This rented house we shared with them until such time as we could explore the country, select a suitable site for a permanent mission, and erect a grass hut for temporary occupation. The first few days after landing were spent by the men in getting our boxes through the customs and across the bay to Machichi. This done, preparations were at once made to go on an exploring expedition. It was on this trip that Mr. Haviland had his first experience in wading through African swamps; but we may suppose that Brother Agnew, from long practice, had by this time become an expert in swamp-wading; or, better still, had learned to avoid the swamps. However, it so happened that on this trip, they so far lost their bearings

as to strike a large swamp. We shall let Mr. Haviland tell of some of his own experiences at this time:

"In coming to a swamp, impassable, as we thought, by a white man, a native came to our rescue. We were carried, one by one, to high ground, and then proceeded on our way. In crossing another swamp, my companion in travel, to his surprise, found he had been carried by a leper. Of these, we saw a number. A young woman, whose foot was gradually dropping off, drew the sand over it to hide it from our sight. A young man whom we saw working the bellows of a native blacksmith had lost both hands and both feet—they were only stumps. In crossing the lower part of the bay in a boat we were taken to the wrong locality. Here was a swamp through which no man could carry us. We prepared, as best we could, for the trying ordeal (of wading), and got through the black muck and air laden with miasma with much difficulty, after having our bare feet tortured with the small stumps of trees that could not be seen to be avoided. We got back to our loved ones in safety, with a feeling of thankfulness for God's care and protection."

He further adds in the same letter: "In a few days wife and I made a tour and selected a location for our mission. It is on an elevation of several hundred feet above the sea level, and about ten miles from Inhambane. We thought it best to get up as high as possible, other conditions being favorable, as every foot we ascend in a country like this is to get into a more healthy atmosphere. The situation is beautiful, as we can see the ocean in the distance and the whole surrounding country. The waving cocoanut palms are to be seen on every hand, and among them the villages of the natives. We have succeeded in obtaining

about five acres of land of the natives, but the chief will let us have as much more as we need."

These additional words concerning the site of our new mission appeared later in the *Missionary Tidings,* in an editorial entitled "Our Inhambane Home." "The selection of a suitable location for a permanent mission was the subject of much prayerful thought when first we landed at Inhambane. A site as elevated as possible, and at the same time a little sheltered from the too violent gales, and one in the midst of a dense population, were the chief objects sought. But the spot in which these conditions met was the most picturesque imaginable.

"The view from our door rivals description. In front, a few miles away, is the bay, and on the other side of it, the town of Inhambane, with 'Old Ocean' in the distance. In the foreground are native kraals and cocoanut groves, and the lovely variegated cashews, fragrant with bloom, and at the same time loaded with their daily crop of large, rosy or yellow, pear-shaped fruit,—all this loveliness screening from view, except here and there, the no less beautiful picture in the distance. All along to the right of us, and away below us, stretches the bay, repeating in miniature the ocean scenery in front. Think of Inhambane when you sing,

> ' . . . Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.'

"In the low ground between us and the bay are marshes or swamps, and around them a dense population; and somewhere from this marshy ground is obtained the water supply for the neighborhood in which we live, and consequently ours must come from the same place, on the heads

HUT BUILDING—INHAMBANE

1. Native way of building a hut. Roof in foreground. 2. A heathen man finishing grass shingles on roof of hut. 3. School at Cereni out station, 10 miles from headquarters. (After many years.)

of native women, in earthen pots, such as the one seen outside the hut."

It seemed difficult to believe that in this lovely place, with its balmy air, lurked fever and death. But the fact, as stated in the last paragraph, that there were swamps not far away, and that our water came from that region, is sufficient to account for this. And though we were high above the swamps, in the most favorable location to be found, and though we took every precaution about our water, boiling every drop used for drinking purposes, yet the fever invaded our home again and again. But this is anticipating.

Having fixed upon a site, the next step was the erection of a grass hut. The natives were skilled in the building of these huts, while the missionary was entirely inexperienced. Would it not have been the part of wisdom to "let the contract" to a native. Alas! dear reader, I fear our hut would *never* have been ready for occupancy. The natives were engaged to gather the materials and to execute the work; but it required constant spurring up to keep them at it. They were inclined to "rest" all the time if left to themselves. It was necessary for the missionary to stand over them every minute, or work slackened. This detailed account of the construction of our hut, taken also from my editorial, may not be devoid of interest:

"Our hut is modeled after the native pattern. Its circular wall is made by putting sharpened poles firmly in the ground near together; and around these, on the outside, a double layer of plaited reeds; while the inside is thoroughly plastered with red clay,—the work of the women, and finished with a coat of whitewash by *Mfundisi*. The strong hardwood posts on the outside are for the pur-

pose of supporting the roof, the walls being far too frail to bear its weight.

"The roof is, after all, the most important part of the hut, and requires most care and labor. A native arranges several poles on the ground, like the numerous spokes of a wheel. These are deftly and securely fastened at the center, and then woven around with bark rope at intervals of a foot or so throughout their length, each round being drawn tighter to give the bulging shape, and new poles inserted in the ever-widening space. The roof is made large enough to form eaves two or three feet wide as a protection from sun and rain. The framework is at last complete, and twenty or more men are required to lift it to its place on the strong posts.

"The coarse grass for the roof has already been prepared by the natives,—spear by spear it was spread on the ground and woven, at the cut end, with fine strings of bark, into strips several yards in length. These, rolled into bundles, have been brought to us one by one in exchange for *shapaus* (copper coins worth nearly two cents), taking much of our valuable time, until now hundreds of bundles have been collected. Beginning at the eaves, bundle after bundle is carefully unrolled, and the roof encircled with a myriad spiral coils, each round creeping a few inches higher, until at last the apex is reached and our hut is ready for occupancy.

"Perhaps, reader, you are now ready, from these few hints, to undertake the construction of an Inhambane hut. This was the work of my dear husband soon after going to that field. While superintending the building five miles distant from where Brother Agnew was then living, he walked back and forth, morning and evening; the only

alternative being to sleep in a filthy kraal, with such fare as they could give.

"Six weeks from the day we landed at Inhambane found us settled in our hut, which was our only home for over a year. A window in the side and another in the door, a chimney for a small stove, and a sand and cement floor, were all great improvements upon the original design of a native hut. Ours was a great curiosity to the natives, and ourselves a still greater. From morning till night our hut was crowded with people, many times so there was no room to do our necessary work without treading upon some one. Every opportunity was improved to give them the Gospel message; and God's Word, we know, shall not return unto him void."

About the same time we moved into our hut, Brother Agnew and wife moved into a small house made principally of palm leaves and sheets of iron, and having an iron roof. We considered our hut much the more comfortable of the two. They were located about four miles from us, nearer the bay and town of Inhambane, and consequently considerably lower. Cut off, as we now were, from all social intercourse with our own race, we greatly appreciated each other's company and spiritual help and encouragement. Brother Agnew wrote, "Our being so near together will be all right in this country, as there are people enough to keep us all going."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Again at Work.

"Let me not die till I have done for thee
My earthly work whatever it may be;
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled.

"Impress this truth upon me that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone;
For each one in thy vineyard hath a spot,
To labor in for **life**, and weary not."

And now began missionary life *in earnest*. There was no longer any doubt but that we had found the *very spot* in which God would have us labor; and the conviction that it must be "for life" was often forcibly pressed home upon us by the Spirit. With two of our number, it was literally *for life*, and with the other two, I believe it meant a life-long burden for the work in that needy field. The teeming population and the scarcity of missionaries put upon each of us a new responsibility. I think, too, the uncertainty of life and the proximity of eternity had their influence upon each one of us, urging us on to do all and at times more, than our strength would warrant, in our little *day* of life, ever remembering that "the night cometh when no man can work."

From the day we moved into our hut we were seldom alone. The natives were curious to know how white people live, what they have in their houses, what they eat, and a hundred and one other things. This propensity of curiosity led them to flock into our hut, sometimes

thirty or forty at a time, where they would sit by the hour, keenly observing all that went on, even to the minutest details. Our hut was in one large circular room, nearly thirty feet in diameter, so there was no place of quiet retreat where one could slip away when weary of the gaze of so many curious eyes.

The door, in that mild climate, usually stood open from morning till night. They walked in without knocking, and seated themselves—on the floor—without invitation. Quite often the hut was so crowded that it was impossible to walk back and forth from the stove to the table, in doing my necessary housework or preparing a meal, without treading on some of them. Many of these, and the ones who were accustomed to protract their friendly calls longest, were the men and boys who had nothing to do at home and to whom time was no object. Even the women folk, upon whom fell all the labor of family support, never seemed rushed or overworked, as so many weary mothers in our own land. They never borrow trouble. If a piece of work is not finished today, there will be a tomorrow in which to finish it. What need, then, to take thought of the morrow? "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

This amusing incident, related by G. H. Agnew, well illustrates the native disregard of the value of time, a principle which governs in every act of their lives: "Once while on a trip down to a place about one hundred and fifty miles inland, we came to a village and inquired if they had any eggs for sale. A native brought us five eggs, and asked one shilling's worth of cloth for them. We reminded him that one shilling was the price of five fowls. 'Well,' he replied, 'are these not five fowls?' The idea was

that, in course of time these eggs would develop into fowls. In his estimation time was nothing."

Like the Zulus, the Inhambane natives do not know their own ages. They count time to some extent by the seasons or by the moons, but never in years. They have no names for the days of the week, and do not know Sunday from any other day until taught by the missionaries. They have no timepieces, but tell the time of day by the position of the sun. Neither do they have any words to express distance. In telling how far it is to a certain place, they will point to where the sun will probably be when you reach there. This practice, in a modified form, is habitually used by the English in Natal. In telling how far away a certain place is, they will say "It is so many hours," meaning it will take so many hours on horseback to reach it. This seems rather indefinite, as there is all the difference imaginable in the speed of different equestrians.

The natives were profuse in their expressions of wonder and admiration of the rich (?) furnishings of the white man's hut. "These *abelungu,* white people, must all be kings and queens," was a daily expression among them. I should have mentioned that in the confusion of landing the soldiers and their outfits at Inhambane, there was some mistake about our goods, so that about half our boxes were missing. As our steamer was en route for Germany by way of the East Coast, and would thence return around the West Coast of Africa, we waited with all the patience we could command, for her return trip, hoping to recover our goods. But after an absence of three months or more, when she again appeared in our harbor, nothing could be heard of the lost boxes, including Mr.

Haviland's trunk. Another three months we waited, and then recovered from the steamship company compensation, in part, for our lost goods.

Thus we found ourselves without a bedstead, and many another article equally indispensable to the most frugal housekeeping. And as there was no place in Inhambane where such things could be purchased, their places were supplied by home-made furnishings—bedstead, wardrobe, cupboard, bookcase, and medicine case, all made of packing boxes. These, with the exception of the bedstead, were all raised a convenient distance from the floor, and supported on hardwood pillars, as a protection against dampness and white ants; and to relieve somewhat the bare forbidding appearance, were draped with the common blue cloth so much in demand among the natives. Such, then, was the palatial furnishing which led the natives to believe we must be of royal lineage.

All this evidence of wealth (?) could not fail to provoke covetous desires in the hearts of the natives, who were not at all backward in asking us to share with them our superabundance of earthly goods; and in case of hesitancy or refusal on our part, they had a polite way of helping themselves. They might be described as "light-fingered," but it seems to me "light-toed" would be far more expressive. All go in their bare feet the year round—in fact, never had on shoes in their lives—and, therefore, have very good use of their toes. Many times they picked up small articles dropped by Violet, and carried them out between their toes, and when at a safe distance, as they supposed, from the hut, were seen to take them from between their toes and carry them away in triumph.

The presence of so many and such constant visitors became very tiresome, to say the least, and often positively annoying. And this can be the more readily understood when it is remembered that in the promiscuous crowd which thronged our hut were often *lepers,* in all stages of that loathsome disease, some of them hideous looking creatures without fingers or toes, and with features so distorted as hardly to be recognizable as human beings. Such walked in at the open door, along with the others, and sat as long as they liked. You perhaps shudder at the thought of a leper entering your home! Remember, lepers at Inhambane run at large, and mingle freely with those not yet contaminated by this "living death."

Almost as repulsive were the drunken men, who made our hut their rendezvous, squatting on their haunches on the floor, by the hour, and talking their drunken rabble. Especially disagreeable and trying was this on those days when husband was away on business to Inhambane. On such days he had to start very early, to walk the five miles to the landing, and catch a boat crossing the bay by the first tide. A little study of the phenomena of tides will explain the fact that at some times there were two tides and at other times only one, in the course of the day. In the last case, the tide at its flow was deep and strong, and at its ebb receded far out into the bay, leaving the sand which formed the bed of the bay, high, if not quite dry. The tide being favorable, it was rarely that business could be dispatched, a boat secured, and the return journey completed short of sundown or dark; and quite frequently it was long after dark. It was usually necessary to go without food from the time he set out in the early morning, until his return at that late hour.

And no less wearing and wearying had been the day at home in his absence. Constantly exposed to the inroads of lepers and drunken men, not knowing what hostile attitude the latter might any moment assume, on the alert against sly thieving, exposed to the curious gaze of all, ministering to the sick in body and the sick in soul, the strain was so great that such a day was usually followed by an attack of fever more or less severe. One drunken man, a near neighbor, was especially obnoxious, and so bold and impudent as to cause me to feel very uncomfortable in his presence. When asked to take his leave, he positively refused, and sat until he was ready to go.

A few days after this, Brother Agnew's family were with us, and we were all sitting at the dinner table when the same drunken man came staggering in at the open door, and was promptly requested to withdraw until we had finished our meal. Can you realize, dear reader, the nauseating effect of such an intrusion, and imagine yourself suddenly losing all appetite? The man again refused to go, just as he had done aforetime; whereupon the two missionary men served him after the manner of an unruly schoolboy—gave him a sound flogging. After this the man frequently passed our hut, many times so drunk he could not walk straight; but steering clear of the hut, with face set as a flint straight forward, he pursued his course without even so much as glancing toward the hut.

This was the first, and I believe the only case of such disciplining in our experience at Inhambane. It was effectual in ridding us of a very disagreeable man, but we feared he was thus lost to the saving influences of the Gospel. But at a later date, Mr. Haviland wrote: "The

man who was whipped for his impudence when in an intoxicated condition is very respectful now, and his family more friendly than ever. We heard the young people of his kraal singing and praying one evening recently. We live in hope of seeing salvation times." In order to hold those whom we would reach, much had to be endured. Had we driven them all away a few times, we had soon had no people among whom to labor.

The windows of our hut were always a great wonder to the natives, and the source of some little annoyance to us. The natives evidently believed the windows were there *solely for their convenience,* in order that they might see from the outside what was going on inside, when the door happened to be closed. I may say, the windows were utilized more from without than from within. There were damp, chilly days, when it would have been far more comfortable with the door closed; there were times when, wearied with the continual coming and going, a few minutes' quiet would have been a luxury; there were even critical times when some one within was lying at the very point of death with the fever, and when perfect quiet seemed a necessity. But in each and all of these cases it was the same.

A dozen black greasy faces, and as many pairs of grimy hands against the pane, made the hut almost as dark as though there had been no window; while the marks of grease and paint left behind after such a visitation kept the glass, for the most part, in a condition not as highly transparent as might be desired. If in extreme cases of sickness the natives were requested to withdraw in quietness, they would likely take to their heels, like wild deer, while some one was after them; but by the time that

one was inside, they would be around to the other window, as noisy and troublesome as ever. Remember, these were not mischievous boys and girls alone, but even young women, and frequently mothers with their babies on their backs.

As has been stated, the Inhambane natives know nothing of Sunday. We could not here, as at Fair View, hoist the white flag to call them to church; for to these kraals, enshrouded in cocoanut groves, the white flag would not have been visible. Kraals were plentiful, and within easy walking distance, and all down between us and the bay was a dense population; but all these were screened from view. We wrote home emphasizing our need of a good, clear-sounding bell, to be used in calling the people to church and school, and especially to let them know when it was the Sabbath.

In the interval while waiting for the bell, we taught them on *every day,* and made every day a day for service, though only one for rest. Our congregation was around us from morning till night, so there was no trouble to get an audience at any hour. Many times a day we found time from our necessary work to hold a little informal service, consisting of reading and singing in their own language, and having them repeat after us verses of Scripture or portions of the catechism. This was the seed-sowing time. It was certainly *virgin soil* upon which we were sowing. In order to have any hope of a future harvest, it was necessary that we should in the morning sow our seed, and in the evening withhold not our hand, and in season and out of season be up and at it and always at it.

"Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home."

CHAPTER XXV.

Progressing Slowly.

"Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

"Nor heed the shaft so surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last
The victory of endurance born."
—William C. Bryant.

As has been seen, there was not much opportunity for a systematic study of the language. Separated after only six weeks from Brother Agnew, the only one near us who knew the language, we had to depend entirely upon our individual efforts, with the blessing of the Lord. Our study of Zulu, however, had laid the foundation for the Gitonga; as the two, and in fact all the Bantu languages, while employing in each case a different vocabulary and inflections, have strong points of similarity in construction. This fact, together with our constant practice in the use of the language, enabled us to make rapid progress. Thus our daily services soon became more intelligible to the natives, and branched out from mere quotations of Scripture to short expositions and exhortations on the same.

Violet, in imitation of what she saw, would gather the native children around her and hold a service, too. This was before she could talk. The native children had by this time learned several Gitonga hymns, which they would

sing, Violet joining in heartily, in spirit, if not as yet in understanding. She would then insist on every child getting upon its knees while they prayed. In this she had to take the lead, as they were hardly far enough advanced in religion to lead in prayer. For a few moments, in the greatest earnestness, and in the true spirit of worship, she *prayed,* the "amen" at the end of which all joined, being the only word intelligible to us. But who shall say that this child-worship was not truly *prayer,* ascending as sweet incense to the throne? Or that it was not translated by the Holy Spirit into Heaven's own language as readily, and brought the answer of peace as surely, as if it had been a much more voluble and pretentious prayer?

Let me explain here that Violet was just beginning to speak in Zulu when we left Natal. Coming where a new and strange language was spoken necessarily confused and hindered her. When at last she did speak, it was in Gitonga, rather than in English. And although she understood English when spoken to her, yet she habitually and from choice used Gitonga.

In about two months from the time we moved into our hut an attempt was made to start a school. The place seemed swarming with bright children of school age, and strong hopes were entertained of making this part of the work very successful. But Inhambane natives, alas, were even less awake to the importance or benefits of a school than the Zulus had been. Mr. Haviland wrote not more than a month after landing: "A man brought seven boys to me the other day and said he wanted them taught; so it is possible that in time we will have a good school. It is difficult, however, to get the natives to see the value

of education. It is one of the difficulties that must be surmounted on this field."

Concerning the opening of the school, this appeared: "Last Monday we began school on a small scale. I say small, because we are able to hold these people such a short time each day, and the instruction must be of the simplest kind. The attendance is quite large; but we have only the children from the nearest kraals." But sad to relate, long before this word got to America, the school, as such had entirely evaporated. The first school week ended hopefully. On Friday I explained to my pupils that there would be no school on the following day, it being the day to make preparation for the Sabbath; and that the next day after, being Sabbath, we would all come to learn in "God's School," and that on Monday we would come again to go on with our learning. But the interval from Friday to Monday was too long to retain the interest of the fickle native mind. By Monday morning my scholars were scattered; some had gone to the seashore, others here or there, so that, much to my chagrin, nothing could be found of my school. They were not, at that time, ripe for school.

However, they continued to come around our hut in such numbers as to call forth this comment: "Our hut is crowded most of the time from morning till night, so that there is hardly room to do our necessary work without treading on them. We suppose it would be hard to tell why they come. Surely it is not because they are anxious to hear our message. They sit and listen to what little we are able to tell them in Gitonga of the wonderful words of life; but oh, the indifference, the slowness with which they comprehend spiritual things!"

A little truth was thus getting into their minds, and we hoped into their hearts. And now regularly, in the early evening, coming from the neighboring kraals, might be heard the sound of Gospel song—the clear voices of the children ringing out on the night air, as sitting around the fire in the midst of the kraal, they were teaching their parents what they had learned at the mission. These same children thus became active, though unconscious, evangelizing agents, and that, too, before their conversion. And was not this sweet music to our ears?

> "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
> In a believer's ear!"

And this is true, at any time, under any circumstances. But how doubly sweet was this sound when it came from heathen lips, which only so recently had learned 'that name which is above every name!'

> "People and realms of every tongue,
> Dwell on his name with sweetest song;
> And infant voices loud proclaim,
> Their young hosannas to his name."

Another and alas! a far more familiar sound in that neighborhood, as it impressed us at the time, was thus described: "How they do rejoice in the works of darkness! Almost every night, until into the midnight hours, we can hear them in their revels, dancing and singing to the music of their drums and pianos. At a distance their shouts of enjoyment sound like the shouts of saints filled with the Spirit; and one could almost imagine himself in the midst of a rousing camp meeting. Alas, that it should all be imagination!"

Coming from the depths of such darkness, can you wonder at the urgent appeal for the prayers of the saints with which this letter closed? Whether or no the language used is stronger than the necessities of the case required, judge ye. Words seemed powerless to express the real situation, as seen and felt on the field of battle. This was the feeble attempt to get the case on the hearts of God's people:

"Will the saints help us pray that where sin now abounds, grace may much more abound? We wish we could emphasize every word until it would sink into the heart of every child of God, enforcing the importance, the necessity of prevailing prayer, at home as well as on the field, to break this awful darkness. . . . Do not think you have done your full duty, even though you have given liberally of your means. Will you not go into your closet and *pray, pray,* until God melts you with love for these heathen; *pray,* till you feel like giving your life for them, as others have and are doing! Then when you are melted with *fervent love,* pray for an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit on this part of his moral vineyard. *Be definite, be importunate, be believing, and God will come.*"

This does not sound like the statement often made from the pulpit that it is so easy to get the heathen saved. One who can make such a statement evidently knows little of the toils, and discouragements, and heartaches, and intense burden of soul, which, I believe, on every heathen field must precede the glorious ingathering of souls. The herald of the Cross has declared eternal war against the enemy of all righteousness. "Unconditional surrender" is the ultimatum. The field of battle is in the old familiar

haunts of the enemy, where he has for ages held undisputed sway, and where he has measured every inch to be covered. It was said of the Boers, the reason they were able to protract the war so long was because they *knew every inch of territory*. By retreating into mountain strongholds they were able to hold out and harass and entrap the British troops, long after they knew their case was a "forlorn hope." The same was true of Gungunyana, retiring before the Portuguese army, deeper and deeper into the swamps. The missionary soldier at Inhambane finds himself single-handed, without the language, exposed to frequent and severe attacks of fever, face to face with the Prince of Darkness on his own usurped territory. Think you the victory will be an easy one? I tell you, nay. It means,

> "We have drawn the sword for victory,
> And the scabbard thrown away."

It means to plunge the dagger to the hilt into the very heart of heathenism. It means, *probably,* to pour out your own life blood in the conflict. But it means *victory* in the end,—to *'conquer, though you die.'*

> "We want no cowards in our band,
> Who will their colors fly;
> We call for valiant-hearted men,
> Who are not afraid to die."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Itinerating.

"Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

"Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown."

—J. Montgomery.

At this time, while Sister Agnew kept me company, the brethren took a trip to Nyanjele, of which the following is the account, written by Mr. Haviland to the missionary secretary. It will give an idea, not only of the size of this circuit, but of the difficulties of traveling the same. Perhaps not many itinerant preachers would care to exchange circuits:

"Let me inform you of the missions aside from our work, which so far have been opened and are now in operation in the Inhambane district. They are three in number. The station occupied by the Church of England is on the bay. A lady teacher of the same denomination has recently opened a school for Mohammedan children in the town of Inhambane. Bishop Taylor's missionaries were all at Kambini, but when we last heard expected soon to divide their forces, and part of them occupy Mokodweni. These three stations are all northeast of Inhambane. In almost a southerly direction, one hundred and fifty miles

Bread Tree of Central Africa.

distant, toward the mouth of the Limpopo River, is Dr. Leingme of the Swiss missionary society. Thus you see how little has yet been done, in the Inhambane district to establish missions.

"The work of our church is southwest of Inhambane. The field is large. From the station we now occupy, one can travel three hundred miles north, two hundred and fifty miles west, and more than one hundred miles south without coming in contact with a single missionary or the work of any society.

"We recently made a tour inland, to hold salvation services and to look over part of the unoccupied territory. Our company consisted of Rev. G. H. Agnew, a native helper, two carriers for our luggage, and myself. We thought the rainy season was near at hand, so we prepared as best we could for it, but to our delight no rain came. The objective point was Nyarime Lake, which is about eighty miles distant, or about twenty miles beyond the station opened by Rev. W. W. Kelley and party. We started on October 23rd in a southwesterly direction, and reached Chereni in the evening.

"We left about four o'clock the next morning, and went on till we came to Bambambeni. We visited the chief of this place. He told us he wanted his children taught. He gave us a piece of land on which to erect a meeting house. We will arrange for said building in the near future, probably on our next visit. The people are many in this locality, who never heard the Gospel. At a military station farther on, we met a young married native man, who in time past has felt touches of heavenly fire. He is drawing good wages from the government as a carpenter. We are

praying that he may again get into the will of God, and be a coworker with him and us.

"The next point of interest we visited was Malehisi. Here we own a piece of land, purchased long ago of a French trader. The land of the mission is at the head of a kraal. It is a good spot for a meeting house. We engaged a man to put up one of reeds and grass, and expect it to be completed soon. We enjoyed eating the fruit picked from our trees. We quenched our thirst with the milk of the cocoanut. We ate the custard apple, which is very rich in flavor. Later on, peaches, mangoes, and oranges will be ripe. A very short walk brought us to a kraal with over one hundred huts in it. At the two or three services held at this point in going and returning, we not only had a goodly number of the kraal people, but carriers from other parts of the country, who stopped to rest in taking provisions to the army, on the borders of Gungunyana's territory.

"Madovela was the next place we visited. In journeying in this region one might think there were no people near; but frequently well-trodden footpaths are to be seen, and these go through thickets of trees and vines into big villages of natives. Patagwane was reached, after a long morning walk. We were weary, but we sang spiritual songs, making melody in our hearts to the Lord. After our service the young men tried to entertain us by playing on their pianos and other instruments of music (?). We did not fare as well here for food as at some other places. The natives told us of there being in this region hyenas, wildcats, hippopotami, leopards, etc.; but they do not make their appearance in the daytime. Here our path led through thickets of trees and overhanging vines, which made one feel that surely he was in the wilds of Africa.

"We were now in the Nyanjele country. We passed on till our feet touched the mission grounds. We knelt at Sister Lincoln's grave, and as we prayed, our hearts were strangely warmed with new missionary fire and zeal. Sister Lincoln's grave has an evergreen hedge around it, which marks well the burial place of her 'who being dead, yet speaketh.' In these parts there are fine orange groves, and the country is very thickly populated. The trouble on the border with Gungunyana has led many of the peaceable natives to move to this locality. We engaged a young man to put up a native chapel near Sister Lincoln's grave.

"The journey was the longest ever taken on foot by the writer. He tried walking in his stocking feet the last day of the tour, on which we walked over thirty-two miles. The hot sand blistered his feet badly. By the blessing of the Lord, we intend to get and to keep the fire of holy love burning all along the line of our circuit. The circuit cannot be traveled in a soft-cushioned buggy, nor in a railway train. A donkey is long-lived here, and is just what we need. The price of one is seventy-five dollars. We did not know but that in roughing it so by night and day we would have a touch of the fever. We took some quinine along with us, but we had no occasion to use it. We kept well all the time. We are asking the Lord to send us several native young men, and to prepare them to accompany us to sing, pray, and exhort. We think the board should furnish us funds to carry on work on our new circuit. Two hundred dollars a year would not be too much."

Yours in the holy war,

J. J. Haviland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Study of Inhambane Natives.

"Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.

"Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more."

—H. Auber.

The Inhambane natives, to all appearances, have as perfect *physiques* as the Zulus, though they are probably not quite so athletic; as the former have cultivated the arts of peace, while the latter are a race of born warriors. I never saw any of the military drill among them which is so common among the Zulus. That they are not wanting in physical strength, however, is shown in the case of the men when acting as hammock carriers; and in the case of the women when carrying prodigious loads long distances on their heads, walking perfectly erect the while; or in the case of men, women, and children, in their ability to walk long distances without great fatigue. The girls are early taught to carry loads on their heads proportional to their strength, to carry the babies on their backs, to dig in the gardens, and to assist in preparing the food; and, in fact, are quite thoroughly drilled in all the duties which will afterward fall to their lot as married women. There can never, therefore, be such a calamity among them, as

a young woman becoming a wife while still in ignorance of domestic duties.

A stranger might see but little difference in the personal appearance of the Zulus and Batonga. And yet there are many points of difference. The head-ring of the Zulu man is seldom seen at Inhambane, and the women never do their hair with paint after the manner of the Zulu women. The hair is usually barbered after some fantastic style, it being the ambition evidently to be *out* of the fashion, rather than *in,* each individual originating a fashion of his own. Thus one side of the head is often shaved smooth, while on the other side the hair is allowed to grow; or parts of the head are shaved to form crossbars, triangles, crescents, and almost every other conceivable design.

The faces of the Batonga girls are usually tattooed, something jet black being pricked into the skin, which is dark brown. Three of these black spots are tattooed on each cheek, and perhaps three in the center of the forehead—"beauty marks," we were disposed to call them; as this is the light in which they are viewed by the natives. The tattooing is done in childhood, and doubtless causes much pain. The little girl's body is further beautified (?) by being gashed with a knife all over her abdomen, and the scars of these places, when healed, are also "beauty marks." I never counted how many of these scars there are upon her body, but should say that thirty or forty is a very low estimate. I see that what I have written sounds immodest; but remember the dress is such that one cannot help but see these scars every day, yea every hour of the day.

The dress of the Batonga is, however, much more decent than that of the Zulus. Neither *mootcha* nor ox hide

skirt are to be found here,—perhaps logically because there are no cattle at Inhambane to furnish the hides. These people, both men and women, substitute cloth for skins, which is, on the whole, a great improvement, as the cloth can be washed; and while they would come far short, if measured by our standard, yet as compared with the Zulus, the Batonga are models of cleanliness.

The usual length of cloth worn by a woman is about two yards, never measured, however, with a yard-stick, but by the *bemba,* which is the distance one can reach with both hands extended horizontally and latterly as far as possible. This is, on an average, about two yards, but differs very much according to whose arms measure it. As my arms are probably as long as those of the average woman, with a little margin for good measure, a yard-stick was prepared on that basis, so we might have a uniform measure. But few ever complained of their *bemba* being too short. The women would bring so many pots of water for a *bemba* of cloth, or gather so many bundles of wood, or work so many hours in the garden. The men would carry the hammock a certain distance and be paid in *shapaus* or in *bembas.* The *shapau* is a Portuguese copper coin worth about two cents.

The *bemba* is worn by the women, wrapped lengthwise tightly around their bodies, so as to form a short skirt reaching almost to the knees. Often another smaller *bemba,* or even a large colored handkerchief, is tied around the body just under the arms. The men also wear the *bemba* as a loin cloth on all occasions, and on special occasions wear another much larger square of bright colored cloth, somewhat resembling a table spread. This is passed

Inhambane Hut.

around the body just under the right arm, and tied over the left shoulder.

With the exception of these *bembas,* everything worn by the Inhambane natives is for ornament, rather than for covering. The bead ornaments of the Zulus are here replaced by something more substantial. Numbers of wire bracelets and anklets are worn, covering a space of several inches on arm or leg. There are native smiths who manufacture these. There are clumsy, clattering necklaces made from the horns of wild animals, or imitations of the same, made from wood. Strings of shells are wound around the ankles, so as to rattle when they walk. These are particularly conspicuous on their dancing occasions, when they all stamp together.

The huts of the Batonga are much superior to those already described, the walls being higher and separate from the roof, and the doors much more civilized in appearance than the three-foot high opening to a Zulu hut. The furniture is better, the Bontonga being quite ingenious along certain lines. They manufacture earthenware vessels and burn them to harden them. All their water pots, beer pots, and cooking vessels, are made in this way. Their eating bowls are, for the most part, made of wood, a solid piece of which is hollowed out to make a flat bowl. This is ornamented by burning various designs on the outside. Quite artistic dippers are made from cocoanut shells, both dipper and handle being freely ornamented by burning. Baskets of many different kinds are manufactured by the men—large flaring baskets holding from half a bushel to a bushel, in which the meal is sifted by a dexterous process of shaking and tossing; neat, covered baskets of as great capacity, strong, and of tasty design; large and small

covered bags, shaped like a schoolboy's bag, but made of splints of wood, and utilized for a great variety of purposes. There are eating mats and sleeping mats, and pillows of neater design and more highly ornamented than the Zulu pillows already described, but not a whit softer, as they are small blocks of wood which fit under the *neck* and hold it up to the height of perhaps six inches. There is really no support for the head, only just at the base of the *medulla oblongata.*

The kraals in the Inhambane country are also far larger and neater than any we ever saw in Natal. The Zulus build theirs in a circle with a central enclosure for the cattle; the Batonga, in rows or streets, leaving a broad central avenue which is tramped hard, and on which not a spear of grass or a weed is allowed to grow. The Zulus, until more or less civilized, never have such a thing as a fruit tree or a shade tree around their kraals. The Batonga, near the coast, always have rows of cocoanut palms, planted on either side of the avenue; and further inland, where the palm does not thrive, the avenues of the large well-kept villages are lined with beautiful orange trees. Many other kinds of fruit trees may be found here and there among the kraals, as well as banana and pine-apple plants, which are quite plentiful. So there is an air of thrift and comfort, as well as a certain picturesqueness of scenery, about an Inhambane kraal, which is altogether wanting in a Zulu kraal.

The variety of foodstuffs here is much greater than among Natal natives. Here, as there, Indian corn is the staple, the corn being ground into meal by the women, not between stones as in Natal, but by pounding it in large wooden mortars. It is then made into thick mush. With

the mush is always eaten some kind of gravy, of which these people make several kinds; cocoanuts, peanuts, and *jikurushu* or cashew nuts, furnishing the base for three different kinds.

The cocoanuts, gathered fresh from the trees, must first be taken out of the large outer husk. This is a woody, fibrous covering several inches in thickness, and removable only by chopping it off piecemeal with an ax or hatchet. The meat is taken from the shell and grated fine as if for cake. Warm water is then poured over the grated cocoanut and it is allowed to stand for a time, after which it is thoroughly pressed and squeezed in the hands, to get out all the oil and juices. The pulp, now tasteless as so much sawdust, is strained out and thrown away; while to the milk-like juice may be added fish, shellfish, crabs, or any kind of fresh or dried meat, and the whole is thickened with a little flour or meal. For salt, those near the coast condense the sea water into strong brine, and add a small quantity of this brine when cooking. Most of the natives like their food very hot with red peppers. Leaving out this ingredient, their gravies are quite palatable.

Large peanut gardens are cultivated for the express purpose of making peanut gravy. The unroasted peanuts are shelled and pounded in a small mortar, to a fine meal, which is used in thickening the gravy to any kind of meat. The peanut thrives over a much larger area than the cocoanut, which does not do well away from the salt air of the coast.

Jikurushu, or cashew nuts, require to be first roasted in the fire, then removed from the shell and ground into meal. The roasting process is more properly burning them to a crisp. The shell of these nuts is rich in oil, and when

a fire of leaves and twigs is built over them, the shells readily ignite and burn with a flash as though they had been saturated with coal oil. The natives know when they have burned enough, and beat out the fire in time to prevent their being entirely consumed. By gently tapping the charred shell, the nut is removed in good shape, and often entire. These nuts are very rich and tasty.

The natives cultivate the manioc or cassava shrub, the large tuberous roots of which, roasted in the hot ashes, form an important article of food. It is the nearest approach to our common Irish potato of anything to be found at Inhambane, but far less appetizing or digestible, it seems to me. This food is familiarly called *farina*.

Chickens are to be found in nearly every kraal; but neither chickens nor eggs are much used by the natives as food. Cattle and sheep can hardly be said to exist at all at Inhambane, so few are they and far between. Goats, being more hardy, are frequently seen, and a few pigs, —gaunt, sunfish-shaped creatures, running at large in the woods.

The native drinks are, if anything, more abundant and varied than their foods, all of them being intoxicating. These are all classed under the general head of *wadwa;* but each particular kind has its own specific name. I cannot now remember all the different names; but they make one kind from corn, another from farina, another from pineapples, another from the sap of the cocoanut palm, another from oranges, and still another from the fruit of the cashew tree. In fact, it would be hard to find a single grain or fruit or vegetable at Inhambane that is not perverted from its natural, legitimate use, and man-

FAMILIAR SCENES AT INHAMBANE.

1. Blossom of a cocoanut tree. 2. Natives drawing water from a well in a large swamp, and Missionary Haley. 3. A heathen woman tattooed for beauty.

ufactured into an intoxicating drink. A few of these are so interesting as to require a little further comment.

One of these is *sura,* obtained from the sap of the cocoanut palm. On the top of the tree, in the center of the large branching leaves, comes the fresh, tender shoot, which would later develop into the large cluster of cocoanuts. The natives cut off this shoot, and the sap oozing from the wound is carefully caught in a bottle or small gourd, tied to the cut end of the shoot and allowed to remain overnight. The few hours' exposure to the air is all that is necessary to ferment this sap, and make it into an intoxicating drink. This was the drink which ensnared our boy Malejisi, as will be related a little further on. I was told by missionaries that this *sura* is a good substitute for yeast, and used it a few times in making bread, with good success.

Another of these drinks is *vinyu,* made from the juice of the orange. I was much pleased on a trip back from the coast, to see the lovely orange groves in every kraal, and regarded them as a mark of thrift on the part of the natives. What was my surprise and disappointment to learn from Tom, my helper, that the orange is not cultivated as a food, the natives caring little for it as such; but that one of their very worst intoxicating drinks is made from this luscious fruit!

Still another drink, and near the coast the most common and plentiful of all, is *kanju,* made from the *jinganju,* or fruit of the cashew tree. I have already mentioned *jikurusku,* the nuts of this tree, as being utilized by the natives in making one of their gravies. This is the most remarkable tree I ever saw, as it bears a fruit and a nut at the same time, and bears not only one crop in a season,

but bears a daily crop for about three months, or as long as the rains continue to fall regularly. It presents the unique spectacle of blossom, half-grown and mature fruit, all side by side on the same tree. The blossom gives place to a green, kidney-shaped nut, which grows rapidly for a few days, and meantime the tree is daily loaded with blossoms, containing myriads more of embryo nuts, ready to follow close upon the first day's crop. When the nut is full grown, in a single night, almost as if by magic, there is developed on its upper end a large, rosy or yellow pear-shaped fruit about three inches long. This ripens in a day and falls to the ground; but by tomorrow the tree is again loaded with a fresh crop, and so on all through the rainy season. This fruit is very juicy and has only to lie in the hot sun a short time to start fermentation. The natives squeeze out the juice and easily make it into one of their worst intoxicants.

Further, the Inhambane natives know how to distill their liquor, and they manufacture it, not only for their own use, but for export to other parts. Every kraal has its own distillery, which, though crude, answers every purpose. The process of distilling is as follows: The juice is squeezed from the fruit and allowed to stand about two days to thoroughly ferment. It is then put into a large earthen pot of their own manufacture and covered over with another pot of the same size; with a joint of gas piping, obtained from traders, between the two pots. The rim of contact between the two is well plastered with clay to prevent the steam from escaping. The pipe projecting from between the pots, rests in a trough of cold water, which acts as a condenser. As the pot boils, the

steam escaping by the pipe is condensed and drips into a bottle at the end of the pipe, *distilled damnation.*

And what does all this prove? If it proves anything at all, it proves conclusively that the Inhambane tribes are a superior people, capable mentally of accomplishing much. For who shall say that a people intelligent and ingenious enough to manufacture an intoxicating drink out of everything that grows, and even to devise processes for the distillation of the same,—who shall say that these same people are not capable of receiving the Gospel if they had half a chance? It is gloriously possible that they may yet learn to employ their powers in more honorable service than that of making intoxicating drinks. Gloriously possible, but altogether improbable, until the church of God awakes to her duty and privilege toward the heathen, and is as zealous and untiring in her efforts for the *salvation* of men, as is Satan and all his agents for their *destruction.* I submit the following poem, as a dark but true picture of the fatal mistake made, alas! by too many who bear the name of Christian:

THE DEACON'S MISTAKE

"Just outside of Boston City,
A distillery towers high;
And of rum, three thousand gallons
Is its average supply.
Ninety cents from every gallon
Uncle Sam is to collect,
Under the consideration
That the business he protect.

"Every gallon of this liquor,
With its awful weight of woes,
Goes to rage among the heathen,
Where the Congo River flows.
There it breathes upon its victims
All its venom, all its blight;

Gnaws upon their very vitals—
Adds more darkness to their night.

"Why allow this monstrous evil,
In this Christian land so fair?
Vending forth its bitter cursing
On the heathen over there?
Men who have the light of Jesus,
(This is sad, but facts are facts)—
By their ballots keep it running,
Just to help to pay their tax.

"In a quiet country village,
It is missionary day.
The good people came together,
Came to work, and talk, and pray,
In the interest of missions.
How their hearts with love do glow,
As they listen to the story,
Of the heathen's night of woe!

"Next in order a collection,—
All who can must give today;
Others gave their names as willing
At some future time to pay.
Deep the interest in that meeting;
Heaven seemed to move that way,
As the leader turned and gently
Called on Deacon Pearse to pray.

"Now the deacon got in earnest;
How he prayed, 'Thy kingdom come,
And amid this fearful darkness,
Blessed Lord, thy will be done!'
How the congregation melted!
Why, the heavens seemed to bend,
And drop down their richest blessings,
Ere the deacon said, 'Amen.'

"Deacon Pearse, on 'lection morning,
Hurried promptly to the poll;
For mission work and politics
Had stirred his inmost soul.
It was ordered by the meeting.
That upon election day,
He should gather in the money;
To the deacon, all must pay.

"In one hand he holds the money,
That in righteousness must sow
Seeds of truth, in lands of darkness;
It, to scatter light, must go.
In the other hand, a ballot—
He is just about to vote;
But alas! it favors liquor,—
Pours it down the heathen's throat.

"On that day for both he labored,
For his ballot and his prayer.
Which will prove the most effectual?
Which will get the sooner there?
For he voted for the heathen,
Just as surely as he prayed.
If they go, as he directed,
There'll be trouble, I'm afraid.

"For his prayer would breathe a blessing
On that land so void of peace;
It would make them mild and gentle;
All their war and strife would cease.
But the liquor!—Lord deliver,
For the devil surely knows,
If he gets it to the heathen,
This good prayer it will oppose.

"At the missionary meeting,
Who helped Deacon Pearse to pray?
Did the same unearthly power
Move his vote on 'lection day?
Must we not resist the evil,
To the devil give no place?
O great God of understanding,
Mix more wisdom with our grace!"

—Rev. Samuel K. Wheatlake, by per.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Further Study of Inhambane Natives.

"Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself has bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

"Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember Lord, thy dying groans;
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
Oh, claim them for thy ransomed ones."
—Charles Wesley.

At Inhambane, as in Natal, polygamy prevails, but the marriage laws are laxer. A girl is given more power of choice, and it is easier for a woman to break an uncongenial matrimonial alliance; in which case, her relatives must refund the price paid for her. There being no cattle in the Inhambane country, the value of a wife is computed in pounds sterling, instead of in cattle. The average price here is about £20, or $100.00. But only a small part of this is demanded in advance. Sometimes a man is several years in discharging his debt. It is customary for a young man to make a small payment down, secure his bride *on trial,* stay with her a few months, and then go away to Johannesburg and work in the gold mines to pay for her. All this is in striking contrast to the Zulus, who demand payment in full, and in advance, before they will give up their daughters.

While it seemed shocking to us that women should be thus bought and sold, yet I am not sure but that, in this

fair land, there are cases in which it would insure better treatment of the wife, if the husband were required to pay something for her; and the knowledge that, for improper or brutal treatment, the wife's relatives had at any time the power to demand her back, would certainly have a most salutary effect on many a civilized (?) husband.

Speaking of the condition of women in Central Africa, Mr. Douglas M. Thornton, in *Africa Waiting,* has this to say, and the same is especially true of the Batonga of East Africa: "The position of women in Central Africa is quite enviable when compared with the lives of drudgery from morning till night of hundreds of thousands in Europe and America. They labor in the field as a rule from choice and not from compulsion. Their influence in the home, over their children and often over their husbands also, is very great."

He further says of Africans in general: "Africans are also very hospitable. They will share the last morsel with their friends, and often provide for the entertainment of travelers as long as they are in the country. They are also exceedingly fond of play, and full of spirits. . . . They race and wrestle, and are born mimics. . . . Africans find simple delight in all the creatures and insects of the universe, in a way unknown among the peasantry of England. In many places, however, they have as yet no words to express delicate shades of color."

Growing wild around our Inhambane home were beautiful pink and white lilies. Some of the bulbs were dug up and planted in our yard, that we might the better enjoy their beauty and fragrance. The natives seemed

much mystified at this, and asked at once, "Can you eat it?" This is the standard by which they measure all things that grow; and if a thing can be neither eaten nor drunk it is at once set down as superfluous.

As not much is made of the marriage contract among the Batonga, so the marriage feast is not here observed as among the Zulus. A funeral among the Batonga, is always more of an event than a wedding. All the big dances, or *ngomas,* at Inhambane, are funeral dances and not wedding dances; and these are observed, not at the time a person dies and is buried, but often months afterward. On this subject of dancing, Mr. Thornton says: "Love of dancing is universal, and is invariably connected with an affection for music. Musical instruments are certainly of a rough order, and the sense of harmony may be crude, but their sense of time is accurate, even to performing upon drums and thumping away by day and night."

And here I may be allowed to insert the following, as giving almost a "moving picture" of one of these African dances. It is part of an article by the author on "Heathen Dances," written as an editorial for the Children's Number of *Missionary Tidings:*

"Did you ever hear of a civilized man or woman who likes dancing? Well, such a person ought to live among the heathen in Africa, and he could go to dances to his heart's content. I suppose that is where dancing originated. At least the Africans are well up in the dancing profession.

"Mothers can work for hours in their fields, under a broiling sun, and then throw aside their heavy hoes, which take the place of plows, and don their gaudiest *bemba,* or two-yard strip of cloth, which answers for a dress, and

dance all afternoon with more freshness and *vim* than some American mothers, who have saved their strength for a week specially for the occasion.

"Tired? I should say not, judging from appearances. They seem to work on springs. I suppose the motive power is about the same as that which makes some mothers here so lively when pleasure seeking; but the *spring* is all gone when they get into prayer meeting or Sunday School.

"If African women find their spirits drooping, there is plenty of beer on hand to cheer them up, and make them forget that they are tired. The men, too, do their share of the drinking, and also some strong smoking, which fires them for the dance. On ordinary occasions, the men are satisfied to smoke cigars of their own manufacture, in which the women and children freely join. But at their dances something stronger is required.

"An immense pipe, with a bowl as large as your head and a stem almost as tall as a man, is fastened on the ground, so that the men may run out of the dance and take turns at this stationary pipe. Not tobacco, but Indian hemp, something still more poisonous than tobacco, if that were possible, is burning in this giant pipe. A few whiffs from this sends a man with bloodshot eyes ready to start out of his head, leaping and jumping back into the dance, looking more like a wild man than anything else I can think of."

The Batonga, like all other African tribes, are very superstitious. Often would we notice natives wearing around their necks or on their arms little bags of iguana skin filled with medicine. These we learned were charms, worn for the purpose of keeping away evil spirits. In visiting the kraals, we freqently came upon a witch doctor,

or medicine man, tossing up his stones and shells, the infallible (?) *"tisolo;"* while a crowd of natives were looking on with intense interest. Or in walking along a native footpath, one would come suddenly upon a dish of food placed by the stump of a tree, an offering to some departed spirit. What was the significance to the native mind, of all these things so mysterious to us? The beliefs of the natives are never talked out in ordinary conversation, probably being much too sacred. It is only by long and close association with them that one comes gradually to enter into the secret chamber of native thought, so as to understand the real and full import of these things. In my two short years at Inhambane, I can hardly be expected to have entered very deeply into the intricacies of native belief; nor am I so presumptuous as to give the limited information I was able to obtain, as authority upon this subject. I shall, instead, give my readers the benefit of a few observations by Rev. G. H. Agnew, who from his much longer intercourse with the Batonga, will presumably be considered good authority:

"The natives of Inhambane, and, in fact, all South African natives, believe in a Supreme Being, but deny his personality. By the Inhambane natives, this Being is called *Nungungulu*. According to their idea, *Nungungulu* is evil and evil only. If one is born in any way deformed, or has lost his eyes through sickness, or has been struck by lightning, they declare that it was *Nungungulu's* fault. Like thousands in civilized climes, they never give him credit for anything that is good; and no one but the Holy Spirit can impress upon them the truth of the statement that 'God is love.'

"While they deny the resurrection of the body, and laugh at the idea of the soul's immortality, yet they have a vague and indistinct idea that, in some way or other, the soul lives, even after the body is dead. For instance, some morning a man will tell his friends that his father or some other deceased relative appeared to him in a dream and told him that he (the departed) is in trouble, and that it is therefore necessary to make an offering near the stump of some tree, near which the spirit is supposed to be. The one who has 'dreamed' will then make the necessary offering of meat, cornmeal mush, and beer, which is supposed to nourish or in some way relieve the sufferings of the defunct. From this, and also from many other things, we can see that the fact of the soul's immortality is written on their hearts, although it may not be clear in their minds. In teaching them the truths of God, these crude ideas can be used to illustrate and enforce real spiritual conceptions.

"When certain questions arise among the natives, which require, according to their views, some supernatural explanation, they call upon the doctor, or medicine man, to come with his *tisolo*. The *tisolo* consists of a number of small bones and shells with which the doctor unravels those mysteries which ordinary mortals are unable to solve. The bones and shells are gathered up in the two hands, shaken a little, and then thrown out on a mat spread on the ground. The matter is decided by the position the *tisolo* assume when they fall. For instance, a certain bone represents a woman, another an animal, etc. If the bone representing a woman should fall a little aside from the others, this would signify that there is a woman in the case.

"One time, while passing through a kraal, I came across a number of natives who were sitting around the doctor in his performances with the *tisolo*. Upon inquiry, it appeared that a certain man, having died, they were endeavoring to find out as to whether his wife was responsible for his death or not. In case the *tisolo* decided in the negative, the brother of the deceased was at hand, ready to take the widow to his home to become his wife; but if decided that the woman was guilty, her relatives would probably be called upon to pay a certain amount of cloth to the relatives of the departed. The man may have died of an ordinary fever, or have been killed through falling from a cocoanut tree; but no matter, the *tisolo* must be called upon. I tried to show the people the folly of all these superstitions, but they are rooted and grounded in their beliefs. Finally one of them spoke to me about as follows: 'White man, you come to us, and you bring along a book. We do not understand this book, though of course you do. Now, it is the same with us, in regard to the *tisolo*. We understand what these bones and shells say, because these are our books, but you do not understand them.'

"If one is sick, the *tisolo* are called upon for their testimony as to where the disease came from, and in some cases as to what is the proper remedy. But few doctors in our country would concur with the *tisolo* as to where the disease comes from, and very few would give such prescriptions as the *tisolo* recommend. The main cause of all disease here is witchcraft. Some one or another is always being bewitched, and were it not so serious a matter with the natives, it would make one laugh to listen to the nonsense talked by their 'old men' and 'doctors.' The

main treatment is bleeding and rubbing in of charcoal into the cut, and anointing with the juices of different herbs after they have been cooked in water. Consumption, rheumatism, liver, kidney, and heart troubles, even to a broken arm, are all treated by the gashing of the flesh at the seat of pain, and the 'rubbing well in' of charcoal.

"The matter of witchcraft may seem a very absurd one to us, but God only knows how much anguish the belief in it causes. If one is seized with some fatal malady, say consumption or dropsy, the *tisolo* are consulted and the sufferer informed that a certain person who hates him has brought this on, and that he is being slowly tortured to death by the machinations of one whom he has probably never injured. This naturally rests on his heart like lead, and henceforth his life is but sighs and tears. He has no one to sympathize with him, perhaps no one to care for him, and nothing to look forward to in the future but the time when his wasted body shall be wrapped in a mat and buried in the woods.

"Another thing here is what they call the *gikwembi.* This and the *tisolo* business usually go together. After a relative has died, it may happen that some one takes sick, and the sickness is declared, by the infallible *tisolo,* to be the result of neglecting to make an offering to the spirit of the departed, which is supposed to be lodged near some stump. That is, they have not gone to said stump, poured out some beer, and deposited some meat and porridge near it, to satisfy the spirit. If one dreams about the dead, he consults the *tisolo* again, and it is decided as to what it is best to do. If they have had dreams of any kind, they think something awful is going to happen.

"But do these people believe in this with their hearts? Just as much as we believe the Bible. Does Christianity change them so completely that they have no superstitions any more? No, but it does take away the fear of death, and makes them think more of Him who hath power to cast both soul and body into hell, than of those who can only kill the body. It is of no use trying to ridicule these ideas out of their heads. What we want is to get them filled with God, and when that takes place, and their hearts are right, their heads will fall into line. Pray for the Batonga."

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, 'Behold, we knew it not;' doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?"—Bible.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Day by Day.

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

"The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

"The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

In this chapter, I wish to notice, more especially, some of those little, petty details, which go to make up the monotonous round of every-day life in a heathen land. In a climate like that of Inhambane one cannot with safety wholly ignore the questions, "What shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The last was probably the least important question of the three; and yet it was quite important to dress in such a manner as to avoid being readily chilled and thus inviting an attack of fever; and the use of the sun helmet as a protection to the head against the too fierce heat of the noonday sun, was a necessary precaution. White clothing is usually understood to be most suitable for a hot climate, and hence was largely worn by both men and women missionaries.

Our food supplies, with the exception of such as could be obtained from the natives, and a few articles, as sugar and

rice, which could be bought at Inhambane, had to be ordered from Durban, six hundred miles away. A small boat came up the coast from Natal every month; but there was often delay in filling an order, so that we could not count surely on getting a supply of provisions short of two or three months from the time it was ordered. There was the freight by steamer from Natal, and a duty on everything landed in Portuguese territory, in addition to the original cost price in Natal.

Once, and only once, did we try the experiment of ordering flour at this long range. The flour, I believe, was from Australia, and when imported into Natal is very fair. But by the time it reached us at Inhambane, it was decidedly *stale,* to say the least. We ordered 100 pounds, and were to divide with the Church of England missionaries at another station. Long before we could use our portion, in that warm, moist climate, it was *alive* with worms, so that we got little benefit from it, and never repeated the experiment of sending to Natal for flour. Butter was an unknown luxury in our two years at Inhambane. Potatoes, and about every other vegetable, were entirely wanting.

Our principal food and "staff of life" was rice, and this was eaten, not as a dessert, but as a vegetable, with cocoanut gravy. Chickens could be bought of the natives quite reasonably; but they were small and poor, and not fit to use until they had been fed up for several days. It was impossible for us to keep any chickens of our own, as we had too many near and over-friendly neighbors. As it was, we bought them from the natives, four or five at a time, for a rupee, and shut them up and fed them. In more than one instance, when they were almost ready for use, they were stolen out of the chicken house. Stewed chicken

with cocoanut gravy and rice was a common bill of fare. When the chickens failed, there was a resort to some kind of tinned food from Natal.

Condensed milk (sweetened), also ordered from Natal, but prepared in England or in Switzerland, had to be substituted for fresh milk; and the children, at the time of leaving Inhambane, did not know the taste of fresh milk. Eggs, when brought at all by the natives, were usually far from fresh. They would bear a thorough candling, and even those which stood this test were not at all tempting. Sometimes a few *shapaus'* worth of small fish, seined in the bay, were brought for sale, and these took the place of chicken to flavor the cocoanut gravy; or, perhaps, were more of a treat when fried. But can you imagine what we used for frying purposes? I am sure you could never guess. It was *peanut oil.* In the town of Inhambane was a factory for extracting peanut oil. This we bought by the large demijohn, holding several gallons. It was strongly suggestive of *castor oil,* I must admit, but it was the only thing in the way of fat obtainable; and by heating it very hot before adding the food, the peculiar *twang* was largely overcome.

Our water supply probably gave us as much concern as our food supply. There are no wells or cisterns in all that region, and we were not even supplied with a tank for catching the rainwater. For the first year, while living in our grass hut, there would, of course, have been no opportunity of catching water from the eaves. But when our iron house was completed, a good tank would have been a priceless boon. Our water supply came from what the natives called a "spring," but what you would probably have called a swamp, a mile or two away. Hundreds of

natives dipped water from this puddle, and often had to wait some time for it to settle sufficiently so as to be fit for use. At its best, we never dared to take a drink without having first boiled the water. Somewhere in the same immediate vicinity from which our water came was where they did their laundering and bathing; but we must not investigate too closely!

The natives carried the water on their heads in large earthen pots called *jikali*. The price for carrying was a *shapau* per pot; but by paying the carriers in cloth, it was a trifle less. At certain seasons, when work at home was slack, there was a strong rivalry among the women and girls, as to who should bring our water, and earn the *shapaus*. The first who came in the morning usually got our *kalis* and brought the water that day. Long before daylight we would be awakened by a clamoring at the door, calling for the water pots. These having been produced, with a feeling of relief that the water question was settled for one more day, we were just trying to snatch a little more rest when other women at the door would shout, "*Missis, Missis, resa jikali,*" (Mistress, bring the water pots). Between that time and sunrise we probably had to send away twenty women and girls, all there to bring the water.

But by and by all this was reversed. The price per *kali* remained the same, but now it was the busy beer season. Cashew fruit was ripe, and every man, woman, and child, seemed suddenly to have become very industrious. They even asked to gather the fallen fruit on the mission grounds; but, knowing full well the purpose for which it was wanted, permission could not be given. However, from those trees out of sight of the house, the fruit was stealthily gathered when no eye was watching.

It now became the duty of the missionary to make daily visitations to the kraals, to ask, entreat, and beg the women to bring our pots of water for the usual *shapaus*. Usually he was successful, but sometimes he was not; and then it became the unpleasant duty of the *sinyari* (missionary's wife) to go out with her bucket, to her heathen neighbors, to see if she could borrow a little water,—the children at home crying for food, and not a drop of water to prepare them any, nearer than that swamp two miles away. When at last some one was found to go for water, I had to go around again with my bucket and return my borrowings.

On washing day, it was necessary to have two or three extra *kalis* of water. After one or two hard attacks of fever, it was necessary to transfer the heaviest part of the washing to some native woman. They soon learned to do it fairly well, but required much looking after, and were wretchedly slow, taking all day long for an ordinary washing for a small family. The washing was done in the shade of a large cashew tree, not far from the house. Many friends and sympathizers of the washerwoman were sitting or lying about on the ground, keeping up her spirits with their cheerful conversation. Very often she would rest from her washing and enjoy a friendly smoke. Sometimes when the clothes were spread on the bushes to dry, certain articles mysteriously disappeared; but as I had not the slightest clue as to where they had gone, and could not watch all the time, I had to pass it by.

At last on a certain day I had taken the precaution to count the pieces; and as I went from time to time to see how the washing was progressing, I missed two large

Turkish bath towels. I at once questioned the girl, who, of course, feigned innocence and ignorance of the whole affair. Having seen a young man from a near kraal lying there on the ground shortly before, we at once suspected him. Mr. Haviland took a walk down through his kraal, and, sure enough, on the bushes just back of his hut, spread out to dry, were the missing towels. They had been stolen from the tub while the washing was in progress. Such towels were much in demand among the men, who wore them as loin-cloths, instead of the *bemba;* and everything which could be used in this way was in more danger of being stolen than were articles of wearing apparel.

At another time I missed a tablecloth, but not until some days after the washing was done, and so had not the slightest idea where it had gone. It was a white linen, with a red border and fringe all around,—one I had bought in England. One day in passing through the nearest kraal, where I had been many, many times before, I happened to glance into one of the huts, when such an unusual spectacle caught my eye as to attract my attention. It was a vision of a bed covered over with a white spread! I stopped to get a closer view. Could I believe my own eyes? Yes, there it was—a white spread with a red border—none other than my missing tablecloth, with the fringe clipped off, probably so I would not recognize it, and under it, on the rude bed of poles, a *drunken man.* Hoping to make him an object lesson to other similar offenders, I demanded my stolen property. Awakening from his drunken stupor, he protested that *"he had bought that spread at Inhambane."* However, he did not resist as I gently pulled it off and dragged it home. It had *once* been white, but there was no hope of its ever being white again. So apart

DAY BY DAY AT INHAMBANE.

1. Inhambane Curios, including native piano, bag, spoons, bowls, basket, beer-strainer, cocoa-nut dipper, and bark blankets on table. 2. Heathen man and his two wives. 3. Missionary Miller extracting a tooth. 4. Heathen women grinding corn.

from the object lesson, he might as well have kept it, as it was never again fit for use.

I shall close this chapter by introducing to you the boy and girl who worked longest in our home at Inhambane. Malejisi, though a married man, was our chore boy. Mr. Haviland, in writing home, gave this photograph of him:

"Malejisi is our work boy. He lives in a village among the cocoanut palms. He has a hut about ten feet in diameter, and this he calls his home. His furniture consists of a sleeping mat, a blanket, a head rest or native pillow, an earthen dish to cook his food in, and the paraphernalia that he wears when he goes out to play the gentleman. . . . His clothing consists of about one-half yard of cotton cloth. He has a well-formed body and strength to carry heavy burdens. When my eyes saw him for the first time, he was at work; and this made a very favorable impression on my mind, as the young men are not given to doing much work.

"We pay him about ten cents a day, which is good wages here, and he boards himself. He could idle away his time like most of the young men, but he does not feel disposed to do so. He comes in to our morning and evening services, and is a very attentive listener. He is getting some head knowledge about Jesus, Heaven, and matters of salvation. His mind is dark and his heart is hard. He loves to drink intoxicating drinks, home-made, and to attend the dance; in a few words, he loves *sin*. Now, dear saints, here is a case for you to pray for."

Malejisi's principal work was to cut wood. The wood was brought in large bundles by the women, in lengths of six or eight feet. Malejisi sat flat on the ground, hatchet

in hand, and broke, rather than cut, this into stove lengths. It was a lazy job. You would have thought so had you seen Malejisi at his task, resting the biggest half of the time, and visiting with his friends who were sitting around; or had you seen the small pile of wood, the result of a whole day's work. His work was in proportion to his wages. We were much interested in Malejisi, and took special pains to instruct him in the things of God. And he was a hopeful case, would pray for himself in the greatest earnestness, but was frequently overcome by his besetting sin, *wadwa*.

After a time Malejisi was sick so as to be unable to work. He was prostrated in his hut, unable even to walk about. He was always pleased to see us, and to have us read and pray with him. But without our knowledge, he consulted the medicine man, who came with his *tisolo*, and, having tossed up his stones and shells, they told him that some enemy of Malejisi had bewitched him, out of jealousy, because he was getting rich too fast working for the *Mfundisi*. Remember, he was boarding himself, had a wife and child to keep, and was drawing the fabulous salary of ten cents per day! His most distressing symptom was a severe pain in his side, so that he could hardly straighten up or walk. This, according to the diagnosis of the doctor, was caused by a stone in his side, which, of course, had been put there by his enemy, and which must be removed before recovery was possible. The wily doctor passed his hand a few times over the seat of pain, and then showed Malejisi some small stones which he declared he had taken from his side, and that he would now recover. And the poor, deluded boy actually believed such nonsense, rapidly improved, and was soon

back at his old work again, in spite of the great risk he was taking of again being bewitched.

Our girl was Sinolani. She was quite apt in learning to work, and could do things well in her own way, and also more speedily than many another. She soon learned to dress a chicken, and when it came to cooking rice and cocoanut gravy, she could do it to perfection. She ate and slept at her own kraal, a few steps away. Sometimes she was entrusted, for a few moments, with the care of the children, but seldom out of sight. She had some bad habits, and would bear watching. As has been hinted, the women, as well as the men, are fond of smoking, and Sinolani was no exception to the rule. But she was economical in her smoking, and did not smoke away her small wages. The natives raise their own tobacco, and manufacture their own cigarettes by wrapping some tobacco leaves in a bit of banana leaf. Then, again, the Africans have an improved way of smoking, original, I believe, with themselves. Instead of puffing the cigar away in the air, they certainly get the benefit of it as they go along, so that a little goes a long way with them. Instead of "fire at one end of the cigar and fool at the other," as among civilized people, they reverse the cigar—smoke it the other end to—"fire and fool" both at the same end. In other words, they smoke with the fire end in their mouths.

Sinolani had been told repeatedly never to smoke near the children, as it would make them sick. Coming suddenly upon her at times, the smell of tobacco was so strong as to convince me she had been smoking. But where was the cigar? She had no pocket or other place in which to hide it. At last I learned her secret. She had a short stub of a cigar, an inch or so in length, and

smoking it, as she did, with the fire end in her mouth, when she heard me coming, she slipped it entirely into her mouth and held it between her teeth, with lips closed and such an *innocent* look upon her face! She was all right until I asked her some question, and then as she attempted to answer me, the fire burned her mouth and she was *caught*.

Sinolani wore a great many ornaments. These were mostly brass rings, worn on her arms and on her legs just below her knees. At one time her leg became very much swollen, so that she could not remove these rings. She came to *Mfundisi* for medicine for her leg, but was told that he could do nothing for her, unless she would let him first remove the brass rings. But these were her jewelry, and had cost *shapaus*. Pride made her unwilling to sacrifice the precious things. She said if any one saw her without them he would laugh at her, and say she was too poor to buy them. The swelling increased until the rings were nearly buried in the flesh, and the pain became intolerable.

At last, assisted by her father, for she was no longer able to walk alone, she came and begged *Mfundisi* to remove the rings, as they were killing her. With much difficulty and pain to her, they were at last cut off with a pair of sheep shears. These historic rings, twenty-three in number, were given to me, and have been exhibited in scores of missionary meetings in this country. When Sinolani's sore healed, she was back at work again, presumably to earn more *shapaus* to buy more brass rings, as she could not, without grace, stand the reproach of being out of the fashion.

CHAPTER XXX.

Life and Death.

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces and beneath
The somber houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

* * * *

"I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
'Beat not so loud my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest.'

* * * *

"The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

"Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death but Life,' he said;
And e'er I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued where but one went in.

* * * *

"Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Life at Inhambane was very uncertain. No Life Insurance Company would perhaps care to operate in such a field. One might be well today, and tomorrow be at the point of death with the fever, and the next day in his grave. Yea, more; I have known the fever, *in one short hour,* to entirely prostrate its victim. I remember at one time not more than an hour after I had been attacked with hematuria, not realizing my utter weakness, I attempted to walk from my bed to the next room to take a drink of water from the dining room table. I had only just crossed the threshold into the dining room when I fainted entirely away, fell on my face on the tile floor, and had to be helped back to bed. Husband, too, was as helpless as a little child, from the time he was seized with hematuria. This dread disease usually runs its course in a few days, leaving the sufferer ghastly as death itself, without strength, and seemingly without a drop of blood in his veins. And while an attack comes on so suddenly as to produce an utter collapse, regaining the strength is a slow process. Indeed, it seemed to me, after one hard attack of hematuria, one never was quite himself again physically.

Little Violet, too, had very severe attacks of fever, but not of hematuria. At these times her temperature would go up to 106 1-2 degrees, when she appeared like a withered, drooping flower, unable to lift her head. By a vigorous treatment with cold water, judiciously applied, I could reduce her temperature to almost normal inside of half an hour, thus relieving the little sufferer by a treatment which I considered much safer, as well as far more speedy and effective, than to reduce the temperature with strong medicines.

First Home of J. J. Haviland and Family, Inhambane.

But the subject of this chapter refers not alone to the jeopardy in which our lives were continually held, but to two special visitations of divine providence. The two Angels of Life and Death were even now hovering over our Inhambane missions; and although not in a single night, yet in the space of one short month, both had entered our mission homes. The first messenger was sent to our door; the second, to that of our neighbor Agnew.

To us came the Angel of Life, heralding the advent of a little son—a choice gift and expression of the divine love. The happy father wrote: "The news may surprise you, but on the 20th inst. a strong baby boy came to our home. The natives have a great interest in the home life of the missionaries. They feel greatly honored when a white child is born among them. Wife is doing well; in fact, much better than many do in a more favorable climate. Sister Agnew is with us. She is a blessing. Praise the Lord for all the blessings he sends to us! We have much for which to be thankful."

This notice also found its way into the church paper: "A Young Missionary.—The youngest missionary we have heard of in the Free Methodist Church is Master —— Haviland, who was born to Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Haviland, at Inhambane, Southeast Africa, November 20th, 1895. Brother Haviland writes that mother and child are doing well. The parents have our congratulations, and both they and the dear babe shall continually have our prayers."

This referred to Master Horace, who thus enjoys the unenviable distinction of having been born in an African hut. Two weeks after his birth, our hut was photographed, as given on another page. When the cut appeared in the *Missionary Tidings* of March, 1898, it was with this word

of explanation: "The youngest missionary of the group has not ventured to appear upon the scene. We refer to Baby Horace, barely two weeks old, who has wisely kept his place inside."

Sister Agnew, who had been with us nearly two weeks, had now returned home. A few days passed in which we saw nothing of each other. In the interval, husband had brought across the bay from Inhambane a boat load of building material; and the wind and tide being unfavorable, had been stranded and obliged to spend the night on the boat, entirely unprotected against the malaria. Resting a few days from this trip, the following Monday morning found him down at the nearest landing, some two or three miles away, loading the native women, who were to carry up the material on their heads. In the middle of the forenoon a boy came with a message from Brother Agnew, saying his wife was quite sick with fever and had been all day Sunday.

The fever was by this time so frequent a visitor as to cause little apprehension,—that is, the ordinary fever, for up to this time none of us had had hematuria. Perhaps a little word of explanation is necessary here to define what is meant by "ordinary fever." Even this was certainly accompanied by *extraordinary* suffering; but as we had little fear of this type of fever proving fatal, it is characterized as *ordinary,* to distinguish it from hematuric fever, the swift and powerful effects of which upon the whole system have been touched upon at the beginning of this chapter. After just experiencing a hard attack of "ordinary fever," I wrote this to my sister:

"We are all in good health at present; but each of us has had our turn with the fever. I was last in taking it,

about four weeks ago. It began with awful aching in my bones, and a very lame back, so I could hardly turn myself in bed. Then came a hard chill, *such as I never had before,* which gave me a good shaking up, and aggravated the aches in my bones. After the chill came the fever, with temperature at 104 or 105 degrees. It is accompanied by a bad headache, and a sickish feeling at the stomach. In the morning usually I felt better, and tried to work around some, but before long the chill would come on and the experience of the day before be repeated. My attack lasted about a week, but in a few days after I felt all right again and was able to walk to Brother Agnew's, about five miles away, stayed all night, and walked back next day, without feeling any the worse for it. Mr. Haviland had just got up from a week's siege of fever when I came down."

Such was the "ordinary fever," disagreeable enough, but still far milder than hematuria, which had now attacked our sister missionary. On receiving Brother Agnew's message, with husband far away at the bay, and at work which must occupy him the greater part of the day, and myself too weak to attempt the journey, it seemed that nothing could be done until his return. By noon there came a second message, which I sent him by the carriers on their return trip, asking him to come with all haste. Quickly loading the native women, he came, and was just preparing to leave for Brother Agnew's when there came a third message saying she was very low, and asking that "Sister Haviland" should come, if possible. This last was so *urgent* as to preclude all hesitation or delay to search for hammock carriers. So snatching up my four weeks' old babe, while the father kept Violet, I hurried

along the footpath the four miles to Brother Agnew's. What happened during the next few hours is perhaps more vividly described in the following words, than in anything I might now be able to write, penned as they were while almost stunned under the crushing blow which then fell upon us. They were written for the church paper at Brother Agnew's request:

"A great affliction is upon us. Death has broken into our ranks and snatched away his victim so suddenly, so stealthily, that he took us off our guard. Our ranks are so feeble, and the enemy's so strong,—how could we spare one precious worker? But God cannot err. He doth not willingly afflict. Surely he had some wise purpose in taking her so soon from the work she loved, and will make even this loss work for his glory. One week ago today we laid to rest the mortal remains of our precious Sister Agnew. For one week her pure spirit has been among the redeemed in glory. The veil that so thinly intervenes between earth and Heaven has been drawn, and she now beholds, face to face, the One in whom her soul delighted.

"She died on the field of battle, wearing her polished armor, and with the determination to 'conquer though she die.' She had no thought of abandoning the work she had taken up here, but expected to live and labor among these natives for years to come. Knowing well the dangers to which she would be exposed in this climate, and without the slightest prospect of any human companionship except that of her husband, she came to Inhambane, leaning alone on God. Since that time several other missionaries—Bishop Taylor's and Church of England missionaries, and among them three lady missionaries,—have come to this field;

but at the time she came, she was the only woman missionary in all this region for miles around.

"She had passed safely through several attacks of fever, and had escaped altogether for some weeks previous to her death. . . . Saturday evening, the 14th inst., she was taken with what proved to be her final sickness. Most of the following day and night she vomited, and was necessarily very much exhausted. . . . She was rational, and there seemed every probability that she would survive this attack, which seemed more like bilious fever than the ordinary African fever, developing as it progressed into jaundice.

"The vomiting was allayed for a time, but returned at frequent intervals during the night. However, she got some rest. In the morning Mr. Haviland came, and we all did the best we knew for her, not realizing as yet that she was so near the crossing. During the morning hours she was able to take some nourishment in the form of hot milk, given with a teaspoon. . . . About noon she began again to vomit bile.

"The table was spread for dinner. All were waiting for a cessation of the vomiting, to step a few moments from her bedside. It only ceased with the departure of her spirit. A few deep breaths and all was over. All the morning she had lain in a stupor, from which we were unable to arouse her. She passed away in this state. Her husband tried, in vain, to draw from her some sign of recognition or some word of testimony. She did not speak of death, or leave any dying testimony. But what is better, she left the testimony of a godly life. There is no doubt in our minds that she was fully prepared. She has entered into rest, and her works do follow her.

"A rough box coffin, neatly covered and lined, formed the casket for her earthly remains. At Brother Agnew's request, early next morning she was brought to our mission for burial. The funeral procession consisted of ourselves, and a few natives for carriers. As we made our way, single file, along the native footpath, how different from a funeral procession at home! Yet we all felt sure that, could she speak for herself, she would choose to be buried in this humble way, among the people for whom she so willingly laid down her life; rather than to be buried, in better taste, surrounded by weeping friends, in her homeland.

"A crowd of natives gathered at our hut, and the occasion was improved to impress important truths on their minds. Three white missionaries besides ourselves were present; so we had a little service in English. She rests in a lovely spot, on the top of the hill, facing the rising sun, and the town and bay of Inhambane.

"Brother Agnew is entirely resigned to God's will in this affliction. He bears his loss with great fortitude, and anew devotes himself to God and to these people. We all feel like closing up the gap left by our fallen sister, and presenting a solid front to the enemy. 'We have sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.' We are not ready to leave our post of duty because one of our number has fallen. On the contrary, we would renew our efforts to rescue the lost while the opportunity is given. Let none be disheartened by this seeming defeat.

"Sister Agnew's brief sojourn here was not in vain. She had a burning love for the natives, and prayed with such unction for their salvation. And shall not her prayers be answered, and we yet see a mighty outpouring of the

Spirit among these dry bones? We believe it. Her great self-denial, her willing sacrifice of herself and her all to Christ for precious souls, her endurance of hardness as a good soldier, without a murmur or complaint, her courage in stepping out alone for this field,—these are some of the traits in her character that all may emulate with profit. Continue to pray for Inhambane."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Resignation.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

* * * * *

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seems to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no death. What seems so is transition;
The life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

* * * * *

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

It was with sorely chastened hearts that we again took up our work. The harvest was *so* white and the reapers *so* few. Oh, why were others not hastening to join in the harvest? We knew *why*. But though none came to our help, nevertheless, instead of feeling that it was now time for us to abandon the field, we felt it was a time for renewed effort, we who remained trying to do our own

work and that of our fallen sister. One quarter of our number missing—oh, it was hard to

> "Fill up the ranks, fill up the ranks,
> Stand for the fallen one, gird on his sword."

Let me quote this paragraph from Rev. A. B. Simpson, as fitly illustrating our joy in sorrow, our courage in seeming defeat, the faith and hope which enabled us even to "sing in triumph o'er the tomb": "The shadow of the tomb has fallen upon most of our mission fields. There are three more graves in India and six more in Africa. But the light has not gone out, and its radiance has been reflected backward, in some wonderful manifestations of the power of God to transform the sorrow into song and darkness into day. The departure of our dear Brother G—— in India was like the coming of a chariot to carry home the conqueror; and the death of our dear M—— F—— in the Soudan has been the means, under God, of the conversion of her whole family in the United States. So the lights and shadows blend, and we thank God for the honor and privilege of having among our treasures these glorified lives, *which are hostages, claiming for Christ the lands where they have been laid down, and calling to us from on high.*"

Or this from John G. Paton, while "passing under the rod," so soon after his arrival in the South Sea Islands called upon to lay his young wife and infant child to rest in that land of cannibals: "Let those who have ever passed through any similar darkness feel for me; as for all others, it would be more than vain to try to paint my sorrows! Stunned by that dreadful loss, in entering upon this field

of labor to which the Lord had so evidently led me, my reason seemed for a time almost to give way. Ague and fever, too, laid a most depressing and weakening hand upon me, continually recurring, and reaching oftentimes the very height of its worst burning stages. But I was never altogether forsaken. The ever merciful God sustained me to lay the precious dust of my beloved ones both in the same quiet grave, dug for them close by the end of the house, in all of which offices my own hands, despite breaking heart, had to take the principal share. I built the grave round and round with coral blocks, and covered the top with beautiful white coral, broken small as gravel; and that spot became my much-frequented shrine, where, *with ceaseless prayers and tears, I claimed that land for God in which I had 'buried my dead,' with faith and hope.* But for Jesus and the help he vouchsafed me there, I must have gone mad, and died beside that lonely grave."

Sister Agnew was the only white woman I had seen since going to Inhambane, and after her death it was several months before I saw another. Brother Agnew became a much more frequent visitor than heretofore, to escape the loneliness of that desolate home; and usually spent Sabbath with us in kraal visitation in our neighborhood. After his wife's death he changed his location to a spot some distance farther down toward the bay, where he built an iron house out of material brought from Chereni, the site he had at one time selected for his mission. The Christmas meeting for which we had planned before Sister Agnew's death was held, with a good degree of success, considering that this was the first of the kind ever held in that neighborhood, and the people needed

much instruction before they could appreciate the real significance of Christmas. This report of our Christmas meeting was published in the *Free Methodist:*

"Yesterday we had a Christmas meeting with the natives. A goodly number were present, and some seed was sown which we trust will by and by be harvested. We held three services, at 6 A. M., 11 A. M., and 4 P. M. After the 11 A. M. meeting we gave all who were present something to eat. Their Christmas dinner consisted of cornmeal porridge, and chicken gravy thickened with cashew nuts. A few of the more civilized natives were favored with some little dainties, as they regard them, such as rice and sugar, bread and tea.

"The most of those present were children or young people. The older ones, with very few exceptions, are drunk at this time of the year. They make an intoxicating drink of the cashew fruit, which is just now in season. It is nothing uncommon these days for a drunken man to pass our door. In fact, it is a rarity to see a man entirely sober. Some pass quietly along and do not molest any one; others make quite a disturbance. One day this week the two '*bafundisi*' (Brothers Agnew and Haviland) whipped a drunken man who was disturbing night and day. He resisted, but they were able to manage him, and it has been a valuable lesson to him and to others, as everything has been very quiet since. This class of men would rather sit at home and drink '*wadwa*' (cashew beer) than to come to any Christmas meeting. But God can find them in their homes and convict and save them. He alone can reach them.

"The natives, very few in number, who have come out from heathenism, each testified and exhorted their

heathen friends, adding much to the interest of the meeting. A small Free Methodist class was organized, consisting of Tom, his wife and brother, and myself. Sister Agnew was to have been a member, as she fully expected to join. A previous day had been appointed for organizing, and she came with the intention of uniting; but some of the native Christians failed to come, and there were not enough to organize. It was then postponed until Christmas, and she had already been one week in Heaven.

"One adult native, Tom's brother, was baptized by Brother Agnew; also our two little ones, Violet and Horace Wilford. Violet is a real little missionary already. She has a great love for the natives, and in her own little way holds meetings, sings and prays with them. She does not yet talk, any more than a few words; but she has the spirit of worship and goes through the form very well. Only today a little child a few years older than she came in, and Violet got her little chair and her Tonga hymn-book, and, sitting down close beside the native child, sang at the top of her voice. Then she knelt down, the other child following her example, and with clasped hands and closed eyes, Violet prayed. Only the 'Amen' at the end was intelligible; but there is One that understands. Do pray that Violet may early know God's saving power and become a whole-souled missionary; and do not forget to pray God's blessing on Baby Horace."

"This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide, even unto death."—Bible.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the Highways and Hedges.

"Oh thou, who wouldst a laborer be with God,
Win others to the path thy feet have trod,
Advance, advance, and keep thee to thy task,
Give first, thyself, the service thou wouldst ask.
Let God speak through thee. Who would not rejoice.
To be a trumpet for a Leader's voice?
Strive not to sound thine own poor human words;
Remember that the battle is the Lord's."—Selected.

In our first few months at Inhambane the natives, as has been seen, thronged our hut so that we had a respectable congregation at almost any hour of the day. As they saw the eagerness with which we told them the Gospel story, they concluded that we must be working *for wages,* that this was surely some sort of a speculation, in the profits of which they might as well share. And why not? Were they not highly favoring us with their presence and attention? They still came, but they were more wary about listening to what we had to tell them, unless there was some prospect of their being paid for so doing. As soon as they saw us drop our work and take testament or hymn-book, they knew what was coming, and would at once leave the hut. On being asked for an explanation as to why they left just when we were ready to speak to them, they boldly said, "Give us a *shapau* apiece, all around, and we will stay to prayers."

By this time our bell from America had arrived. Not having any chapel in which to swing it, and our hut being

far too frail to bear its weight, a scaffold of strong poles was built, and on this the bell was hung. We had anticipated much help from a bell, as we would now be able to call the natives to morning and evening services at a definite time, instead of at any time we could catch them, as before, and could also let them know when it was Sunday. The clear tones could be heard several miles away, down among the swamps.

But the idea that they should be paid *shapaus* was now a "settled conviction" with the natives. They were on strike! Thinking we *must* have a congregation, in order to carry on our business, they had resolved to bring us to their terms, and were conspicuously absent when prayer time came. Also on Sunday, seeing they now knew when it came, they were very *industrious,* working in their gardens in sight of our door, and evidently thinking the missionaries would be so "put out" by their working on Sunday, that the much-coveted *shapaus* would be speedily forthcoming. I may say that we always had *shapaus* to give for an honest day's labor, or for any kind of produce brought by the natives for sale, or for bundles of wood or pots of water, but none for buying the presence or good graces of the natives, believing that if we yielded in this, we should make hypocrites and not converts.

And now, if the people would no longer come to us, then we must go to them. And thus began a more vigorous campaign at the kraals, sometimes involving an attack upon the enemy in one of his strongholds, at a heathen dance. This often meant long walks through the deep sand and under a scorching sun. In summer it is so hot at Inhambane that the natives, who go in their bare feet the year round, and are thus inured to heat, will not

go out in the middle of the day. They say the sand burns their feet,—even theirs. It may be we might have excused ourselves this extra toil, on the ground that the people did not want the Gospel. Could a minister at home thus excuse himself, if he had no congregation? Perhaps *he* could, but would God excuse him? "Go out into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in."

Three articles written home for the church paper will now be given, which will serve to illustrate the work we were doing, the difficulties and discouragements which confronted us, as well as the hopeful features, which were always sufficiently present to constrain us to greater undertakings and risks for the extension of the Master's kingdom:

Sowing Beside All Waters.

"With temperature at 104½ degrees, I will jot down a few thoughts which crowd themselves into my mind. This stage of the fever reminds me forcibly of what Holmes has said concerning the brain: 'Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster.' But afterward comes the reaction, when they move only very sluggishly for awhile. The aching and chilling stage, which usually precedes the fever, is also a time of dull mental activity.

"Mr. Haviland, though not well, is out in the hot sun overseeing the natives who are at work on the house. Eleven women are carrying sand from near by and grading in and around the house. It is quite a task, as the house will be raised from one to two feet above the surrounding plot of ground; also, for cement or tile floors, it must be

filled on the inside to that height. The women carry the earth in large wooden dishes on their heads. They need to be watched and spurred on almost continually; as, if left to themselves, they are inclined to rest the greater part of the time. Our boy, Ngumbeni, is taking his first lessons in carpentering, and doing very nicely.

"Yesterday, Tom was here from Chereni and Brother Agnew from Machichi. We had a morning service with the natives who came in from the nearest kraals, and in the afternoon went out to a large kraal of thirty or forty huts not far away. Two weeks ago we visited this same kraal on the occasion of a funeral dance, or *ngoma,* as it is called. The *ngoma* is a great event with these people. To use their own expression, the 'whole land' turns out on such an occasion, and the day is spent in drinking and dancing. It is a time of general hilarity and dissipation, rather than a time of mourning, in our sense of the word. The young man for whom this *ngoma* was held died at the diamond fields at Kimberly.

"Our meeting was held in the morning before the drinking and dancing had begun; but a large crowd of natives had already assembled. It reminded me of Sunday at a camp meeting at home, when the great crowd of indifferent worldlings are present. There was this difference, however,—the saints were not there to give an encouraging 'Amen.' Nevertheless, we felt our courage rise to meet the emergency, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms. The Lord helped Brother Agnew to talk to them, and each of us, according to our ability, called them to repentance.

"I feel tongue-tied, knowing so little of the language. But God is loosening my tongue to some extent, and blessing my efforts to get out to the kraals. My heart is in

this work. I long to see some fruit of our labors here. Sometimes we see some little indications of the working of the Spirit upon the hearts of the natives; but they are so fickle and deceptive, we cannot build our hopes very strongly upon them. Our trust is in God's unchangeable promise, that if we sow, we shall surely reap, if we faint not.

"When our kraal meeting was over yesterday, and Brother Agnew had gone home, I felt like inquiring of some of the women, in a little personal conversation, how they had received our message. No sooner had I begun talking than an important-looking man made his way through the circle of women and children, and, seating himself directly in front of me, made the startling announcement that he had a controversy with God. He could never consent, he said, to what we had told him as to the character of God. In his estimation, God must be a very cruel tyrant, unworthy of our love or service. 'Else why,' said he, 'does he take people away from the earth by causing them to die?' He had in mind particularly the young man whose funeral dance had been so recently held. I tried to explain to him that sickness and death entered the world as a result of sin; that they are the work of the tempter, Satan; but that notwithstanding, they all chose to serve so cruel a master. I then held up to him the hope of eternal life which we have in Jesus,—though we deserve nothing but eternal death and punishment on account of our sins, yet we may, if we will, secure eternal life. The debt has been paid, the atonement for sin made, and 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' Glory to God for such a salvation to recommend to heathens! I had some liberty in exhorting them all to seek it without delay.

"'And let him that heareth say Come.' I had scarcely finished when there began such a palaver, such loud talking and jangling, headed by the leading man in the controversy, that I felt I could burst out crying over their hardness of heart. I could only fall back on Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Their loud, angry speech was most of it unintelligible to me, but to all appearances they were greatly enraged. On our way home Tom gave the information that, when his objections had been answered, the man retracted, and began to scold the others for not giving heed to these things. They were saying to him, in substance, 'Physician, heal thyself.' From this little incident you will see what tests of faith we sometimes have in dealing with a people of whose manner of thought and expression we know so little, comparatively speaking. God give us grace and patience to hold still in the hottest fire; and courage to deliver the message he gives us regardless of results!

"Brother Agnew has been coming quite regularly since his wife died to help us in kraal meetings on Sundays, returning in time for an evening service at Machichi. I cannot tell you how we all miss Sister Agnew. He especially needs your prayers in his loneliness. Sister Agnew was the only white woman I had seen since coming to Inhambane. The isolation is keenly felt. But oh, I am finding a new joy these days in ministering to others the wonderful Word of life! 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.'

"Violet is perfectly contented and happy among the natives; but it is not without some misgivings that her parents see her growing up amid these corrupting influences. We can only commit our precious ones to the

Lord, as unto a faithful Creator, believing that he can and will exercise a loving, protecting care over them. We have failed as yet to find any trustworthy nurse girl here. Our faithful Zulu girl, Mlibaziso, *alias* Emily, wrote us such a good letter not long ago, expressing her willingness to come to our help, in this, to her, far-away land, among a strange people. The one hindrance is her parents. We still have a faint hope that when our time comes to go to Natal for a little rest we may get their consent for her to return with us. Continue to pray for Inhambane. Our trust is in God. 'For this God is our God forever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.' "

Our Trip to Chereni.

"It is not often we get very far from home with the children; so a recent trip to Chereni, a distance of about ten miles, seemed to us quite a journey. It is the farthest from home I have been since coming to Inhambane. It is over a sandy road and hard walking. Baby and I took our first ride in a hammock. The four men who carried us trotted along at a lively rate, leaving the rest of the party in the rear. These consisted of Brothers Agnew and Haviland, Violet, carried on the back of our native girl, another girl and Brother Agnew's boy for the luggage. I had anticipated a very enjoyable ride; but, being half sick with fever, and the sun very hot, it was not so pleasant as might be imagined.

"Coming to a large kraal on the way, we were glad to rest and wait for the others to come along. After refreshing ourselves with some most luscious oranges found in the kraal, we held a meeting with the natives. A good

crowd had gathered and we had liberty in telling them of the great salvation. My own soul was melted to tears as I realized the responsibility of dealing faithfully with these, into whose faces I now looked for the first time. And how did I know but what it would be my last, my only opportunity, to warn them and invite them to come to Jesus? Under such circumstances, with life so uncertain and so short at longest, one longs to give them the truth *boiled down*,—the whole scheme of salvation in a nutshell. He would bring them all, in his arms of faith, within reach of the shed Blood. Oh, if the missionary could only repent and believe for them! But, no; he must be patient, and content to administer the truth in homeopathic doses; for these people are children in understanding—the merest infants in their comprehension of spiritual things. Many important Bible terms have no words in their language to express.

"We reached Tom's about the middle of the afternoon, and after a few hours' rest were ready for an evening service. This was held under the trees in front of Tom's hut. A good many came, expecting to see a magic lantern exhibition. In this they were disappointed, as Brother Agnew had long since disposed of his magic lantern. We gave them the plain, simple truth, depending on that alone to attract them. We held up Jesus, remembering his words, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'

"Sunday morning, as we gathered in that leafy grove and sang our hymns of praise in Tonga, it seemed the most like a camp meeting of anything we have yet experienced in Africa. The Lord helped in explaining his Word to these darkened minds. Especially did we feel the Divine

authority and unction in proclaiming that Jesus was manifested in the flesh for the express purpose of destroying the works of the devil (*killing* the works of Satan, the Gitonga has it), and that he is abundantly able to accomplish his work.

"Around Chereni are several well-disposed young married men, who have been in the gold fields and who have a good deal of light. They seem to be *almost* Christians. Several took part in the testimony meeting; and though they could not witness to a present experience of saving grace, they endorsed the truth before their heathen neighbors. This means much more here than at home, surrounded by nominal Christians. The humble confessions of some to their backslidings gave us hope for the future of the work at Chereni. We expect to see them again restored. Amen! God bless these dear people, and raise up workers from among them!

"In the afternoon we went to Ntameni, four miles interior from Chereni. This was the spot selected by Brother Bernhart Dammyer for his work. He had only made a beginning, when a few weeks after Sister Agnew, he was called Home to higher employment. We visited the little reed barrack that had given him shelter, and kneeling in prayer, gave ourselves anew to God, for life or death, only for souls, and then hurried on, to reach as many kraals as possible in the short time left us before sunset. Ntameni is in the midst of a dense population, just on the border between two tribes. Part of the people speak Gitonga and part Sheetswa.

"Among the Batonga, the Lord gave us utterance, and helped to deliver his message as for eternity. What a realization we have in this field, that what we do to

rescue souls must be done quickly! Even though we could be sure of a long life, we never travel over the same road twice, and must make the very most of present opportunities. I do want to meet these new faces of Chereni and Ntameni in the judgment, with a consciousness that I did my best to make known to them the power of Jesus' precious blood. When we came to a Batswa kraal, Tom interpreted for me. Brother Agnew has enough of their language to speak without an interpreter.

"I would mention, incidentally, a little act of hospitality shown us at one of the kraals, which, while it may seem to some too insignificant to mention, was very much appreciated by us, after our long, hot walk. Among the hearers was a Mohammedan trader, an Indian, who keeps a small native store. He has a native wife, lives in the kraal along with other natives, and is one with them. As we were about to leave he called his wife, who quickly served us with a delicious cup of tea. It reminded us of the 'cup of cold water,' mentioned by Jesus. But in this land we dare not drink the water without first boiling it; so it is sometimes difficult, in passing around among the kraals, to quench one's thirst. Some do break over and drink unboiled water, but they usually suffer for it in an attack of fever more or less severe.

"Night coming on, we hurried back to Tom's, reaching there about dark. Mr. Haviland, who, not feeling able for the walk, had stayed with the children, we found quite ill. A crowd had again assembled outside for an evening service. We felt the Lord's presence in every meeting, and had abundant proof that we were in his order, in thus undertaking a little for him. By the next morning Mr. Haviland was much worse, so as to be unable

Coconut Palms near Inhambane

to walk home; but my strength was so increased that I was able to take his place, while he took mine in the hammock. Let me say to the glory of God that strength was replenished as I had need, during the week that followed, in caring for a very sick husband. He had what proved to be a severe attack of hematuric fever. He had many of the symptoms which Sister Agnew had, but for God's glory has been raised to health again. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.' "

Notes Concerning Our Work.

"A few days ago we were somewhat encouraged by a visit from a young married man who lives at Nyanjele. Some years ago he was Brother Agnew's servant, when the latter was living at Nyanjele, and it is hoped some seeds of truth found a lodgment in the boy's heart. He brought a nice basket of oranges for us and one for Brother Agnew all the way from his home, some fifty or sixty miles. We believe the Holy Spirit is working in his heart. He consents to the truth, prays, etc. We hope to see him a new creature, a herald of the Cross at Nyanjele. We proposed to him to bring his wife and children and live on our station, at least for a few months, that we may be a help to them spiritually and give them needed instruction. He wishes to talk with his wife about it before giving a definite answer. One such, really saved, could do much good among his people.

"One evening this week we were eye-witnesses of a sad, though rather amusing incident. A boy in whom we feel a special interest, knowing that the Lord is talking to him, was so far overcome as to take an unusual amount of

intoxicating drink. All the afternoon we saw the effects in his foolish talk, hilarity, etc.; and in the evening, after he went to his kraal, we heard him singing in the same strain. As it was only a few steps away, I went where I could see without being seen. He was up in a cocoanut tree, getting *sura,* an intoxicating drink which the natives get from the sap of this tree. He was singing at the top of his voice, repeating again and again the words, '*Nyi na wona kuchamba kwaye*'—I shall see his goodness. Looking up, I asked, 'Malejisi, do you think you will see the goodness of the Lord up there getting *sura?*' He made no answer, but came down as quickly as possible, and went with me to his hut, where together we prayed for strength to resist temptation, and to leave *all* the works of the devil. Over and over he said, 'It is not good, it is not good, this that I have been doing.' He is living in the seventh chapter of Romans: 'For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would that do I not, but what I hate that do I.' 'For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do.' It is a blessing to have even this experience. Conviction for sin is a thousand times better than to have no compunctions of conscience. The ordinary native chooses evil. He cannot say, 'The evil that I hate,' for he does not hate it. To him it is 'a sweet morsel.' We want to see many drink the bitter cup of repentance, knowing that Christ will be on hand, in the niche of time, to administer the cordial."

A Miniature Vanity Fair.

"This morning the boy and girl who work for us failed to put in an appearance. On inquiry we learned that there was to be a big dance not far away, and that they

were making preparation to attend. Several asked if I was not going to see the *ngoma,* or dance. In a former letter I spoke of a meeting held on a similar occasion; but at that time we went in the forenoon, while the people were gathering, held our meeting, and came away before the dancing began. So I had never seen a Tonga dance.

"Knowing there would be a large crowd of people, many of them from places too far distant for us to walk and visit them in their homes, I thought this might be an opportunity to do something for the Master. When I reached the place a great many were already present, and others were pouring in from all quarters. There was such a hubbub, making preparation for the coming festivities, it seemed a very unfavorable place to try to do spiritual work.

"In a few minutes the dancing began. It is utterly beyond my power to describe the scene. Every one comes out in the most gorgeous attire he can afford on such an occasion. In addition to the bright-colored cloth of red or yellow or blue worn around the body, there is a strip of white cloth tied around the waist, and each has about all the ornaments he can pile on, in the form of necklaces, rings and bracelets.

"Then the cut of the hair is a thing attended to with the greatest care. You could hardly find two with their hair cut just alike. A part of the head is often shaved smooth. On another part, perhaps the hair is left its full length. Sometimes the long hair is wrapped with grass, forming little pigtails which stand straight up on the head. The chief musicians have great tufts of chicken feathers fastened to their heads.

"The musical instruments are drums, large and small, which they beat for dear life; pianos, flutes, whistles, rattles, etc. The crowd chant to this music, and keep time by clapping hands. A large circle is formed, and in it from two to a dozen are dancing at a time. They waltz across from one side of the circle to the other and back again, and then others take their places. With the exception of the drummers, who cannot leave their post for a moment, the musicians take their turn in the dance, leaping about in the most frantic manner, tossing their plumed heads like mad bulls, shaking their rattles furiously, and making the most hideous noises and gestures.

"A very large pipe for smoking Indian hemp was made stationary, and here, by turns, the men took a few deep draughts. Almost immediately their bloodshot eyes seemed starting out of their heads, as with maddened brains they rushed again into the dance. This shows the potency of Indian hemp, that curse of South Africa, which is equaled only by intoxicating drink in its damning effects. It is worthy of remark that at this large gathering I saw very little, if any, drunkenness, although there was occasional drinking in moderate quantities. I was impressed that there is much less dissipation among the Batonga at their dances than among the Zulus on similar occasions. The one we attended in Natal lasted two days and nights, —drinking, dancing, feasting, and revelry. Here the dancing began about three in the afternoon, and before dark the people dispersed and went quietly to their homes.

"But in the midst of my reveries, I suddenly remember my errand of mercy. I wondered, if I ever could, in such a motley crowd, hold up Jesus, 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' Yes, I could; for if

God is for us, is he not more than all that can be against us? Did he forsake Elijah when surrounded by the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal? Then, neither would he forsake now. There came a lull for a moment in the dancing. Now was my opportunity. Speaking to the one who appeared to be the leader, a man past middle age, and who ought to have been thinking about more weighty things, I asked that the people sit down and listen to a few words I had to say to them. Many of them complied with my request, and listened while I tried to get eternal things before their dark minds.

"Soon the dancing began again, and I was about to leave. Seeing a boy of my acquaintance, I asked what he was doing there. Others gathered around to hear the conversation, and a second time I was in the midst of a great crowd, many of them new ones that had just come up. As I pointed out to them that this was all the work of Satan, some asked to hear again the story of Jesus and to sing his songs. I was only too glad for this second opportunity of getting a little truth on their hearts. One does so long, at such times, to be perfectly free in the language. As it was, by this time I had exhausted my stock of Gitonga, and thought best to retire from the scene, leaving the results with God. Is it presumptuous to hope that all the seed did not fall by the wayside or among the thorns?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Thinning Out the Ranks.

"Angels our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
From thrones of glory driven;
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air and darken heaven
And rule this lower world.

"But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go."

—Charles Wesley.

When Brother Agnew had returned to Inhambane, just before our arrival, there had gone up with him a young man named Bernhart Dammyer, just out from the United States. After a short time with Brother Agnew at Machichi, he had selected as his field of labor Ntameni, about four miles from Chereni, and perhaps fourteen miles from our station. Here in a little grass hut, he had bravely held the fort until attacked with fever, when being without proper food or care, he had rapidly run down. He afterward spent some weeks with us, trying to recruit his shattered health, then a time with Brother Agnew, and finally a season with the Church of England missionaries

at Jikuki. Here he ended his earthly pilgrimage, a few months after Sister Agnew.

In the account of our trip to Chereni, it has been mentioned that Mr. Haviland was brought very low with hematuric fever, the first we had had in our own family, and so severe as to bring a strong man, in a few hours, to the helplessness of a little child. In the meantime, the fever was working havoc among Bishop Taylor's missionaries, Mr. Dent, at Kambini, having had so dangerous an attack that, as soon as he recovered sufficiently to be moved, they took the steamer for Natal. The next news that reached us was that Mr. Porter, at Mokodweni, was at the point of death with the fever, and Mrs. Porter alone to care for him! While he was so near the crossing, what if he should slip over, and she there all alone? The thought haunted me. Though far away and hard to reach from our mission, it seemed to me I *must* go to her assistance. It was necessary to cross the bay to Inhambane, there take a boat for Mongwe, and thence proceed overland several miles to Mokodweni. Husband and Brother Agnew were also going as far as Inhambane and see me on the boat for Mongwe. We walked as far as Brother Agnew's the evening before, so as to get an early start.

But wind and tide were against us, and all day long we were in that boat, unsheltered from the hot sun, trying to get across the bay to Inhambane. In the midst of this, I was seized with a violent attack of hematuric fever, and had to lie down in the bottom of the little boat, feeling so miserable as to long for death. Reaching the landing at Inhambane as the sun was setting, I had to be carried to Mr. Richards' unoccupied mission house, where we stayed for the night. In the morning I was taken

again to the boat and across the bay and by hammock to Brother Agnew's,—all this in a semi-conscious condition, more dead than alive. It was a week before I was able to ride in a hammock the four miles home, and much longer before a reasonable degree of strength returned. It is remarkable what a shock is given to the entire system in an incredibly short time.

While we were away from home, Malejisi had been left to look after things. On the day before we returned home, he came to tell us there was trouble at home —something had broken into our hut. We found the door securely locked as we had left it, and the windows intact. But at the back of the hut was a hole dug down under the poles which, planted in the ground to a depth of a foot and a half or two feet, formed the framework of the hut. It looked very much like the burrowing of a dog or wild animal, and we were inclined to attribute it to one or the other of these. But Malejisi, more experienced than we in such affairs, declared that it was the work of no animal, but of a *mutu,* or native. Neither money nor valuables were to be found in our hut, and the only thing we ever missed was a bright-colored blanket or rug, used on the voyage when sitting on deck.

Poor Mrs. Porter had to get along without her would-be relief committee, as it was all I could do to wade through by own "deep waters," at least for the present. Mr. Porter was mercifully spared and raised again to continue his work. Not long after, it seemed necessary for them to have a change to Natal; but, as they were thoroughly interested in their work, and disliked to leave it longer than necessary, they accepted our invitation to come with us instead.

We were still living in our hut, as there had been delay in getting the tiles and cement for our floors; but otherwise, our wood and iron house was almost completed. A room in this, with only the sand floor, was fitted up for Mr. and Mrs. Porter, and for a few weeks we greatly enjoyed each other's company and fellowship. Mr. Porter was a first-class carpenter, and, while with us, added to our home-made furnishings a respectable dining-room table, sideboard and couch. A little daughter, May, was born to them here, and both mother and child did exceedingly well. When they were strong enough for the journey, Mr. Porter returned with them to Mokodweni; but it was not long before we heard that Mr. Porter had another, and even more severe, attack of fever.

This was a lingering attack, very tedious and exhausting. While still in a critical condition, he was carried down to the Church of England Mission, about thirty miles, in order that he might be the better cared for. But still he did not rally. He could take no food whatever *for weeks*, and was kept alive only by injections into the rectum of arrowroot gruel. The brave little wife stood up nobly under the strain, both she and the little baby May keeping in excellent health. It was finally decided for them to start for Natal. To *start*, I say, for it was exceedingly doubtful that Mr. Porter would ever reach there alive. He was carried on board the steamer, and at Natal was carried off; and as the strange procession passed along the streets of Durban, every one gave place, supposing it had been a corpse. And death itself could have been no more ghastly than was the victim of such an attack of Inhambane fever. Recovering his strength but slowly in Durban, after a time they embarked for New Zealand, their former

home, and thus two more earnest workers were lost to Inhambane.

The English Church missionaries had had their turn with fever. Bishop Smythe had left for other parts some months before. Two lady missionaries, Miss Saunders and Miss Mackworth, had made us a week's visit, and much of that time Miss Mackworth was in bed with fever. But as these missionaries were allowed a yearly furlough of a few weeks or months, to recruit their health in a better climate, they now took advantage of this; and thus we saw another two take their departure from Inhambane.

Last of all, in October of this year, Brother Agnew, feeling the need of a change, had gone first to Natal and then to Johannesburg, to be gone indefinitely, leaving his mission house deserted, except for an old heathen man, a cripple, who was left to watch the premises. The only missionaries left to keep us company in the Inhambane district were the matron and an aged colored minister of the English Church Mission. The last few months had developed grave symptoms in our own cases, which forced upon us the conviction that, sooner or later, we, too, would be obliged to quit the field. The coming March, our five years' term of service would expire. Rest was needed, and needed badly. But who should take our places? This was the question that caused much concern.

The seed sown in tears was beginning to germinate. Fungati, a prominent and promising man, was an earnest inquirer after the light; and the eagerness with which he drank in the truth, both in the public services and in private instruction, gave every evidence that he was not far from the kingdom of God. Just after our departure, he came out boldly on the side of the Lord, and not long

after was baptized under the new name of Philip, and has ever since been a useful evangelist among his people. Many another was pondering these things in his heart. Oh, for strength to hold on, until many of these precious souls were gathered in!

Do you imagine we looked forward with joy to the time of our release from service, the time of our home-going? Ah, no! No one was coming to fill our places! It seemed like a leaden weight upon my heart every time I thought of coming home, and *no one to go on with the work.* These souls just emerging from heathen darkness—should they be left to relapse into darkness still more dense? Oh, Church of the living God! "Go feel what I have felt," of the woes of the heathen and then talk about the *cross* of staying among them! The cross seemed strangely reversed. The greatest cross was now to break away and leave them as sheep without a shepherd.

And I have reason to believe that these feelings were not peculiar to myself, but are the common experience of every true missionary. At the student Volunteer Convention in Cleveland, in 1898, W. E. Witter, of India, in an earnest appeal, gave forcible expression to the same experience: "'But I cannot leave my mother, my friends, my native land!' You cannot! O young men and women, the time for tears and heartaches, if ever you become foreign missionaries will not be when you leave America, but when you may be called upon to say good-by to the little flock you have gathered in India (or in Africa) . . . Then it was we wept. It will be so with you. Nine years they were without a missionary,—no one to tell the story. Another missionary was appointed. He was with them one year. There were conversions, then an empty treasury,

the missionary recalled, and then the bitter cry, 'Oh, do not leave us, do not leave us. We want to know more. We know so little—our people, so many of them, will go to hell without ever hearing of Jesus if you leave us.' . . . *Go!* LET GO! HELP GO!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Looking Toward Home.

"Workman of God, oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And on the darkest battle field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given,
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible."

—Frederick W. Faber.

Sad, sad were those days of final preparation, when it was known surely that we must *escape for our lives*. Afflicted with an enlargement of the spleen, and a constant dull, heavy pain in my side, it was with difficulty the sewing necessary for the long voyage was completed; and but for my having a hand machine, instead of a treadle one, it would have been impossible. As it was, after a few days of constant turning, my right shoulder gave out, so that I could no longer lift that arm. From that time on, Mr. Haviland turned the machine, while I did such parts as I could without raising my arm, and with his assistance the work was completed. Thin and anaemic, though not in actual pain, he, too, seemed but a shadow of his former self.

Feeling that his work was now finished at Inhambane, he proposed that we go at once to Natal by the February steamer, and there wait for our passage money to America,

which had not yet arrived. One or two pieces of unfinished work were on my mind, and it seemed I could never be content to come home with work incomplete.

> "Let me finish all my labor,
> Then my armor I'll lay down."

In the last few months, while hindered from walking about to the kraals as much as formerly, and having a better grasp of the language than heretofore, I had translated, or rather composed, a number of Gitonga hymns, set to familiar tunes. One of these to the tune, "Help Just a Little," had been used a number of times from the manuscript in our public services, and notably in our last Christmas gathering. I was anxious to get them into print before leaving the field; the more so, as there was a scarcity of hymns in the language, the sum total in print being only about forty; and some of these did violence to the accent of the language, giving the words so different a sound in the hymn from what they had in conversation, that they were often hardly recognizable to the untrained ear of the raw heathen, though regular members of our congregation soon learned what was meant.

It is almost impossible to find one of our tunes which will fit the Gitonga without considerable alteration, and some tunes can never be made to fit. For instance, here is one to the tune, "There Is a Happy Land," in which nearly every accent comes wrong. I am not informed who composed it, and what I say is in no spirit of personal criticism, but simply to illustrate the peculiarities of the language. The hymn is a great favorite with the natives, who sing it lustily, in spite of the wrong accent. The

stanza first given shows the true Gitonga accent as it would be spoken; the second gives the accent as it must be sung to fit the tune.

Right:	Wrong:
Lómo tígo ládi	Lomó tigó ladí,
Léyo whínjo;	Leyó whinjó;
Bómo bátu bádi,	Bomó batú badí
Bá kalágo	Bá kálagó.
Bá ngu émbeléla	Ba ngú embélelá
Pfúmu bá yi rungúja	Pfúmu bá yi rúngujá,
Ngúju bá ku lómba	Ngujú ba kú lombá,
Bá yi lósa.	Ba yí losá.

Besides the printing of the hymns, I very much desired to go on one more evangelistic tour among the natives, this time to Nyanjele, sixty miles away, where Sister Lincoln had yielded up her life some years before. The brethren had a few times been on a preaching tour this far back from the coast, and had tried to form these needy places into a kind of circuit, to be traveled by one or the other each month. But as the rainy season came on, being the worst fever season, it was deemed prudent to let Tom do the greater part of the itinerating. Hence it had now been several months since these places had been visited by a white missionary.

And even had some one been able to go every month on a hurried trip of a few days, delivering a short message here and there, in one among hundreds of native villages,—*was this getting the Gospel to every creature, and in this generation?* Oh, how hopeless the task with our present force! Had there been plenty of workers, perhaps this cross would never have come upon me. As it was, could I be altogether clear, without doing my best, using my last ounce of strength in witnessing to those in 'the

regions beyond' the power of the Gospel? This was *the cross* laid upon my heart, and husband readily consented to remain another month, in order to give me opportunity to *finish my work,* though expressing some fears that I should never return alive, if I undertook this journey.

And first came the task of printing my hymns. At Brother Agnew's was a printing press, long unused; and in his unoccupied house, with a native girl to look after incidentals, I took up my abode, and entered upon my self-imposed task. How it did rain that week! The printing press and material were in an out-house, not proof against rain, and so damp and chilly that it was hardly safe to work there. At last the type was set. But, alas! The printer's ink, having stood around for months, and for aught I know to the contrary, for years, in that climate, could not be made to work.

Thus, after almost a week of hard toil, and when almost within sight of the goal, I had to give up in despair, and my hymns are still unpublished. I herewith give the one to the tune, 'Help Just a Little," and as the Gitonga is very easy of pronunciation, any one can read or sing it. It is only necessary to remember that all vowels have the Roman pronunciation; that every syllable ends with a vowel, and hence there are always just as many syllables as vowels in a word; that there are no silent letters; and that the accent invariably falls upon the penult:

Lomba Safa.

1. Wa ku kala gidemani,
Lomba safa, lomba safa;
Nu ri mutu nya mba jiti,
Lomba, lomba safa.

Chorus.

Pfumu, safa monyo wangu,
Dusa jipekadu jangu,
Hanja kwadi monyo wangu,
Pfumu, ruma safa.

2. Wa ku hungwa ki jingoji,
U na chudwa, u na chudwa;
Wa ku ngodwa kwa Satani,
Kuga, u na chudwa.

3. Wa ku biba monyo wago,
Bweta noba wa Mbanyisi;
Wa ku jina ku hanjeka,
Bweta noba waye.

4. Wa ku resa nandu wago
U dichejwe, u dichejwe;
Dicha kundeyaka kwago
U na dichejidwe.

5. Wa ku lomba kilisine,
U na bidwa, u na bidwa;
Wa ku bweta, u na mana,
Lomba, u na bidwa.

A rough translation of the same may be given as follows, without any special regard to rythm:

Pray for Light.

1. Are you sitting in darkness?
Pray for light, pray for light;
Are you a person in ignorance?
Pray, pray for light.

Chorus

King, enlighten my heart,
Remove my transgressions,
Wash thoroughly my heart,
King, send the light.

2. Are you fettered with chains?
You shall be freed, you shall be freed;
Are you bound down by Satan?
Arise, you shall be freed.

3. Is your heart corrupt?
Seek the blood of the Savior;
Do you wish to be cleansed?
Seek his blood.

4. If you bring your guilt,
You are forgiven, you are forgiven;
Leave your wandering,
And you shall be forgiven.

5. If you ask, in truth,
You shall be given, you shall be given;
If you seek you shall find;
Pray, you shall be given.

Baffled in this first undertaking, the following Monday I started upon the second. With Tom to accompany me as guide and assistant in the meetings, and with Sinolani to keep me company, carry my provisions and bedding, and to cook my food along the way, so I might use my little strength in the Lord's work; and, armed with Gitonga testament and hymn-book, mackintosh and umbrella, and a satchel full of *shapaus*, entrusted to Tom's safe-keeping, to pay expenses along the way, I felt tolerably equipped for the hazardous undertaking. It was with unusual feelings of tenderness that I took my leave of loved ones, and felt constrained to return for a second farewell. For who could make sure that this might not be the final adieu? With no way of communication, I could not expect to hear how it was with them, nor they from me, in the whole two weeks of my absence. And two weeks at Inhambane! What changes had it not wrought in other cases! The last words ringing in my ears as my carriers bore me away were, "Now, Tom, if she gets sick with the fever, make the hammock carriers

run every step of the way to get her home, so I can take care of her."

Perhaps a few words on hammock riding would here be of interest. The hammock was tied to a long pole, the one to be carried took his place inside, in a reclining position, and the pole was swung over the shoulders of the carriers, who jogged along on a slow trot. Four or six men constituted a set of carriers for an ordinary sized person; but in case of great weight the number had to be increased to eight or even to ten. Only two of these, however, carried at one time; the others trotting along behind, or loitering at the kraals until it came their turn to carry. A mile or two constituted a stage of the journey, at which we were unceremoniously put down on the ground, while they rested, or fresh carriers took the pole. When the two carrying together were well proportioned in size and gait, we jogged along with a swaggering motion not unpleasant. But when the reverse was true, as was often the case, we found ourselves *jolting* instead of *jogging;* and when a short man happened to be at our head and a tall one at our feet, some other mode of locomotion would have been preferable to hammock-riding.

The roads are only narrow footpaths, and the hammock would often catch on the bushes and vines in passing. Then again, in reclining, one got the full force of the tropical sun. I tried to counteract this by carrying a white sun umbrella; but this, catching in the brush, while the carriers pushed right on, was soon almost in strings. Then, as a last resort, pulling my sun helmet over my face, I was truly oblivious to all around until my carriers put me down with a *thud* at the next halting place. To Tom I trusted to see to it that these halting places should

be in the largest kraals, so we might improve the time in holding a service while the carriers rested. But Tom was usually far behind, not being able to keep pace with the carriers; so he gave directions, in advance, as to where we were to make the next halt.

Can you imagine my feelings thus *alone,* separated even from Tom, in the hands and at the mercy of heathen men whom I had never met before? How could I be assured that they would follow Tom's direction, when they knew the paths were all alike to me? It would have been gratifying could I have secured a set of hammock carriers from near home, those with whom I was somewhat acquainted, to go with me the entire journey. For there is a vast difference, even in heathen. But it is not their custom to carry continuously. They carry one day or part of a day, and then *rest* many days. So it was necessary, from each stopping point along the way, to engage a new set of carriers.

CHAPTER XXXV.

My Final Tour.

"Another may reap what in springtime I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted,
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

"The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted,
The most of the seed which in springtime I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted,
Will give me a harvest for what I have done."
—Rev. W. A. Spencer.

The first day's journey brought us to Chereni, Tom's home, where was a rude grass chapel, in which we held a service and stayed the night. The second day was rainy, so it was impossible to move on. Sinolani complained of being sick, and begged to be allowed to return home. To this I could never consent, as I seemed so dependent on her help. Besides, it was already nearly dark, and wet and disagreeable, so that if really sick, how could she reach home, starting at that late hour? I persuaded her to remain until morning and see if she would not be better,—at least, I supposed she was *persuaded*. But she was fully intent on carrying out her purpose. She slipped away, without my knowledge, and was seen running like a wild deer in the direction of home, under cover of the gathering twilight. I leave my readers to judge as to the nature of her sickness.

Here again seemed defeat at the very outset; as I doubted very much the propriety of traveling with a com-

pany consisting entirely of men, and had built my hopes strongly on Sinolani—a frail reed, to be sure. Public opinion would doubtless have exonerated me, had I retraced my steps at this stage of the journey. But before the bar of my own conscience, *I was not yet released.* A light attack of hematuria had also come on while stranded at Chereni, and it did seem that the fates were against me. But instead of taking our back track, "Forward," was still our watchword.

> "By all hell's host withstood,
> We all hell's host o'erthrow;
> And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
> We on to conquer go."

On through Bambambeni lay our route, and the different points visited by the brethren as mentioned in the account of one of their trips. As we were taking more than twice the usual time for this trip, there was opportunity to stop at many kraals or villages not touched by them, and of which I do not know the names. Every day several impromptu services were held, at as many different kraals, with what natives we could get together; and wherever we stayed the night, was given a more extended and lucid declaration of the divine message, our chief concern being to make the way so plain that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, should not err therein.' Again in the morning before leaving, all were called around for morning prayers, which were usually turned into something like a class meeting, taking the form of question and answer, and addressed to them as individuals, as it is hard to hold the native attention with abstract discoursing. All these were open-air meetings, as the audience was usually far too

large to be crowded into any hut. They were held in the shade of the cocoanut or orange trees by day, and sitting around the fire in the center of the kraal at night.

On the day before reaching Malehisi, it was impossible to get hammock carriers. There was a long stretch of twenty miles or more through a wilderness of trees and tall grass, in which few villages were seen near the path. Tom gave as the reason for this, that the path had been cut through the woods by the Portuguese, when marching against Gungunyana; and, as the route followed was entrusted to native guides, the crafty natives, with a dread of the Portuguese, led them by a route that should pass few kraals, leading them to suppose the country was sparsely inhabited.

At this point we could get carriers to go back in the direction of home, but none to go forward. But asking Tom to pilot me on to the next kraal in the direction of Malehisi, we pressed forward on foot, in the hope of finding carriers soon. Only a mile or two was covered. The dangerous symptoms of hematuria had again set in. The sun was by this time oppressively hot, and my strength entirely gone. Lying down on the sand in the shade of a tree, Tom was sent on in search of carriers. Meantime, I had time for meditation and retrospection. Was this what was meant in that consecration, made so long before, when all these scenes had passed in panoramic view before my mind's eye?

> "And when I come to stretch me for the last,
> In unattended agony, beneath
> The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
> From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet
> That I have toiled for other worlds than this.
> I know I shall feel happier than to die
> On softer bed."

Amen, then, to all God's will! My reveries were disturbed by the return of Tom, who now announced that he had found three young men who agreed to get me through to Malehisi, if I would give them double pay. To this I readily consented, feeling that truly they were God-sent. That day, on account of the few kraals along the path and my indisposition, we held no meetings. Early in the afternoon my carriers put me down in the midst of a large village, which I learned was Malehisi. They had gotten me through on "double quick." This was the fastest hammock journey I ever took; but the extra speed was not out of any consideration for me, but because they wanted to get it off their hands and earn their rupees. A ride of several hours in the hot sun could hardly be expected to have a salutary effect upon a fever patient; as under the most favorable conditions, this type of fever might be expected to run its course of several days. Account for it as you may, dear reader, but to my mind, the days of miracles are not altogether in the past. Resting until evening, I was ready for a service in this large village of more than three hundred huts, and for much individual labor the following day.

It was Saturday, and we desired very much to reach Nyanjele, ten miles farther on, for the Sabbath. Here, as before, no carriers could be found. As it was now late in the afternoon, I suggested to Tom that we try to walk through. He prophesied that 'it would be my death,' that 'I would never get away from Nyanjele, but be laid away beside Sister Lincoln.' But at last Tom was persuaded to let me try.

On, on we pressed through the deep sand until the sun had sunk beneath the western horizon. On still by moon-

light, by the side of large swamps and through grass on either side of the path, in many places higher than my head. On, while the heavy dew was falling. Following hard upon the heels of my guide, lest I should become separated from him in the midst of these weird surroundings; and never venturing to stop to rest, for even a moment, lest I should become chilled and thus invite an attack of fever. Onward, scarcely daring to think whether we were far or near—only one step at a time—until the last weary step had been taken, and we were safe in Nyanjele. The doxology is in my heart, as I record this instance of God's marvelous healing power. Thirty-six hours before had found me by the roadside, in an utter collapse, with all the unmistakable symptoms of hematuria, not knowing but my last hour had come. Now strength had been given for a ten miles' walk, without excessive fatigue. This was the Lord's doing, and marvelous beyond all I could ask or think.

Have you ever stopped to consider what opportunities for rest or refreshment a kraal affords after such an exhausting journey? Should you reach a kraal after meal-time, it would take hours to prepare a simple meal, as nothing is left over from one meal to the next, the porridge and gravy being made fresh each time. Every day must provide for its own necessities, even to the grinding of the meal and the gathering of the wood. There is no well-filled pantry upon which the housewife can draw in an emergency. Taking these things into consideration, it may be imagined how we fared on this particular night, coming in at so late an hour. Not even did we dare to take a drink of water until it had first been boiled. What a luxury would have been a pilgrim home, where the

weary, jaded itinerant had found awaiting him a warm, appetizing supper, and the equally welcome and exhilarating warm bath!

Do you imagine there was easy chair or spring bed for resting your weary bones? Not a chair or bed of any description does a kraal afford. I had brought along my mat and blanket from home. And this little one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness of grass matting, upon the ground floor, made no *soft* bed. Yet I slept, and, sleeping, was refreshed, ever remembering that I was the disciple of one *'who had not where to lay his head.'* They usually gave me a hut by myself to spread my mat and spend the night. The door was a woven structure of sticks and reeds, propped up to hold it in place, but leaving a large opening at the bottom, where a dog or wild animal, or even a person might easily have entered.

Perhaps you can understand now why I desired Sinolani's company. But another had undertaken my protection. "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on thee." "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." The entire ninety-first Psalm was mine. Sleeping or waking, a whole convoy of angels was commissioned to guard me.

There had been no appointments made in advance on this unique circuit. Had there been, the natives would not have been able to reckon the time or to remember the dates. It was necessary, in every case to gather our congregation after reaching the place. Sunday morning dawned at Nyanjele, bright and hot. After holding a service in the large

village where we had spent the night, we tramped around to several other kraals, preaching as we went, and inviting them all out to an evening service at our stopping place. Several hours thus spent were followed by a little "quiet time," in which I asked Tom to take me to Sister Lincoln's grave. A short distance back in the woods he led me to a grass-covered mound, scarcely noticeable, except for a little hedge planted around it. It was kneeling by this mound, alone with the Lord and with Tom, that I yielded anew myself, even my life, to God for Africa.

Heaven came down around that grave. It was the mount of transfiguration to my soul. If departed saints might whisper the word of courage in our ears, when almost ready to faint in the battle, think you Sister Lincoln would not have whispered, "Be true in the pressure," "Be faithful unto death," "Light affliction, but far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"? My Captain whispered, "Courage," and the still small voice had no uncertain sound.

What a blessing is life,—physical health and vigor! I never praised the Lord so much for even an existence in this world of sin, with only the small degree of physical strength left me, as on that tour from which I returned, snatched myself from the very jaws of death, only to find on reaching home the monster revelling in the lifeblood of my loved one. That I could still *live* for God in a land of disease and death,—*live* to bear the Gospel message to those who had never heard,—*live* to use my little influence against the hosts of hell in sin-cursed Africa,—this seemed to me far grander than to be translated at once to glories never looked upon by mortal eye, never conceived by human heart, those hidden glories which God has prepared for them that love him. Even as revealed by the

Spirit to my heart, the glories of Heaven were no attraction so long as God would give me some humble place as a reaper in this spacious and neglected Inhambane field.

"Let me stay a little longer,
Gathering for the garner great,
Golden sheaves, oh, precious jewels,
Stars in Jesus' crown complete.

"Let me finish all my labor,
Then my armor I'll lay down,
And with Jesus Christ, my Savior,
Ever wear a starry crown."

The new inspiration which came into my heart while kneeling by that lone grave led me to take still greater risks and make still larger ventures than ever before. We had planned to go only as far as Nyanjele, but were strangely impelled onward another twenty miles to Nyarime. Here is a beautiful lake, abounding, however, in crocodiles, and around it many people. A Portuguese Commandant was stationed here,—the first and only white person I saw on this trip.

On this particular day great crowds of natives had collected from far and near to pay their taxes to the government. Squads of these were sitting here and there, waiting for their turn. So the entire time of our stay at Nyarime was profitably employed without the necessity of searching out the people in their kraals. Word had been left at Nyanjele that we would be back there for Tuesday night, and our same set of carriers which had brought us were waiting to take us back. So with reluctance we bade farewell to Nyarime, and started in the direction of home. And here I can best give a bit of our experience by quoting

African Band Instruments

from the Children's Number of *Missionary Tidings,* the conclusion of my own article on "Heathen Dances":

"On this return journey the carriers seemed very weary. This was especially noticeable with one young man, who lagged behind so as not to take his turn at the hammock. I was often reminded of my weight until I began to imagine myself quite heavy.

"At last we are back to Nyanjele, and I am busy preparing for the evening service, hoping that the people are prepared for some stronger message than before. Tom has something to tell me. 'We can't have any meeting tonight,' he said; 'there is a dance in the neighborhood, and every one will go to that, of course.'

" 'Can't have any meeting? I was sent to preach Christ to these people, and have come a long distance, at the risk of all, to do it. It is my last and only opportunity to speak a word of warning and invitation before meeting them at the judgment. Not have a meeting? Well, then, we must do the next best thing. Dare we go to the dance?'

"We did dare to go into this wild revelry, not to take part, but to hold up Jesus. And there was that *tired* carrier! Could we believe our eyes? Yes, here he was, as principal drummer, pounding away for dear life. He had forgotten all about being tired now.

"As there came a lull in the dancing, we asked the privilege of speaking. The momentary silence was taken for consent. Instead of the weird music of the dance, the praises of God rang out through the woods. So we had our meeting.

"This was the last dance I attended in Africa, but not the first. Jesus went with me even to dances, and

many people heard about him at these gatherings who never would come out to meeting. This must be what the Bible means where it says, 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.'

"I had a thousand times rather go to a *heathen* dance, as a messenger of Jesus, even though I had to stand out alone against so many, than to go to a *civilized* dance, to work the works of Satan, even if a great crowd went there, too, and said it was all right. It pays to take Jesus with us everywhere we go, and to stay out of places where he can't go, too."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Man Proposes, God Disposes.

"And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death,
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.
But not today, then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

—May Riley Smith.

I pass over the remaining events of the homeward journey, not because it was not to me full of interest every step of the way, but lest I weary the reader with a multiplicity of details. On the second Saturday after our departure we were again nearing home. But with what feelings of apprehension that increased as we advanced! How had it fared with loved ones at home in my absence? Should I find there *all* that I had left? Can you believe me when I say I was almost afraid to approach, lest I should find some awful desolation? But, thank God, when at last I found courage to cross the threshold, it was to find that little circle still unbroken.

The steamer by which we were to sail was expected by the middle of the next week. Only the packing now remained to be done. I was too weary to begin this until after the rest of the Sabbath; but husband packed one

trunk of books as a beginning. Before bedtime he was prostrated under another attack of hematuria. It would have caused no surprise had I been seized with a violent attack, after such unusual exposure. But that he should have been, just at this time, is one of the mysteries which awaits solution in the world to come.

On Sunday we were to have had our farewell service at the mission. But husband was so ill I could not leave him, and Tom was left to hold the service alone. I should state that Tom, with his little family, had a short time before moved into our vacant hut, to look after and carry on the work in our absence. When Monday morning came, husband desired me to leave him to care for himself, largely, while I went on with the packing, he being especially solicitous that we should make *this* boat, and not be obliged to wait another month. After a day or two his symptoms were decidedly more favorable, and this seemed destined to prove a light attack of hematuria.

On Wednesday, the final washing for the voyage was going on under the cashew tree; and this required considerable of my attention and assistance. Then, too, all day I was trying to get the trunks and boxes which were ready, away to the boat landing. Several times an agreement was made with carriers to take a certain trunk for so many shapaus. It was roped to a long pole and swung over their shoulders after the manner of hammock carrying. They would take it a few steps, put it down and come back to tell me it was "heavy," and refuse to go further.

This day Mr. Haviland tried to help a little, but found he was too weak, and had to lie down again. He had eaten nothing since he was taken sick; and, in fact, there was nothing in the house at all tempting or suitable for a

sick person. Our supplies had run low, especially on that line, as we were planning to leave so soon.

In the evening, having been away from his bedside for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, caring for the children, I returned to find him in a deep sleep. I tried to arouse him to see if he could take any supper, and, failing in this, I went in alarm for Tom, who, after one long look, gave his verdict in these words: *"Mfundisi is very sick tonight."*

With the exception of Sister Agnew, I had never seen a case of *coma,* or unconsciousness, with the fever. In her case, it had ended in the final sleep; and so also in the case of Mrs. Richards, who had died at Inhambane before our arrival; and so in the case of every one I had ever heard of who had gone into a *coma.* Still it could not, *must not,* be so now. A few hours would surely restore consciousness.

The only human help available was from the Church of England Mission, fourteen miles away. As has been stated, only two of these workers were now at the mission, the others being away on furlough; and the last we heard, these two were both down with fever. Besides, it was already dark, and the natives are very superstitious about going out in the darkness.

Asking Tom just to come and sleep in the kitchen, so I would not be entirely alone in case of a change, I prepared to keep my lonely vigil, doing everything which had seemed to give relief in former attacks, and especially administering hot drinks every few minutes, to try to help him throw off the poisonous malaria through the perspiration. His breathing grew more and more laborious, so as to

be heard some rods away. Oh, for the morning light, that I might send for help!

At half-past two it seemed I could endure no longer alone. Arousing Tom, we consulted together as to what was to be done. He would have gone for help, but in the absence of any better help, Tom could not be spared. He was sent out to the kraals, however, in search of a boy who was willing to go, while I again watched alone, not knowing what moment the end might come. Tom was successful, and started a boy with a message containing my *urgent* request for help; but long before the messenger reached his destination, the labored breathing was hushed, the heavenly chariot had descended, and the weary sufferer, no longer in need of the ministrations of human hands, had passed

"Through the gates into God's city."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Sweeping Through the Gates.

"Through the gates into God's city,
The redeemed are passing in;
Washed white in the blood of Jesus,
Cleansed from every stain of sin.
No more sickness, pain, or sorrow,
No more night but endless day,
All their toils and conflicts over,
All their tears are wiped away."

—Albert Bean.

At 5:00 A. M. he had left us for a better country, having lain in a deep stupor since about 6:00 P. M. the day before. Like Sister Agnew, he left no *dying* testimony, as he never seemed to realize he was going to *that* home; but to the last, before he became unconscious, was planning to come to America. But, better still, he left a *living* testimony. "And he was not, for God took him." Ours the loss, but his the eternal gain.

. . . . . .

Many times in the toil and conflict, I had almost coveted translation to that heavenly country. I thought of some who had served but a short term, Sister Lincoln only two months, and Sister Agnew only seven, at Inhambane, until God had said, "It is enough, come up higher." Oh, to hear that voice saying to *me,* "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; behold, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Was not this the supreme end of all living?

Those who had heard that voice and passed over had attained the goal of their noblest aspirations. We who remained were still in the heat of the race. Were they not to be congratulated rather than bemoaned?

They had gone to a land where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. (All this in striking contrast to Inhambane.) For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I was homesick for that country; I longed to go, too.

It was only as God specially revealed himself to me, as while kneeling by Sister Lincoln's grave, and now again, alone with my dead, that I felt that life in a world of sin,—so long as there are sinners to be brought back to God,—is a *privilege*, a thing to be *coveted*. As I looked out on the great harvest field and the scarcity of reapers, I was content to take up my cross and stay a little longer outside the gates. Thoughts, too, of those helpless and now fatherless children reminded me that for their sakes I *must live*.

. . . . . .

It would be hours still before help could reach us, if, indeed, any came at all. In such a climate all unnecessary delay in the burial of the dead must be avoided. Not daring to wait longer for help, with a little assistance from Tom, my own hands performed the last offices; while some of the natives were detailed to dig the grave and others to make a rough box for a coffin.

From Tom I learned that the Portuguese law required that the death of a white person be reported, with all haste,

to the proper official. The Portuguese Commandant for our district had his residence at Machichi, on the bay, about nine miles from us. Tom went to deliver the message in person, and the Commandant sent back word that he would be there that evening, and to have everything in readiness for the burial when he came.

At noon Miss Scott, from the English Church Mission, arrived, and was much overcome when she took in the real situation. Under this stunning blow I had even forgotten to put the customary black crepe on the door; and in answer to her inquiry, "How is Umfundisi?" I could only point her to the room, mutely saying, "Come and see." If ever human company and assistance were grateful, it was now. The Commandant failed to put in an appearance that evening, but came early next morning. Not a minister within reach for a funeral service! But Tom was sent to call the natives who were not too superstitious to come. Brother Agnew speaks of burying an aged native woman whom he found dead in the woods, her relatives refusing to touch her. Mr. Carey, in India, was obliged to bury his own child, because the natives were unwilling to break their caste by touching the dead. Death, without a Christ, is a dread monster.

The natives gathered in and once more filled the hut, where so many times they had heard his voice in prayer and song. Miss Scott could not speak Gitonga, so could not help me now. But God, the Holy Ghost, helped to deliver that final message. In the life voluntarily laid down for their sakes, what an illustration of the Divine love! "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

And does life thus *laid down* mean life *lost?* "I lay down my life, that I might take it again." "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Every word has a richer, deeper meaning than ever before.

List! We seem to catch the distant refrain of the redeemed around the throne! "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." What more appropriate to the occasion than that beautiful hymn, "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," inspired by the dying words of Alfred Cookman?—"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Here it is in Gitonga, as sung on this occasion in 'triumph o'er the tomb':

1. "Mule, ginani, chatugo nya lipiru
Lipiru nya kufe li tade ki gidema?
Ba ngu banya gambe ki lichiba lipya,
Hanjwa nobani wa Jesu.

Chorus.

"Ba ngu banya gambe iyo Jerusalema,
Jerusalema lipya njajini;
Ba ngu bela kwadi zantu nya ku safa,
Hanjwa nobani wa Jesu.

2. "Aba ba di kala mafuni kanga etu,
Aholu ba di ingela likana nya ku chamba,
Ba di dicha Satan, ni mitumo yaye,
Hanjwa nobani wa Jesu.

3. "Aba ba di kala bakari nya ku xengwe;
Aholu ba di dwana ni silo nya ku bibe;
Nukunuku Pfumu ku ba chatugisa,
'Hanjwa nobani wa Jesu.

4. "Ba bindile kwadi, ku mwalo ku chanisa;
Ku bede kufa, gima ka ba tabi;
Ba ngu embelela, kala ku pinduka;
Hanjwa nobani wa Jesu."

"In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you." "I will come again and receive you unto myself." "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

Not, not for him, translated from toils and cares and sufferings, to *rest* in the bosom of the Father; nor for her still left in the conflict, with broken down health, liable at any hour to be stricken down with the same dread disease; nor for those helpless orphan children;—not, not for these let fall the tear of pity or commiseration. The one is far beyond the need of human sympathy,—the others supported by God's unchanging promises, which shine out bright and clear in this "dark valley."

But for this hungry, starving multitude, who have no hope while living, no Jesus in dying, and no resurrection light piercing through the shadows of the tomb,—for these, unlock your fountains of tears! "Oh, that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep, day and night, for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

The unhoused spirit of the departed heathen, wandering here and there, in need of food and drink—what a contrast to the Christian's "Home of the soul"! The one who had already entered in, and the ones now on the way, were supremely blessed; those still groping in the darkness of despair were the ones to be pitied and *saved at any cost.*

Grave of Rev. J. D. Bennett, in Michigan.
Wife standing by grave.

In faith and hope we laid away our dead, beside Sister Agnew, on the mission grounds of the Roberts' Memorial Mission, giving public expression to our belief in the hereafter in the Gitonga hymn, "Jesus Is Coming Again."

1. "Jesu a na ta, haganani,
Para ku hakisa batu badi,
Ba hanjidwēgo ku noba waye,
Jesu a na ta gambe.

Chorus.

"Jesu a na ta, a na ta gambe,
Jesu a na ta gambe;
Mupwani enw mahungo yaye,
Jesu a na ta gambe.

2. "Jesu a na ta, hi na wuga,
Batu bachabo ba na mu wona,
Gaya kwaye mwalo gambe kufa,
Jesu a na ta gambe.

3. "Jesu a na ta, kilisine,
Ba fudego ba na banya gambe;
Ba na changana nawo njanjini,
Jesu a na ta gambe."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Farewell to Inhambane.

"I cannot go; — I pause, — I hesitate,
My feet, reluctant, linger at the gate."

The Portuguese Commandant, being a Roman Catholic, had remained outside during the funeral service. But at heart he was kind and obliging, and lent me valuable assistance. He offered to send carriers for my trunks, and insisted on my going to his commodious government house to wait for the steamer. This kind invitation I hesitated about accepting, as there were only soldiers about the place, and thought to go on to the Church of England Mission. Seeing my embarrassment, he invited the other lady to remain with me for company.

A few hours later of the same day, I took my final leave of that sacred spot that had been the scene of our labors for two short years. To add to the gloom, it poured down rain all the morning. The burial was in the rain, and so was also the nine miles' journey to the Commandant's. Sinolani and another young lady were detailed to carry the children on their backs—their last service for "Tanda," who was a general favorite, and "Baby Hollis, the child born among them," as they delighted to call Horace. Each girl was given an umbrella to shield the children, while I went unprotected in the hammock. Going by different paths, the hammock carriers and the girls were soon separated, and I saw nothing of my babies until some time

after I reached my destination, when they arrived safely, not altogether dry, but kept from a chill by the vigorous shaking, and by being in close contact with the warm bodies of the carriers.

We had to wait for the steamer between four and five days. The Commandant got my trunks to his place and across the bay to the steamer, with only a fraction of the expense they would have been to me alone, to say nothing of the worry of procuring native carriers; besides entertaining us, in royal style, all that time. His kindness was as much appreciated as it was unexpected. It was with difficulty that I could carry on conversation with my host, as he understood not a word of English, nor I a word of Portuguese. His courtier, a half-caste, understood Portuguese and Gitonga, and became the medium through which we conversed. But when my companion, Miss Scott, wished to converse with the Commandant, matters became still more complicated. She would speak in English, I interpreting into Gitonga, and the half-caste into Portuguese. Then came back the answer, first in Portuguese, then in Gitonga, and finally in English.

That morning's exposure in the rain proved too much for our generous host. He was prostrated under an attack of fever most of the time while we were partakers of his hospitality. Not long after my return to America, Tom wrote of the Commandant's having had another severe attack from which he never rallied. Only a few short months—March to October—from the time he helped to lay away our dead, until others performed this office for him. This incident led to the reflection, quite often overlooked, "There are martyrs, then, and in Africa, which are not missionary martyrs." It had often seemed to me

that nothing, *nothing* outside the love of Christ and precious souls, could induce me to live a single month in a climate like that of Inhambane. Yet here was this highly cultured Portuguese gentleman, his hair silvered, living in exile from home and friends, presumably with no higher object than to increase his worldly emoluments.

My difficulties were not yet quite ended; for when the "Induna," the boat for which we had been waiting, steamed into port, she was "full up,"—"not possibly room to take on another passenger!" What was to be done? Another month at Inhambane, waiting for her next voyage? What would *another month* likely bring forth? The captain was inexorable, but the first officer, more humane, offered to give up to us his berth, which was gratefully accepted. This, being just under the boiler, was so hot as to be almost unendurable; but it was better than remaining at Inhambane another month.

Reaching Durban, faint and staggering, I made my way to the South Africa General Mission, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Walton. Though strangers in the flesh, they received me in a truly Christian and catholic spirit, and cared for me during a two weeks' siege of fever, as if I had been their own sister. When I recovered sufficiently to make the change, I spent a few days, before embarking, with Brother and Sister Desh, who were still in Durban.

He who had promised to guide me with his eye, still looked after all my interests on that long voyage, dreaded by most, even when in a fair state of health at the time of embarking. Strength was given to care for the children, both quite helpless, Violet, weak and fretful from frequent attacks of fever, and Horace at sixteen months old, not able to bear his weight on his feet.

It would seem to me that such evidence as this of the effects of climate would be sufficient to explode, once and for all, that idea so prevalent, that if one only stays sufficiently long in such a place, he becomes *acclimated,* and exempt from fever. Here was a child born in the country who ought to have been acclimated, if any one. Possessed of a vigorous constitution, naturally, yet at sixteen months old he was not as strong on his feet, nor as healthy in any way as when only a few months old. During our first year at Inhambane, which should have been our worst year, according to theory, I had not a single attack of hematuric fever. The second year, when we should have been somewhat *acclimated,* we each had several hard attacks which, in the case of one, ended fatally, and of the other—"saved, yet so as by fire," would fitly express the many miraculous deliverances from the very jaws of death.

It would seem to me the more correct solution of the fever problem is this: that time is required, on first going into such a climate, for the system to become thoroughly saturated with malaria, before the fever appears in its worst type. The time required for this differs in different individuals. For instance, if one has a tendency to biliousness, or other chronic weakness, the system absorbs the malaria more readily, and the collapse comes sooner. This absorption is also encouraged by undue exposure to the elements, as sun and rain; and by excessive exercise, to the point of great exhaustion; and by irregularities in food and sleep. All these conditions, by lessening the resisting power of the system, make one an easy prey to the inroads of malaria.

But with all possible care on these lines, so long as the then present conditions obtain, of breathing in malaria

continually, and of drinking it in the swamp water, it would seem impossible for even the strongest constitution to resist for long. Since that time a water tank has been provided for this mission, and the roof raised so as to make sleeping rooms upstairs, higher above the malaria. It is to be hoped that these precautions, together with allowing the Inhambane missionaries much more frequent changes to a healthy climate, may so far reduce and counteract the absorption of malaria as to lessen considerably the chances of complete saturation, leading to hematuria and death.

One more instance of God's tender care for his own. On board the "St. Louis," the steamer by which I came from England, was a minister (Baptist, I believe), returning from his vacation in Europe. We had become casually acquainted on the voyage, and as we were about to land, he asked if I expected friends to meet me. Being answered in the negative, he at once placed me under the protecting care of his friend, Major Whittle, who had come on board to assist him. And I was royally cared for. Major Whittle never left me, until he had seen my trunks through the customs and to the railway station, my railway ticket purchased, and myself and children safe on the fast express for Rahway, New Jersey, the home of Mother Haviland. May God himself reward the great evangelist, who yet stooped, Christlike, to give the 'cup of cold water' to one of his little ones!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Retrospective and Prospective.

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

—Longfellow.

Adam McCall, stricken down with fatal disease ere his work on the Congo was fairly begun, died with these words upon his lips: "Lord, thou knowest that I consecrated my life to preaching the Gospel in Africa. If now thou dost take me instead of the work which I purposed to give thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done."

"My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent,"

had been my solemn covenant. The consecration had covered nothing short of a *life work*. Life was now, indeed, at a low ebb, having been literally *poured out* in those few years of service. Could it be that all those years of preparation were for only five years of service?

Well! Jesus, himself, spent a longer time in preparation for a shorter term of service—thirty years for three years of public work.

> "True living is not measured
> By the years that we can tell."

But so much of my work remained unfinished!—more, far more, than had yet been accomplished. Our work in Africa had been largely that of seed-sowing and preparation for greater usefulness. And this is the more apparent, when it is remembered that we had been changed to different fields, and had had to learn two different languages. There had been time in each place to see comparatively little fruitage, and there was now need for the exercise of much patience. "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." There could be no doubt about the *final harvest*. The Lord, who had watched while our weary toil lasted would now care for the seed sown in tears, and give us our adequate share in the sheaves, by and by.

Tom, who on my departure had been left in charge of the Roberts Memorial Mission, wrote the following year of the steady progress of the work there. The seed sown by the wayside—at kraals and dances and in our home—had not all been devoured by the birds of the air. A little had found lodgment in promising soil, in the hearts of such natives as Fungati, elsewhere referred to. Tom added, with characteristic modesty, "I cannot sow the seed as well as the white missionaries, but I can be the pourer on of water, coming along after, and keeping alive the

seed they sowed." And Tom has ever since filled the important place of *"umteli wamati,"* pourer on of water, besides being an actual sower in a deeper sense than he knew.

The Rev. Josiah Tyler, for many years a missionary in South Africa, was asked, "Are the results of your work among the Zulus commensurate with the toil and money expended?" To this he nobly replied: "If judged by worldly standards, they may not appear so; but truly no serious-minded man will gauge them by figures alone. No tabular view can adequately represent what has been done. Of this we are sure: it is God's work, and it cannot be a failure. One has truly said: 'God's true missionary goes where he sends him, and he succeeds, though all he may do is to plow up the hard ground and gather out the stones, to leave a fair field for the sower.' And in God's eyes, many a man, who, by the armful or wagon-load, brings sheaves to the garner, is only reaping from others' sowing. If we could point to a single Zulu who has been savingly converted, that alone would prove that our labors have not been in vain. But, thank God, we can adduce instances not a few of self-denial, humility, holy living, resignation to the Divine will, heroic faith, and joy in the near prospect of death."

Though it had cost me dearly to be a missionary, and though I had not seen *all,* nor as great results as I desired, yet whenever confronted by the time-worn interrogation, "Do missions pay?" I have been able to answer unhesitatingly and positively, from personal experience, in the affirmative. Being now absent in body from my adopted people, I may truly say I was still present in spirit. Going in and out once more among civilized people, I have ever felt

that I stood in the capacity of an ambassador from that dark land, to plead the cause of the heathen among my own race. As a *daysman* have I stood, with one hand on the head of the perishing millions, mute in their despair, and helpless to plead their own cause; and with the other hand on the head of the church, which has it in her power, *if she but will,* to rescue these perishing and care for these dying. The responsibility, as felt and realized, has been tremendous.

Long ago, the god Atlas was represented as, with difficulty, supporting the earth upon his shoulders. Faith now knows it is the Omnipotent who holds the earth in the hollow of his hand, and sends it rolling through space in its orbit round the sun. But is not the ancient Atlas a fit type of the ideal, soul-burdened church? The burden of a *lost world,* as experienced by actual heart contact with the miseries of heathendom! Oh, it were utterly *crushing* unless the Infinite support us with an Everlasting Arm. Brother, sister, has God ever put the burden of *a lost world* upon your heart? And then, as you were ready to sink beneath the weight, has he come in with his omnipotence to carry both you and your load? Such burdens are delightful. Do you ever think of the tons upon tons of pressure upon your head, of the air above you? No! you are not conscious of this enormous pressure, because of the *equal* pressure from beneath.

While recuperating, abundant opportunity was given for working for the heathen from this end of the line. The first summer after my return to America was spent in the West, in Kansas and Nebraska, battling with the fever and great bodily weakness, and at the same time doing much public work in the way of missionary lectures

and addresses at camp meetings. Everywhere were the largest and most enthusiastic audiences, and my intense interest in my subject led me far beyond my strength. Among my former acquaintances, and, in fact, everywhere, I was besieged with scores of questions which were easier answered in public meetings than to answer so many in private. Even in the intervals between meetings, when rest was much needed, there was little chance for retirement. A few African curios, exhibited usually at the close of a lecture, with full explanation of the same, were very popular with all classes. One of these was the bead belt worn by Mlibaziso at Bethany, and another the twenty-three brass rings removed from Sinolani's swollen limb at Inhambane.

In October of this year I was before the Mission Board in Chicago to give my report in person of the Roberts' Memorial Mission for 1896-97, having also the painful duty of reporting in behalf of him who the previous March had been called from labor to reward.

Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Brodhead, of Pennsylvania, and Miss Lucy A. Hartman, of South Dakota, were under appointment for Africa, but detained for some months in this country. Having grappled with the difficulties of two native languages almost alone, I saw the great advantage it would be to these missionaries to learn the language before going out, and offered my services to the Board to teach them Zulu. With some little encouragement from the Board, I went to the little village of Greenfield, Pa., the temporary abode of Mr. and Mrs. Brodhead, and, renting two upstairs rooms, settled down to housekeeping under difficulties, being in poor health, and giving two hours each day to this class in Zulu. Also beginning with

the January number, I was that year editor of the *Missionary Tidings,* organ of the W. F. M. S. of the Free Methodist Church, and published from the denominational publishing-house in Chicago. It was thus necessary to do all work by correspondence.

In February of this year it was my privilege to attend the Student Volunteer Convention for Foreign Missions held in Cleveland, Ohio. This large and enthusiastic gathering, composed of young people from our schools and colleges, side by side with experienced ministers and Christian workers, and with veteran missionaries from many lands, was indeed inspiring, and augured great things for the future of the missionary work. The watchword of this vast and growing army is, I believe, the Scriptural, conquering one,—"The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." It had been my ambition, ever since forced to leave the field, to speedily regain my health and return to my *unfinished labor.* On the closing night of this convention, Mr. Mott, the chairman, asked those who were expecting to sail *within a year* for the foreign field to rise, and in one brief sentence to give the field to which they expected to go, and why. About sixty immediately arose, I among the number. My answer was: "To South Africa, because I have seen the great need of that land, and have been definitely called, and have not been released from that call."

Shortly after my return from this convention I was prostrated under a very severe attack of fever, suffering for two weeks all tortures of body and mind, but without the dangerous symptoms of hematuria. This was from the remains of malaria still in my system, now brought out by exposure to the cold—a phenomenon of frequent oc-

currence even in South Africa, when removing from the low, swampy regions to a more bracing climate as that of Johannesburg. At the time, it was feared I would have to give up my editorial work, but by preparing that month's copy in bed, I was able to carry it through the year.

After rallying somewhat from this attack of fever, it seemed necessary for a time to be released from household cares. And as the missionary party who had been under my instruction in Zulu had now sailed, and there was no longer anything to hold me in Greenfield, I sought a quiet retreat at Oakdale, with Brother and Sister Barnhart, in an Industrial Home for widows and orphans, under the superintendency of Rev. E. M. Sandys of Hope Mission, Pittsburgh. After a few weeks of such rest as this afforded, I was drawn from my retreat to answer numerous calls for missionary meetings. I was able to travel some *alone,* but hardly equal to traveling with the care of the children. Special arrangements were made with Ethel, twelve-year-old daughter of Brother and Sister Barnhart, to have constant care of the children; and, with this little "mother," they were perfectly happy and contented in my absence. So strong was the attachment formed that summer, that she ever afterward claimed a deep interest in her little charges, and still holds a large place in their affections. A strange sickness appeared in this home, attacking, I believe, every inmate except the "little Africans." Coming home only occasionally, I was for a time immune. The only explanation that could be given was that the sickness was due to impurities in the water, which came through pipes from a tank on the hill some rods above; and that the escape of myself and children was due to the fact that we drank milk instead of water.

That fall I attended the General Conference at Chicago, it being the first I had ever attended. The General Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, for services rendered, voted me a life membership in the W. F. M. S. I also took a life membership for each of my children, feeling that probably the greater part of their lives would be spent in a heathen land, and wishing them also to be kept in touch with the work at home. After General Conference we settled down for the winter at Rochester, Pa., occupying rooms in the parsonage, and uniting with the Rochester class and W. F. M. S. Here we found some blessed saints and the fellowship was precious. To many places within easy reach I went for missionary meetings that winter, and when spring opened, arranged for an extensive tour of meetings, reaching as far West as Denver.

Before starting on this tour, however, the opportunity of my life came, and was eagerly embraced, of coming into heart contact with a great multitude of missionaries of all denominations, and from all parts of the world, among them such veteran missionaries as John G. Paton and Hudson Taylor. This was during the ten days at New York City of the Ecumenical Conference. The inspiration of this gathering still lingers with me. My missionary path had been a lonely one. Now I felt I belonged to an innumerable multitude,—something akin to that ecumenical throng seen by John around the throne of God and of the Lamb.

While these ten days were filled to overflowing in the public services, at night I slipped away to my place of entertainment with Mr. and Mrs. Roland, across the famous Suspension Bridge, in Brooklyn. In this home were entertained two other lady missionaries from the Methodist

My "Little Africans" all ready to go

missions in India. Our genial host, in conversation, drew from each of us the main facts of our life and work on our respective fields, and seemed much impressed as he contrasted the conditions of a pioneer work in Africa with a prosperous, well-established work in India.

The Sunday of this Conference, missionaries from all over the world were sent out to fill the local pulpits, not only all over New York, but to suburban towns for miles around. We had been asked to report, on registering, if we were willing to be sent on such an errand, if called upon. I had registered as willing, but had no idea there would be any demand. But having been detailed for both Newark and Jersey City, which would require a twenty miles' ride on the train on Sunday, I begged to be excused from one or the other. So I was sent to Newark, and on Saturday afternoon reported for duty at the Methodist parsonage in Newark, and having arranged to take the Sunday night service, I spent the intervening time in the home of one of Mr. Haviland's brothers who lived in Newark. I felt a little coldness in this large church, but God helped me, and I was soon at home and oblivious to all around. At the close of the service, the pastor had this to say: "When I asked the Conference for some one to fill my pulpit, I thought they would send me one of their 'big guns.' When a plain looking woman came to my door yesterday and said she was sent by the Conference, I must say I was disappointed. But now I am glad they sent just the one they did."

After a few days for rest and for making my final preparations, I now started, with my children, on a whole summer's campaign in missionary meetings.

Coming back to Chicago in time for the Annual Board Meeting, I here, for good and sufficient reasons, asked either to be sent back to my field of labor or released from the employ of the Board. After due consideration, it was decided that I should be returned to Africa; but there was no money in the treasury for this purpose, what I had already raised having been appropriated to other fields, and it was necessary, first, to secure the funds. The Senior General Superintendent, Rev. E. P. Hart, submitted the motion, which provided for the establishment of a "Haviland Memorial Mission, to be located in Natal, at some point where we have no station." A "Haviland Memorial Fund" was originated, to be raised for this specific purpose, no funds from the general mission treasury, or from the dues of the W. F. M. S., to be applied on this fund. The amount of expenditure in opening the new mission was to be limited to $2,000.00, and the staff of workers to *one lady helper*. Such was the task set me by the Board meeting of October, 1899.

CHAPTER XL.

Haviland Memorial Mission.

"No sepulcher conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines."

Still nothing daunted, for I knew God had the necessary funds, I made arrangements to spend the winter in another extensive tour of missionary meetings, this time leaving Violet with Brother and Sister Flocker at Vanport, Pa., where she could be in school, and taking Horace with me in meetings. The winter was spent entirely within the limits of the Pittsburgh and Oil City Conferences, where they were already doing much for missions. The Haviland Memorial Fund was to be in addition to what they were already giving. Only from those societies visited personally were contributions expected or received, and usually in very small gifts. By spring the many *littles* in cash and short time pledges had reached $1,500.00.

The war conditions in South Africa were by this time much more favorable, and Brother and Sister Gray of Michigan were going out in the spring to reinforce the mission at Fair View. Thinking that possibly I was to go at the same time, I waited in suspense until they had sailed, and then started on another tour of missionary meetings, this time with both children. The summer was spent partly in Michigan, where the missionary work was not so well organized or supported as in some other parts, and in visiting several annual conferences. By fall we

had doubled the previous amount. The fund was now more than raised.

Stopping off a little before the Annual Board Meeting to do my necessary sewing for the voyage, I went to this final meeting, my outfit nearly complete, and my packing largely done, ready to sail. Following is my report as adopted by the Board, and as published in the church paper:

HAVILAND MEMORIAL MISSION.

ANNUAL REPORT.

"From the inception of this mission until the present time, the special blessing of the Lord has rested upon this undertaking. The task of raising $2,000.00 or more to open a new mission in Africa seemed a very undesirable one, and was entered upon at the beginning of the year with much fear and trembling.

"As I have gone forward in obedience to the voice of God and of the church, through her Mission Board, the needed grace and courage have been supplied; also some degree of success has crowned my labors.

"The winter months were spent entirely within the bounds of the Pittsburgh and Oil City Conferences. Over sixty public missionary meetings were held at nearly as many different places, resulting in cash contributions to the Haviland Memorial Fund of $530.39, and pledges to the amount of $968.00. This with $200.00 in cash from the Pittsburgh Conference at or near the time of the Board meeting made a very encouraging beginning for the Haviland Memorial Fund.

"When I ceased work in these two conferences there were some districts still untouched, and the indications were

that a little more effort would have secured the entire amount necessary, without aid from outside conferences. But feeling that others should have an opportunity of sharing in this work if they chose, I turned to adjacent conferences.

'Since early in June I have traveled almost constantly, accompanied by my children. I have visited nine camp meetings and four annual conferences, besides holding missionary meetings on many circuits in the interims. I have received toward my Fund, as a result of my summer's work, cash, $600.89; pledges, $615.00.

"I have labored in ten different conferences, but have endeavored so to arrange my tours as to hold the greatest possible number of meetings with the least possible travel and expense. I have not been able in all cases to secure reduced rates on the railroad, especially east of Pittsburgh; but in some instances by applying in person to railroad officials, the Lord has disposed them favorably toward me, and special favors have been granted. My traveling expenses for the entire year have been a trifle more than $100.00.

"The exposure in all sorts of weather, and the exhausting labors connected with these many meetings, have been a great drain upon my physical strength: but St. Paul's words have been verified in me, 'Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me' (2 Tim. 4:17). The close of the year finds me in fair health and full of faith and courage. The Divine presence and blessing have transformed what otherwise would have been toilsome drudgery, into blessed privilege. Over and over again my heart has *burned within me,* as I have

tried to plead the cause of helpless ones who are powerless to plead for themselves.

"The good Book says: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive;' but if those who have contributed to the Haviland Memorial Fund have been more blessed in giving than I have in receiving, the great wonder is that more have not learned the secret of blessing.

"With profound gratitude to God, and to every one of his people who have contributed anything whatever to this fund, I bow in submission to the Divine will, praying that wisdom may be exercised in the use of every dollar to his glory, and that your money and your workers may go forth on their errand of mercy, freighted with Heaven's richest blessings and buoyed by the prayers of the saints."

Your servant for Jesus' sake,

EMMA HILLMON HAVILAND.

The same Board which heard and accepted this report, now *rescinded* its action of the year before, providing for the establishment of a Haviland Memorial Mission. Then followed my resignation, and after a few weeks of earnest prayer, in which I sought to know unmistakably the Divine will, my departure for Africa. This explanation, by the editor of the *Free Methodist,* of the circumstances which led to my going thus, will give the reader a fair and impartial view of the situation. The first paragraph appeared among the personals, and the other as an editorial.

"Mrs. Emma H. Haviland wrote us from Rahway, New Jersey, November 29th, to the effect that she had resigned her relation to the Missionary Board, and had arranged to sail, with her two children, from New York for Africa, by the steamship 'St. Louis,' December 5th, going

wholly on her own account and at her own expense. December 5th she wrote again on board the steamer, saying, 'We are now well under way, our steamer having started at 10 A. M. All is well!' Her decision to go to Africa thus on her own account was made in view of the recent action of the Missionary Board in her case, as presented in an editorial on the 'Haviland Memorial Mission,' in this number of the paper."

HAVILAND MEMORIAL MISSION.

"Among our personals in this number of the *Free Methodist* is one relating to the resignation of Mrs. Emma H. Haviland from the Missionary Board, and her departure to Africa on her own account, which calls for the giving of further information as to the contemplated 'Haviland Memorial Mission.' The following extracts from the minutes of the late Annual Meeting of the Missionary Board will explain the situation. At the fifth sitting the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

'*Whereas,* Our missionaries in Africa have written to the secretary and stated that they think Emma H. Haviland ought not to be sent to Africa to establish a new mission; and,

'*Whereas,* We have learned by experience the great importance of agreement and harmony between our missionaries; therefore,

'*Resolved,* That we rescind our action of last year (that is, the action which contemplated the sending of Mrs. Haviland to Africa to establish and have charge of a mission station apart from the stations we already have in that country, provided she raise $2,000.00 for the pur-

pose during the year, which we understand she succeeded in raising in cash and pledges) and appoint a committee of three to confer with Emma H. Haviland, with the object of effecting a settlement.'

"The minutes then state that B. R. Jones, W. A. Sellew and C. O. Schantz were, on motion, appointed said committee. B. R. Jones and W. A. Sellew declined to act and were excused. E. P. Hart and Mary L. Coleman were on motion substituted.

"In the minutes of the fifth sitting, the following record appears:

'The committee appointed to confer with Emma H. Haviland in regard to her appointment as a missionary to Africa beg leave to report as follows:

'That she has consented to resign her appointment of last year, and we recommend that she be allowed a compensation of $500.00 as a condition of settlement, and the Missionary Board agree to return the money contributed to the Haviland Memorial Fund, provided any demands for such return are made.

'We also recommend that the balance of said fund remain in the hands of the treasurer until the next meeting of the board.'

'We also beg to state that Emma H. Haviland agreed to accept the above-mentioned compensation only upon the urgent solicitation of your committee, as she feels that the question of compensation is nothing compared with her intense interest in the great work of evangelizing Africa.'

"The following is a copy of Mrs. Haviland's resignation:

'REV. B. R. JONES, PRESIDENT OF THE MISSIONARY BOARD
OF THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH,

DEAR BROTHER:—

At the suggestion of the Missionary Board, and in the interests of peace and harmony in the mission field, and because of objections made against me by the missionaries in Africa, I hereby resign my appointment to Africa made by the Missionary Board in October, 1899.

(Signed) E—— H—— H——.'

"The journal shows that the foregoing resignation was accepted, after which the report of the committee on settlement was adopted.

"The minutes of the fourth (we judge it should have been recorded as the sixth) sitting present the following:

'Moved that we request J. S. and Ella L. McGeary to consider the question of going to Africa within the next six or eight months, and that, if he goes, we give him general oversight of our works in Africa. Carried.

'Moved, that if J. S. and Ella L. McGeary conclude to go to Africa, we request the Executive Committee to elect him General Superintendent for Africa. Carried.

'Moved, that Emma H. Haviland's relation to the Board close at the end of three months if J. S. and Ella L. McGeary do not go to Africa; but if they decide to go, then Emma H. Haviland is to go with them to the intended Haviland Memorial Mission, the location of said mission to be selected by J. S. McGeary.

'The $500.00 which we have agreed to pay Emma H. Haviland is not to be paid her until three months from this date, and then only in case that J. S. and Ella L. McGeary

do not go to Africa. In case her relation to the Board ceases, that we give her a certificate of her standing. Carried.'

"Brother McGeary recently announced his decision not to go to Africa, but prior to this, as she says, lest the pending of her case should embarrass him in reaching a conclusion, Mrs. Haviland resigned altogether; and still feeling drawn to the foreign field decided to go on her own account."

CHAPTER XLI.

Readjustment.

"Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide."

Much might perhaps here be said in self-defense, but it were better unsaid. I simply note in passing that neither at the time nor at any subsequent time have I been able to learn what were the "objections of the missionaries on the field," only two of whom had been on the field at the time I was there, and between these and myself only pleasant relations had existed.

The $500.00 here mentioned, voted me against my strong protest, made it impossible for me to say, "I am detained in America from lack of means to get back to my field of labor." Believing it would be more pleasing to God and also to the donors of the money for me to use it in the way for which it was originally intended, in returning to Africa, rather than to use it for my own needs in this country, I took the *one step* God showed me, looking to him to lead me *every step of the way.*

Could I have excused myself before the bar of my own conscience, or could I have obtained the Divine release, I might gladly have settled down in this country and devoted my energies to the best interests of my children. In *eternity* could I plead that I was *providentially hindered* from completing my life work? Would it matter then

what particular Board I had worked under, only so the trophies were there to lay at his feet?

From Rahway, N. J., the home of Mother Haviland, where we spent a few days before sailing, I sent a card to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roland, telling them of my intended departure for Africa by the steamer "St. Louis." The morning we were to sail, what was my surprise to see Mr. Roland come aboard, with his arms full of bundles! He proposed to take my children and care for and educate them in my absence, leaving me perfectly free for my mission work. In case I could not be persuaded to part with the children, the bundles contained toys and books for their amusement on the long voyage. It might have been the part of wisdom and reason to leave the children in this comfortable home, rather than expose them again to the hardships of pioneer mission work. But reason had little time to assert itself. Their passage was engaged. Mother-love clung to them. They were my earthly all. I needed them as much as they needed me. So this generous offer, though greatly appreciated, could not be accepted; and, placing ourselves anew in His care who had promised never to leave us orphans, we sailed, an undivided family.

It was my purpose on reaching Africa to at once put myself under some society already operating on the field, as I had no desire for independency, and never broke my church relationship. Had I been permitted still to obey my God-given convictions under the same Board which originally sent me out, none would have been further than myself from making any change.

The war had brought many refugees into Natal, and as a result times were very close. Also many missionaries, forced to leave their work in the Transvaal, were now in

Botanical Garden, Cape Town

Natal, making it far more difficult to at once find an opening. My certificate of standing, voted me by the Board and received from the secretary on the eve of my departure for Africa, was worse than useless. It read as follows: "This is to certify that Emma H. Haviland has been an accredited missionary of the Free Methodist Church since January, 1892." Missionaries of the South Africa General Mission and of the American Board, to whom I showed it soon after landing, advised me never to show it again, as it would do more harm than good. Through one of my friends in this country, a member of the Board, I succeeded in getting another and more favorable certificate, but not until months afterward, and when it was too late to counteract the evil effects of the first. In the meantime there was abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience.

After a few months, a Natal friend secured for me, temporarily, a position as governess to two little English girls, daughters of the proprietor of a large tea estate. While teaching these and my own children, there was a little opportunity, on Sundays, for mission work among the three hundred or more Indian laborers employed on this estate. The following, published at the time in *Missionary Tidings*, gives a little glimpse of us in our new surroundings:

BELOVED SISTERS:—

"From the depths of oblivion, let me send one note of praise for the loving kindnesses and tender mercies with which I am encompassed. Jesus is good to my soul. He 'deigns to call me his beloved, lets me lean upon his breast.'

"My faith has had many and severe tests the past few months. I have had a chance to prove Elijah's God.

I have been told by would-be spiritual advisers that I could not reasonably expect God to supply the needs of my children—if I were *alone* I might possibly expect him to provide. I am so glad there was a little son concerned in the case of the poor widow, and that the supply of meal and oil was adequate to his needs as well as to his mother's. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'

"While my way is not opened as yet to engage in much active missionary work, he who looks at the motive more than at the outward act accepts my imperfect service—'in the Beloved.' He recognizes the 'willing mind,' which, if possessed, 'is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' He gives the assurance that some trophies shall be mine to lay at his feet. My sphere may be circumscribed, and my success hindered, but faithfulness to my trust can no man rob me of; and faithfulness has its own reward. Hallelujah!

"In the providence of God I am on a large tea estate, acting as governess to two little English girls, daughters of the manager. There is a mission field right here among the three hundred coolies or Indian laborers, which the estate employs. They are absolutely uncared for spiritually, as are also the many coolies on the neighboring estates. Nearly all of them are from the lowest caste of Hindus and are very ignorant.

"My heart yearns over them in their degradation and misery; but I am hindered from working effectively among them, by their many different languages, of which I have no knowledge whatever. On Sunday afternoons, however, I am doing what I can, with the aid of two interpreters into the two principal languages. Be it said to the credit of the manager and his excellent wife, that they do not

Durban Views of Progress

oppose my efforts in this direction. On the contrary, they would be pleased to have a regular missionary, i. e., one who could devote his entire time to the coolies of this and adjoining estates.

"In God's own time, I hope to be again at my cherished work among the Zulus. Even now, I am enabled to rejoice in earnest expectation. It was an inspiration to me to learn of one day in the week having been set apart by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to pray for missions. I believe, yea, I *know,* that some prayers are ascending for me; and in the strength of those prayers, largely, I go from week to week, from hour to hour, enduring 'as seeing him who is invisible.' Please pray very definitely and earnestly that God may open to me an effectual door among these African Gentiles. Communications from my friends are very much appreciated in my isolation."

"Address in care of S. A. G. M., Durban, Natal, South Africa.

Yours for sacrifice or service,

September, 1901. E—— H—— H——"

When I left this place and returned to Durban, it was with the next step not yet revealed. On reaching Durban, I found I was just in time for the Missionary Conference which was to open next day, and of which I had heard nothing. It seemed plain that I should attend this and *wait on God.* Before its close, I had made the acquaintance of some Scandinavian missionaries, who invited me to return with them to their station near the Zululand border, and assist them until there should be a more favorable opening. The affliction of one of their children made it necessary for them to re-

main some little time in Durban for an operation; and I was sent on to some of their relatives, to wait until their arrival. Mysterious providence, by which I was taken back over the same track I had come a few days before, to within a short distance of the tea estate!

Here was a large family, and by taking complete charge of the culinary department, I was enabled to relieve somewhat this weary mother, and to tide over the long waiting time of nearly two months. In the meantime, Mr. Baker, of Johannesburg, lately returned from a trip to Australia, where he had been in the interest of his mission work in the compounds, and now residing temporarily in Maritzburg, was in correspondence about my working under him in Natal. The Scandinavian missionaries readily released me, as the arrangement with them was to be only temporary, until God should give me another open door. So I never reached their mission, but was promoted from the kitchen of their relative to a little more pioneering under Mr. Baker. And thus I found myself in a needy field, not far from our old station at Bethany Zulu Mission. This account of our journey thither and opening up of work was published in the *Missionary Tidings:*

Dear Readers of the Missionary Tidings:—

"Some of you, I believe, will rejoice with me that the Lord has now placed before me an open door of usefulness in a most healthy and thickly populated field. After some months of waiting, and some severe tests of faith, I am now permitted to resume my unfinished work in Africa. Satan hindered for a season, but his power is limited,—Jesus reigns. It is a privilege to contribute my

mite to the extension of that kingdom which is ultimately to reach from shore to shore.

"In the chain of God's providences, I find myself on one of Mr. Baker's stations in Natal, only about fifteen miles across the country from Bethany Mission near Estcourt, where we were before going to Inhambane. Our nearest station and post office is Willow Grange, ten miles away, over a very steep, rocky footpath. There is no wagon road to get here. Coming out from the station, we had one horse between us, and took turns riding, Horace surprising us all with his strength and courage to climb over the stones.

"We are up near the Drankensburg. The snow-covered peaks could be plainly seen as we came up on the train, and between here and the station. This was the first snow I ever saw in Africa. Summer is just here now, however, and the natives say it gets very hot in the valley where we are. But the people are here—plenty of them—and this is the place we choose to be, because it is the place God has chosen for us.

"These people have never had a white missionary to live among them. What work has been done among them has been by native evangelists principally, Mr. Baker and his workers making them occasional visits. I expected to have to go to an entirely new field where all were raw heathen. In this respect the Lord has been better to me than I had dared to hope in placing me where there are already some true Christians. Imagine my surprise and joy on reaching the station to find there some twenty or more of the native Christians, to carry out my things. This they did freely, refusing all compensation. They have been so helpful to me in little things ever since I came here, that I thank God every day for them. Such helpfulness

is expected in the homeland; but in a heathen land it is a rare article.

"We have been here just two months. As yet we have no house, but are living in one end of the stone church. This is not the most comfortable. It is open around the eaves and is cold and draughty. We can have no fire in the church, but do our cooking over the smoke, in an old grass hut several rods away. There has been much damp, chilly weather since we came, when a fire would have been most acceptable. But thanks to our merciful Father, who has preserved us all in health.

"Mr. Baker was with us over the first Sunday in October, and expected to begin work on our house at that time. But the building material was not here, and it is impossible at present to get oxen and wagon to bring it out from the station. The military authorities commandeer all oxen and wagons they can get hold of for use in the war. Those who have oxen are afraid to let them go from home.

"Some of our best girls from Bethany were over to visit us, and seemed as delighted to see us as we were to see them. One of them was our Mlibaziso, or Emily, known to many as the one who formerly wore the bead belt, shown in my missionary meetings. I am encouraged to believe that the Lord will give her to me again, after a little, to help me in my work. She is a treasure. The children liked her so much and she them. She would be invaluable to me.

"So far, I have been doing all my own work, and economizing in every possible way. I would mention that Mr. Baker's work is on a different footing altogether from what it was formerly. It is now on a purely *faith* basis.

His workers are promised no regular salary. Whatever the Lord sends is to be divided equally among them. Mr. Baker is himself a missionary, giving all his time to mission work. While hindered by the war from resuming his work among the natives in the Johannesburg compounds, he has found a large and fruitful field of labor among the soldiers in the Howick camp above Maritzburg.

"Oh, let me 'fight the good fight of faith' unceasingly, and 'finish my course' with patience, and 'lay hold on eternal life,' seeing to it that no man take my crown. Strive with me in prayer to this end.

"Permanent address, Willow Grange P. O., Natal, S. Africa.

Yours in the faith,

November 1, 1901. E—— H—— H——."

CHAPTER XLII.

Olivet Mission

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide."

—J. Bowering.

The work at Mgwenya, or Olivet, as it was now called, was full of interest. It was such a joy, after these months and years of waiting, to be back again among my own adopted people. It would ever have been my preference to be back at Inhambane, on account of the greater need; but if hindered by the climate from again going there, *with the children,* then it were a privilege to be at work once more for the Zulus. Though extremely inaccessible, this place was well peopled, and the interest and attendance good. Some of the most really good and spiritual natives I have ever met were here. Space does not permit my giving a detailed account of the work at Olivet, but I can scarcely close this sketch without a brief mention of a few of the prominent characters and leading events in this interesting work.

One of the unique characters deserving of special mention was "Old Esther," an aged Christian who could remember *well* back to the time of Chaka's reign in 1820. I leave my readers to judge what must have been her

Natives Snuffing

age. But though of such ancient stock, she was nimble as a child, always on hand at the services and ready to take her part. She seemed to realize that she must make up for the years of her life that had been wasted in heathen darkness; and was, from the time I first met her, a zealous and jubilant Christian. Between this, our oldest member, and Horace, the youngest missionary, there ever existed the warmest attachment. This was manifested in the exchange of various little presents from time to time, salt, sugar, or even a slice of bread or cup of tea, on his part; on her part, green corn, amabele meal for porridge, amasi, and finally, as we were about leaving, a large cock.

"Old Naomi" was another aged saint, who lived to see three generations around her. The first few months of our stay at Olivet, she was a regular attendant at all the services until prostrated under what proved to be her final sickness. All through that lingering illness we visited her frequently in her kraal, often going on a Sunday afternoon for a meeting with her after the services in the chapel, and taking with us a number of the *kolwas,* and often a crowd of heathen, on their way home from church. The clear testimonies of "Old Naomi" and her burning exhortations to her heathen friends had much weight. On one occasion, when Mr. Baker was with us for the communion, we visited "Old Naomi," and administered to her the sacred emblems. No more was she to eat of this bread or drink of this cup until she should drink it new in the kingdom of heaven.

After a time the clear witnessing ceased—Old Naomi's mind wandered, and she was shunned, and I fear somewhat neglected, so that her final home going was a wel-

come release to this earth-weary spirit. I was sent for to prepare her for a Christian burial, while her grandsons made for her a coffin. A cemetery was started at this time, on the mission grounds, and the earthly remains of this aged saint were the first to be laid to rest therein. The funeral was an impressive service, largely attended. All knew that Old Naomi had gone to be with Jesus. A spirit of rejoicing rather than of mourning came upon the Christian natives, and deep conviction upon the heathen.

Several more who had come out from heathenism desired publicly to confess Christ by baptism and uniting with the church. This was, in the present case, not a denomination, but simply a body of believers banded together for mutual help and improvement,—members of the mission. Mr. Baker's work, both in the Transvaal and Natal, went under the name of the "South African Compounds Mission," and was interdenominational, employing missionaries of many denominations. Mr. Baker came for the baptismal service, which was by immersion, in the stream not far away. Something like fifteen were at this time baptized and added to the little church at Olivet. The sublime and the ridiculous are ever strangely blending in work among the natives. And so, on this solemn occasion, I may perhaps be forgiven the involuntary smile elicited by the grotesque appearance of the female candidates for baptism, as each appeared arrayed in a *new white night dress,* and white handkerchief for headgear, bought in Estcourt for this special occasion.

These, together with the older members, held a large place in my sympathies and prayers. They seemed as my own children in the Lord, as lambs among the wolves, who must be carefully shepherded and fed and instructed

and trained into a strong working force for the salvation of others. A weekly prayer and class meeting was very well attended, considering that all meetings were in the daytime and meant considerable loss of time from work in their gardens in the busy season. Several of these *kolwa* were ever ready to go with me for an onslaught on the enemy's kingdom, at some heathen kraal, or even at a heathen dance. How much more encouraging to go out thus, accompanied by several witnesses, than to stand out entirely alone, as at Inhambane.

A school was carried on whenever a sufficient number of young people could be induced to attend. This was made up nearly entirely of young men and women who had come out from heathenism; for others, as a rule, do not care to learn. Elizabeth Majolo, a widow with one little boy, was one of the most earnest and faithful attendants.

On Sundays two services were held in the chapel, with only about an hour's intermission. None of the natives went home in the interval. They sat in groups in the shade of the trees, or sang hymns in the church, until we had a little lunch and returned. The second service was most successfully carried on something after the manner of a Sunday School, as this gave opportunity to question the listeners, and test their comprehension of the things taught them. I will say to the credit of the heathen, that they are very attentive and reverent in church; but they will sometimes appear to be taking in every word, when perhaps they are very far from grasping the idea. The questioning brought out any deficiencies in understanding, stimulated to activity the naturally dull native mind, and was therefore very profitable.

The women and girls were in one class, under my instruction, and the men and boys in another, under my assistant, Isaiah; while at the close, all were asked to join in general exercises in which the Biblical knowledge of the men, as well as of the women, was tested. When it is remembered that but few of these, none of the older members, could read at all, but got their knowledge entirely through the ear, it is surprising that they knew as much as they did. And in quoting Scripture, they were not as far off as many who have had much better advantages.

The Christmas service this year was an exceptionally interesting one. Twenty-five miles across the country from Olivet, at another station called Rama, Mr. Baker and several of his workers were to hold a Christmas meeting, and I had a secret hope that our *kolwas* would decide to join them. But, no! They preferred to have their own Christmas at Olivet. So I gladly took up my cross, and, with the assistance of my own native helper and another from Bethany, carried through the all-day service. The Christians had been invited to come the night before for a preparatory service, and spend the night at the mission. This they did, and entered lustily into the exercises of the following day, prolonging them to a late hour of the night, something like a watch night service. Most of the *kolwas* lingered until the afternoon of the next day. I am sure any but a *native* throat must have been ruined by the high tension at which theirs were worked during all those hours.

A Christmas dinner had been provided, mostly by the natives themselves, consisting of meat, porridge, rice, brown bread, tea and sugar. A portion of this was brought to us and constituted our Christmas dinner. Violet and Horace

entered into the spirit of this Christmas for the natives, and I believe enjoyed it fully as well, perhaps better, than if they had been more self-centered. So far from any store, it seemed they were to have no Christmas, in the ordinary sense of the term, being synonymous with gifts, festivities, etc. But Mr. Baker kindly remembered them through the post, so that they were abundantly satisfied with this Christmas in Africa.

They were to be soldiers, and were content with soldiers' fare. They seemed to remember that they were to be patterns to the natives. The deep earnestness with which Horace instinctively followed my example by shaking hands with every one in the house, at the close of the service, was as amusing to me as it was acceptable to the natives. Instead of being a *hindrance* to me in my work, the children were ever an avenue of approach to the affections of the natives, who are especially fond of children. They readily acquired the language so as to use it freely, and so as to understand intelligently the services, which were in Zulu from beginning to end.

The Christian wedding of two of our *kolwas* was an event of considerable importance at Olivet. These were Siwili and Mbavu, who at their baptism a few months before had taken the new names Samuel and Evelyn. It was necessary for the pair to go to Estcourt, to the Wesleyan minister, for the marriage ceremony. Then followed the wedding feast, begun at the home of the bride's relatives some miles away, near Weenen; and finished at the home of the groom, near the mission. An appropriate service was held for them in our chapel, at which there were present with us Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, some of Mr. Baker's missionaries from Estcourt. After the service, all

resorted to the groom's kraal, where had been provided a feast of meat. There was drinking and dancing carried on by the heathen natives and friends, according to their custom on such occasions; but as far as I know, no *kolwa* was even tempted by these things, and certainly did not yield to such temptation. They stayed, for the most part, in the groom's newly built hut, away from the heathen rabble; the greater part of the day, and *all* night, we were informed, being spent in singing hymns.

As the country around Olivet was very rocky and broken, traveling was consequently very difficult. It was with much thankfulness, therefore, we had received a young horse, sent by the Lord for use on the mission. One trip was made on horseback, the children riding a steady old horse from another station, across to Bethany, our old station, then occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Worcester, temporarily, while waiting to get back to Johannesburg. But though this journey was completed in safety, the little horse was not exactly reliable, and at the beginning of the journey had bucked me off.

On a certain day, accompanied by my faithful Elizabeth, I had started early, before breakfast, for several hours of kraal visitation. Isaiah had long been disabled with a swollen limb, leaving the more work on me in this direction. Elizabeth was a real evangelist or Bible woman, though an unsalaried one, and was a valuable assistant. Several of our sick *kolwas* had been visited, besides other kraals along the way. As we started from the last in the direction of home, I on the horse, and Elizabeth following at a little distance on foot, the horse became suddenly frightened, starting in an instant from a walk to a full *run*. She literally jumped from under me, throwing me back-

ward, while my foot caught in the stirrup. I was dragged a little distance until my loose slipper came off, thus freeing me. I lay for a short time fairly dazed by the force of the fall. Elizabeth, coming up, supposed I had been killed. Gradually strength and consciousness returned, and with her help I arose. My right shoulder had struck upon a large rock, and my right arm now hung helpless at my side, apparently broken.

With the greatest suffering, assisted by Elizabeth, slowly, oh, so slowly, so as not to jar that arm, I walked the two miles which lay between me and home. I had left the girl who was working for me to give the children their breakfast, supposing I would be back by dinner time. Instead, it was nearly dark on that winter's day, and she without as much thought as the children themselves, had kept them waiting these hours with no other food than that furnished by her kraal—an ear of corn roasted in the hot ashes. The next day after my hurt, this heathen girl deserted me, just when I needed her most, and just as Sinolani had done at Inhambane.

Alone with my children, I passed a night of intense suffering. Exhausted by pain and fatigue, I snatched a few minutes' sleep, but on awaking was in an agony. Every attempt to change my position brought an involuntary scream. Jeremiah, a brother of Isaiah, in his hut some rods away, and Philip, a young man at the nearest kraal, heard the cry of distress, and came to my assistance, helping me to turn in bed. Four miles from the nearest white neighbors, and they none too friendly to missions or missionaries, I had nothing to hope from that source. To Violet and Horace I looked for care, at that time eight and a half and six and a half years of age.

These brave little nurses did exceedingly well, not only in caring for me, but in doing all the work for some time, even to cooking, making bread, and all the rest. Only one Sunday was I hindered from taking my place in the public services. After this, with arm in sling, or hanging rigidly at my side, using great care not to jar the injured shoulder, I was able to resume at once that part of the work; but it was long months before my shoulder fully recovered. It was even some weeks before I could dress or undress without assistance. All this time Isaiah had been laid aside with his swollen limb, so as to render no assistance whatever.

One of our members, Sampson, imbued with the missionary spirit, had taken up an appointment at a heathen kraal not far from his home and five or six miles from the mission, and was here trying to hold up the light. Not long before leaving Olivet we spent a Sunday with the people of this neighborhood, going on Saturday and staying two nights with Jacobe and Lena Kunene. This was one of the neatest and best-kept huts I have ever been in; and, though everything was purely *native,* and no attempt to imitate white people, yet it was exceedingly comfortable and homelike for a hut. Chairs, table, and bed, were only mats, rolled up carefully and suspended from the wall, when not in use, and spread on the hard, shining earthen floor, when in use. Jakobe had worked for an English family in Durban and knew how to cook well. We were served with several courses each meal, palatable and appetizing. The children were delighted with this visit. On Sunday we attended Sampson's meeting, two miles further on. This was held in the open air back of a large heathen kraal, and consisted almost entirely of women and

Zulu Women Grinding Corn

children, many of whom were concerned about their souls. May God bless all the future labor of this little Sampson, who, from his physical stature, would perhaps more appropriately be called a Zacchæus, but who yet had the zeal and courage becoming a modern Sampson.

The farewell service at Olivet was a memorable occasion to all present. I believe there was not a dry eye in that congregation, even among the heathen. Mr. Baker had few, if any, ordained missionaries, and was himself unordained. He instructed the workers in charge of stations to administer the ordinances, and in this respect placed no difference between his men and women workers. He had by this time returned to the Transvaal. There seemed no more appropriate way to "farewell" than that in which Christ took his leave of his disciples, by eating with them the last supper. A melting spirit was upon the congregation from the time of the announcement of the text,—"Without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

Special care was taken to explain to the heathen what is meant by this holy sacrament, and at the close of the sermon, instead of being dismissed as formerly had been the custom on similar occasions, they were all invited to remain. This they did, and seemed much impressed by this solemn service. Then as for the *first time* I ministered to this black flock the sacred emblems, the Divine blessing and seal came upon the service in a marked degree. This *blood* was the bond of union between us. Cemented together in love—it was hard to break away. "This do ye as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

Conclusion.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."—Longfellow.

When this door was shut at Olivet, another opened at Greytown, in the Huguenot Seminary for Girls, a branch institution of the Wellington College, near Capetown. My last year in Africa was spent in teaching one department of this excellent school, my children also having the advantages it afforded. This school had an attendance of one hundred and fifty Dutch and English girls, about half of whom resided in the school building, under the careful supervision of the lady principal and staff of assistants. It draws its patronage not only from Natal, but from neighboring colonies, Zululand, Transvaal, and Orange River Colony.

At the close of this year's teaching, seeing no open door to again engage in the work laid on my heart, I felt released again, *for the present*, to devote myself more especially to my children; and thus, though with great reluctance, after three more years in Africa, again turned my face toward America.

But the gifts and callings of God are without repentance. *Sometime*—if not in time, then in eternity,—I expect the opportunity will again be given of taking up the broken threads of my *life work*, and carrying it forward to a full and glorious completion. In conclusion, may I give this, to me, beautiful and appropriate poem, sent me by a friend, while passing through my 'dark valley'? The author is unknown:

A Solitary Way

"There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is 'stranger' to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into **all** I feel."
Such is the cry of each of us in turn,
We wander in a 'solitary way.'
No matter what or where our lot may be;
Each heart mysterious, even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

"And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart he wishes to be **first.**
He, therefore, keeps the secret key himself,
To open **all** its chambers, and to bless
With **perfect** sympathy and holy peace,
Each solitary soul which comes to **him.**

"So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to me;'
And every time we are 'not understood,'
It is a call to us to come **again;**
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with him from day to day,
Can never have a 'solitary way.'

"And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, 'I cannot bear this load alone,'
You say the truth; Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to him.
The bitter grief which 'no one understands,'
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to him **again.**

"The man of sorrows understands it well,
In all points tempted he can feel with you.
You cannot come too often, or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace.
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with him from day to day,
Can never have a 'solitary way.'" —Anonymous.

THE END.

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Haviland, Emma
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